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O'Neill

NANU

RECITATIONS FOR ASSEMBLY AND CLASS-ROOM

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RECITATIONS

FOR ASSEMBLY AND CLASS-ROOM

WITH SUGGESTED PROGRAMS

COMPILED AND ARRANGED

BY

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FOREWORD

I FEEL that there will be no difficulty in justifying this book to the teachers of the Public Schools, for whose use it is primarily designed.

The recitation of short poems, or of passages from the longer ones of our great authors, is a customary part of the morning exercises held in every public school in the country. As to the value of such recitations, cultural and otherwise, as a part of the unconscious teaching which is so important a factor in the education of a child, it is unnecessary for me to speak, since the fact that they are indorsed, if not made obligatory by the most prominent educators, is sufficient proof of their value.

The speakers are taken from all grades. On all teachers, therefore, devolves the task of selection and preparation, — and only a teacher knows how burdensome so apparently trivial a duty may become.

It necessitates the overlooking of a whole volume or volumes of an author's work in the hope of finding some poem or passage, remembered as suitable. After the remembered ones are exhausted, as, unless the teacher's bent chances to be literature, they are soon likely to be, the task becomes even more onerous, entailing most careful and discriminating reading on the part of one at best hard pressed for time.

It is not surprising, therefore, if the selections are more than occasionally of dubious literary value and if threadbare, stock-in-trade pieces are made to do service again and again. Then, too, many poems and even prose passages, — of such exquisite beauty that unfamiliarity with them is a downright deprivation

to the student, — are absolutely debarred on account of their length, yet a little judicious pruning would render them available. The copying of such selections means more work for the teacher, yet it is necessary, unless she prefer the bringing to school of her own books, to be handled and possibly mutilated by the children.

So many teachers find it "a perfect nuisance," and so many requests were made to me by friends and acquaintances in the profession, whose interests lie in the direction of Mathematics, Music, or Drawing, rather than Literature, to furnish them with pieces ("My class has to recite in a few days and I don't know a thing to give"), and I, personally, have found it so irritating, the forgetting to look up until the last moment, the hasty selection, and then the listening to some pointless, inappropriate, or inferior poem, with the mortified consciousness of being responsible for it, — that the idea suggested itself, what an immense convenience a book of selections suitable for assembly recitations would be to teachers, as well as to students old enough to choose for themselves.

The instinct for poetry, though often dormant, is entirely lacking in but few, and a particularly happy selection will sometimes kindle in more than one listener a desire for further reading of the author and lead ultimately to genuine love for Literature where none has been felt before.

The endeavor has been to include in this compilation only selections of high literary value, to have them of suitable length, complete if possible, but always containing a complete thought, and always general in application and independent of the context. It has been the endeavor, too, to have them sufficiently numerous to make unnecessary the repetition to the point of weariness, and to have them suitable for both boys and girls in any grade of the Elementary and Secondary Schools. The teacher may, I think, feel free to make a selection almost at random and feel safe in so doing.

Many reference books in themselves require so much research in the gleaning of what oftentimes is of real aid to them in their

work, that teachers have come to view them askance. I have tried to make this a "Convenience Book;" it is my sincere hope that teachers may find it one.

The selections from H. W. Longfellow, T. B. Aldrich, John Burroughs, Alice Cary, Phœbe Cary, R. W. Emerson, O. W. Holmes, J. R. Lowell, Lucy Larcom, E. R. Sill, E. C. Stedman, Bayard Taylor, Celia Thaxter, J. G. Whittier, and F. D. Sherman are used by permission of, and by special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company, the authorized publishers.

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We are the music makers,
  And we are the dreamers of dreams,
Wandering by lone sea-breakers,
  And sitting by desolate streams; —
World-losers and world-forsakers,
  On whom the pale moon gleams:
Yet we are the movers and shakers
  Of the world forever, it seems.

With wonderful deathless ditties
  We build up the world's great cities,
And out of a fabulous story
  We fashion an empire's glory:
One man with a dream, at pleasure,
  Shall go forth and conquer a crown:
And three with a new song's measure
  Can trample a kingdom down.

We, in the ages lying
  In the buried past of the earth,
Built Nineveh with our sighing,
  And Babel itself in our mirth;
And o'erthrew them with prophesying
  To the old of the new world's worth;
For each age is a dream that is dying,
  Or one that is coming to birth.

— Arthur O'Shaughnessy.

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RECITATIONS FOR ASSEMBLY AND CLASS-ROOM

PART I

DRILL IN ENUNCIATION

"One duty lies on old and young, —
With filial piety to guard
The glory of the English tongue."

THE purity and adequateness of our language would seem to be endangered, partly because of our cosmopolitan population, partly because of a growing carelessness in speech on the part of people at large. Conversation is often so slovenly as to be unrecognizable when written down exactly as spoken. *I*, *e*, and *u* are interchanged bewilderingly, *t*, *d*, and *g* are jumped over in the haste to arrive, and such is the seeming antipathy to *r* and *h*, that they are coming to be lost sounds in the language.

Slovenliness is intolerable in any business and certainly should be in conversation, so essential a part of all business, and of the daily life. Then, too, it gives rise to much confusion of thought, especially in the minds of children, who often puzzle vainly over some unintelligible jargon one of their elders has used. Here is an illustration which any one searching the memories of childhood can doubtless parallel: A grown-up who had helped a little boy to prepare his recitation of *Casabianca* was astounded to hear him recite "Wen sallbuttim adfled;" on asking him "What is Sallbuttim?" (Whence all but him) the child replied, "I dunno. The captain, I s'pose!"

It is this same careless enunciation that causes one man invariably to write "quite" for "quiet," and another — both college graduates — to write "would of" instead of "would have." This is due to no lack of care in the teaching of reading, but it is often the case that the person whose reading is fairly accurate is grossly careless in conversation.

No amount of calling attention to such a habit will suffice to overcome it. Speech is mechanical in its processes and only drill on slurred words can effect the desired result. Material for such drills this book aims to supply. The words and expressions were jotted down when heard sufficiently often to indicate that their careless enunciation was prevalent, and they have been roughly grouped. The diacritical marks used are those of Webster's Dictionary. These words, and combinations of words, drilled on as is the multiplication table, and supplementing the phonic drills forming a part of most reading lessons, cannot but make for the betterment of our speech and the improvement of spelling and dictation lessons in the schools.

T, *d*, *w*, *l*, are correctly formed by the tip of the tongue acting against the upper gum; but in "thick" speech the tongue acts against the teeth. The tongue should never touch the lower teeth in speech.

P, *b*, *m*, should vibrate on the tongue.

G, *k*, *y*, should be formed with the tip of the tongue raised and the tongue thickened until the sides can be caught between the teeth.

All tones should be well forward, none back of the middle of the arch of the mouth.

Words should be pronounced nimbly and carefully, but not pedantically.

Drill on the pronunciation of the prepositions:

of — ov (*not*, ŭ)

days of danger (*not*, daza danger)	tide of song
	full of glee
stars of glory	back of the house

tops of the trees	flight of the birds
heroes of the land	dream of battlefields
middle of the night	time of trouble

to — tȯȯ (*not*, tŭ)

to-day (*not*, t'day)	to school, church, etc.
to-morrow	to find, rest, have, etc.
to-night	

(The infinitives will furnish further drill on "to.")

for (*not*, fŭr); from (*not*, frŭm); with (*not*, wit); bēcause (*not*, bĕcŭz); bēlōw (*not*, bŭlow); bēfōre (*not*, bŭfŏr); dūring (*not*, dŭrin'); against — agĕnst (*not*, agāinst); across (*not*, acrost).

The personal pronouns are often slurred when combined with prepositions and other short words, especially those ending in "d" or "t." Form "d" and "t" with the tip of the tongue, acting against the upper gum.

Drill: — at him, her, his, them, our, your (*not*, attim).

by		let	
on		cut	
of	him (*not*, byum)	hit	me (*not*, lemme)
for	his	beat	him
from	her	meet	his
with	them	have	her
near	our	had	them
against	your	put	our
below		sent	your
across		hurt	
		want	

Combinations of words commonly slurred.

He	doesn't	know, mind (*not*, hedun no).
She	didn't	want, care, read.
It		see, run, go, etc.

I can see them (*not*, I ken seeum).

She can't see you (*not*, she kent seeyuh).

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Drill: — at him, her, his, them, our, your (*not*, attim).

by		let	
on		cut	
of	him (*not*, byum)	hit	me (*not*, lemme)
for	his	beat	him
from	her	meet	his
with	them	have	her
near	our	had	them
[illegible]	your	put	our
		sent	your
		hurt	
		want	

[illegible]s of words commonly slurred.

know, mind (*not*, hedun no).
want, care, read.
see, run, go, etc.

[illegible]seeum).

[illegible]kent seeyuh).

Who would take them? (*not*, ood takum?)
Was he willing? (*not*, wuzzy willin'?)
It doesn't matter (*not*, it dozen matter).

Doesn't he mind?	Let me see! (*not*, lemme).
Don't you see?	Let us leave him.
You mustn't laugh.	Let me tell them.
He couldn't get them.	Look at them!
Will he do it?	Let her tell us.
Write your names.	Take your seat.
Give me that (*not*, gimme).	Does he hear you?
I can read her writing.	He makes them think.

Pass your papers this way (*not*, passyŭr papers thissway).
Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord.
Of his terrible swift sword (*not*, turble swifsore).
Grapes of wrath are stored (*not*, grāpsa wrath'r store).
Snow lay on the ground (*not*, snowly on the groun').
Give me your hands (*not*, gimme yer hands).

Drill on words ending in "d" and "t," using the past participles of verbs for drill words, *i.e.* kept, slept, wept, drowned, found, etc.

Drill on words in which "d" or "t" occurs in the middle of the word.

boldly (*not*, bōly)	breadth	standstill
midst	handsome	swiftly
width	grandfather	softly
adjoin	adjective	exactly
good-by	commands	directly
kindness	thousands	respectful

Combinations of words often slurred.

one and all (*not*, one annall)	peace and safety
hard and fast (*not*, hardun fas')	far and wide
straight and tall	stand up and say
struts and frets	round and full
great and small	man and woman

reached and kept	black and white
you and I, he and I, etc.	body and soul
between you and me	bread and butter
man and bird and beast	time and tide
peace and plenty	spring and summer
and bring it	thousands of miles
and set the stars	that standard sheet
and how, when, why, etc.	old oaken bucket

Pronounce "have" — hav (*not*, ŭv or ŭh).

would could should might may can shall will	have	done it (*not*, woulda done 't) seen it (*not*, could of seen't) known found had written brought, etc.

Drill on words ending in "st."

most (*not*, mos')	just	proudest	fiercest
best	worst	youngest	thickest
lest	crust	greatest	longest
first (*not*, furs)	finest	rudest	nicest
least	coarsest	noblest	breakfast

Combinations of words frequently slurred.

upmost round (*not*, upmos' sroun')	bravest men
	just did it
proudest boast	just show them
almost ready	you must go
honest thought	

must thou believe (*not*, muss thou b'lieve)
the first, the last, the best

Drill on "th."

thing (*not*, ting)	their	smother	thirsty

think	threw	this	thousand
with	father	that	something
within	mother	these	anything
them	brother	those	whether
then	three	thirty	whither

Drill on words in which "h" is often not sounded.

whip (*not*, wip)	white	whistle	whether
why	whim	whisker	huge
when	wheel	whittle	Hugh
while (*not*, wile)	which	whisper	hospital
who	whet	wherever	hotel
whose	whine	whenever	humor

Words in which "oi" is frequently sounded "e—i." Sound like "o" in "boy."

boil	toil	soil	point
boiling	toiling	join	pointer
coil	turmoil	coin	voice
coiling	foil	joint	choice

Combinations of words in which "than" is often pronounced, "then" or "n."

more than (*not*, moreun)	worse than
better than	easier than
rather than	quicker than I, he, she, etc.
taller than he, she, I	happier than I
nicer than they	cleverer than he
more blest than she	quicker than I

Pronounce "ā" in day, not ē.

to-day	yesterday
Sundāy (*not*, Sundy)	holiday
Monday, etc.	

Don't pronounce words ending in "a" and "aw," as if spelled with "r."

law (*not*, lawr)	paw	Hannah (*not*, Hannur)
saw	idea	

jaw	draw	drawing
raw	Anna	veranda

Pronounce "self," *not* "sŭlf."

herself	myself	selfish
itself	ourselves	selfsame
himself	themselves	

Everyday words often mispronounced.

was — woz (*not*, wŭz)
often — of'n (*not*, often)
been — bĭn or bēn (*not*, bĕn)
won't — won't (*not*, wŭnt)
stayed — stād(*not*, stĕd or stood)
chimney — (*not*, chimley)
something — sum-thing (*not*, sŭmpŭn)
always — awl-wāz (*not*, allŭz)
lion — lī'un (*not*, līne)
roof — rȯȯf (*not*, rŭf)
catch — kach (*not*, kĕtch)
shall — shal (*not*, shĕl)
nobody — nō'bod-e(*not*, nobuddy)
sĭnce (*not*, sence)
lesson — les'n (*not*, lessin)

Words in which "i" is often pronounced "ŭ."

firm — fe̦rm (*not*, fŭrm) girl — ge̦rl (*not*, gurrl)

first	girder	circle
bird	girdle	whirl
third	birth	shirk
thirst	mirth	virtue
thirty	birch	shirt
dirty	gird	

Words in which "i" is carelessly enunciated. ĭ (*not*, ŭ or ĕ).

habit (*not*, habet)	liquid	satin
spirit	torrid	victim
visit	frigid	Philip
credit	acid	worship
merit	solid	gossip
limit	splendid	classic
profit	stupid (*not*, stoo'ped)	domestic
summit		majestic
pulpit	margin (*not*, marjun)	novelist
inhabit		pupil

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— Arthur O'Shaughnessy.

What is he making?
The train was moving slowly.
They are keeping him busy.
We were speaking of taking a long rest.

Avoid the suppression of a syllable.

Drill: —

quiet (*not*, quite)	embroidery	gardener
poet	ivory	traveler
poetry	memory	funeral
cruel	factory	salary
gruel	history	jewelry
every (*not*, evry)	different	original
everybody	reverent	honorable
everywhere	reverence	reasonable
celery	offering	valuable
finery	suffering	particular
slavery	dangerous	president
robbery	general	civilization
utterly	governor	introductory
slippery	government	confederacy
discovery	evening	Massachusetts
perfumery	examining	superintendent

"Lie," to recline, is frequently confused with "lay," to place or set.

He, she, they, I, we, — lay down or were lying down. I laid it down. They were laying the carpet.

PART II

BALLADS AND NARRATIVE POEMS

A BALLAD OF THE FLEET

At Flores in the Azores Sir Richard Grenville lay,
And a pinnace, like a fluttered bird, came flying from far away:
"Spanish ships of war at sea! we have sighted fifty-three!"
Then sware Lord Thomas Howard: "'Fore God I am no coward;
But I cannot meet them here, for my ships are out of gear,
And the half my men are sick. I must fly, but follow quick.
We are six ships of the line; can we fight with fifty-three?"
Then spake Sir Richard Grenville: "I know you are no coward;
You fly them for a moment to fight with them again.
But I've ninety men and more that are lying sick ashore.
I should count myself the coward if I left them, my Lord Howard,
To these Inquisition dogs and the devildoms of Spain."
So Lord Howard passed away with five ships of war that day,
Till he melted like a cloud in the silent summer heaven;
But Sir Richard bore in hand all his sick men from the land
Very carefully and slow,
Men of Bideford in Devon,
And we laid them on the ballast down below;
For we brought them all aboard,
And they blest him in their pain, that they were not left to Spain,
To the thumbscrew and the stake, for the glory of the Lord.
He had only a hundred seamen to work the ship and to fight,
And he sailed away from Flores till the Spaniard came in sight,
With his huge sea-castles heaving upon the weather bow.

"Shall we fight or shall we fly?
Good Sir Richard, tell us now,
For to fight is but to die!
There'll be little of us left by the time this sun be set."
And Sir Richard said again: "We be all good Englishmen.
Let us bang those dogs of Seville, the children of the devil,
For I never turned my back upon Don or devil yet."
Sir Richard spoke and he laughed, and we roared a hurrah, and so
The little *Revenge* ran on sheer into the heart of the foe,
With her hundred fighters on deck, and her ninety sick below;
For half their fleet to the right and half to the left were seen,
And the little *Revenge* ran on through the long sea lane between.
Thousands of their soldiers looked down from their decks and laughed,
Thousands of their seamen made mock at the mad little craft
Running on and on, till delayed
By their mountain-like *San Philip* that, of fifteen hundred tons,
And up-shadowing high above us with her yawning tiers of guns,
Took the breath from our sails, and we stayed.
And while now the great *San Philip* hung above us like a cloud
Whence the thunderbolt will fall
Long and loud,
Four galleons drew away
From the Spanish fleet that day,
And two upon the larboard and two upon the starboard lay,
And the battle thunder broke from them all.

* * * * * * *

And the sun went down, and the stars came out far over the summer sea,
But never a moment ceased the fight of the one and the fifty-three.
Ship after ship, the whole night long, their high built galleons came,
Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew back with her dead and her shame.

For some were sunk and many were shattered, and so could fight
    us no more —
God of battles, was ever a battle like this in the world before?
For he said, "Fight on! fight on!"
Though his vessel was all but a wreck;
And it chanced that, when half of the short summer night was
    gone,
With a grisly wound to be drest he had left the deck,
But a bullet struck him that was dressing it suddenly dead,
And himself he was wounded again in the side and the head,
And he said, "Fight on! fight on!"

And the night went down and the sun smiled out far over the
    summer sea,
And the Spanish fleet with broken sides lay round us all in a ring;
But they dared not touch us again, for they feared that we still
    could sting,
So they watched what the end would be.
And we had not fought them in vain,
But in perilous plight were we,
Seeing forty of our poor hundred were slain,
And half of the rest of us maimed for life
In the crash of the cannonades and the desperate strife;
And the sick men down in the hold were most of them stark and
    cold,
And the pikes were all broken or bent, and the powder was all of
    it spent;
And the masts and the rigging were lying over the side;

But Sir Richard cried in his English pride:
"We have fought such a fight for a day and a night
As may never be fought again!
We have won great glory, my men!
And a day less or more

At sea or ashore,
We die — does it matter when?
Sink me the ship, Master Gunner — sink her, — split her in twain!
Fall into the hands of God, not into the hands of Spain!"
And the gunner said, "Ay, ay," but the seamen made reply:
"We have children, we have wives,
And the Lord hath spared our lives.
We will make the Spaniard promise, if we yield, to let us go;
We shall live to fight again and to strike another blow."
And the lion lay there dying, and they yielded to the foe.

And the stately Spanish men to their flagship bore him then,
Where they laid him by the mast, old Sir Richard caught at last,
And they praised him to his face with their courtly foreign grace;
But he rose upon their decks, and he cried:
"I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant man and true;
I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do:
With a joyful spirit I Sir Richard Grenville die!"
And he fell upon their decks, and he died.

* * * * * * *

— ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

A BALLAD OF EAST AND WEST

KAMAL is out with twenty men to raise the Border side,
And he has lifted the Colonel's mare that is the Colonel's pride:
He has lifted her out of the stable-door between the dawn and the day,
And turned the calkins upon her feet, and ridden her far away.
Then up and spoke the Colonel's son that led a troop of the Guides:

"Is there never a man of all my men can say where Kamal hides?"
Then up and spoke Mahommed Khan, the son of the Ressaldar,
"If ye know the track of the morning mist, ye know where his pickets are;
At dusk he harries the Abazai — at dawn he is into Bonair —
But he must go by Fort Bukloh to his own place to fare,
So if ye gallop to Fort Bukloh as fast as a bird can fly,
By the favor of God ye may cut him off ere he win to the Tongue of Jagai.
But if he be passed the Tongue of Jagai, right swiftly turn ye then,
For the length and the breadth of that grisly plain are sown with Kamal's men."
The Colonel's son has taken a horse, and a raw rough dun was he,
With the mouth of a bell and the heart of Hell and the head of the gallows-tree.
The Colonel's son to the Fort has won, they bid him stay to eat —
Who rides at the tail of a Border thief, he sits not long at his meat,
He's up and away from Fort Bukloh as fast as he can fly,
Till he was aware of his father's mare in the gut of the Tongue of Jagai,
Till he was aware of his father's mare with Kamal upon her back.
And when he could spy the white of her eye, he made the pistol crack.
He has fired once, he has fired twice, but the whistling ball went wide,
"Ye shoot like a soldier," Kamal said. "Show now if ye can ride."
It's up and over the Tongue of Jagai, as blown dust-devils go,
The dun he fled like a stag of ten, but the mare like a barren doe.

* * * * * * *

The dun he fell at a water-course — in a woful heap fell he, —
And Kamal has turned the red mare back, and pulled the rider free.
He has knocked the pistol out of his hand, — small room was there to strive —

"'Twas only by favor of mine," quoth he, "ye rode so long alive;
There was not a rock for twenty mile, there was not a clump of tree,
But covered a man of my own men with his rifle cocked on his knee.
If I had raised my bridle-hand, as I have held it low,
The little jackals that flee so fast were feasting all in a row;
If I had bowed my head on my breast, as I have held it high,
The kite that whistles above us now were gorged till she could not fly."
Lightly answered the Colonel's son: — "Do good to bird and beast,
But count who come for the broken meats before thou makest a feast.
If there should follow a thousand swords to carry my bones away
Belike the price of a jackal's meal were more than a thief could pay.
They will feed their horse on the standing crop, their men on the garnered grain,
The thatch of the byres will serve their fires when all the cattle are slain.
But if thou thinkest the price be fair, and thy brethren wait to sup,
The hound is kin to the jackal-spawn, — howl, dog, and call them up!
And if thou thinkest the price be high, in steer and gear and stack,
Give me my father's mare again, and I'll fight my own way back!"
Kamal has gripped him by the hand and set him upon his feet.
"No talk shall be of dogs," said he, "when wolf and gray wolf meet.
May I eat dirt if thou hast hurt of me in deed or breath.
What dam of lances brought thee forth to jest at the dawn with Death?"

Lightly answered the Colonel's son: — "I hold by the blood of my clan;
Take up the mare for my father's gift — By God, she has carried a man!"
The red mare ran to the Colonel's son, and nuzzled her nose in his breast,
"We be two strong men," said Kamal then, "but she loveth the younger best.
So she shall go with a lifter's dower, my turquoise-studded rein,
My broidered saddle and saddle-cloth, and silver stirrups twain."
The Colonel's son a pistol drew and held it muzzle-end,
"Ye have taken the one from a foe," said he; "will ye take the mate from a friend?"
"A gift for a gift," said Kamal straight; "a limb for the risk of a limb.
Thy father has sent his son to me, I'll send my son to him!"
With that he whistled his only son, who dropped from a mountain-crest —
He trod the ling like a buck in spring and he looked like a lance in rest.
"Now here is thy master," Kamal said, "who leads a troop of the Guides,
And thou must ride at his left side as shield to shoulder rides.
Till Death or I cut loose the tie, at camp and board and bed,
Thy life is his — thy fate it is to guard him with thy head."

* * * * * * *

Oh, east is east, and west is west, and never the two shall meet
Till earth and sky stand presently at God's great Judgment Seat.
But there is neither east nor west, border or breed or birth,
When two strong men stand face to face though they come from the ends of the earth.

— RUDYARD KIPLING.

THE KING OF DENMARK'S RIDE

WORD was brought to the Danish king,
(Hurry!)
That the love of his heart lay suffering,
And pined for the comfort his voice would bring.
(Oh! ride as if you were flying!)
Better he loves each golden curl
On the brow of that Scandinavian girl
Than his rich crown-jewels of ruby and pearl;
And his Rose of the Isles is dying.

Thirty nobles saddled with speed:
(Hurry!)
Each one mounted a gallant steed
Which he kept for battle and days of need;
(Oh! ride as though you were flying!)
Spurs were stuck in the foaming flank,
Worn-out chargers staggered and sank;
Bridles were slackened and girths were burst;
But, ride as they would, the king rode first,
For his Rose of the Isles lay dying.

His nobles are beaten, one by one;
(Hurry!)
They have fainted and faltered, and homeward gone;
His little fair page now follows alone,
For strength and for courage trying.
The king looked back at that faithful child,
Wan was the face that answering smiled.
They passed the drawbridge with clattering din,
Then he dropped, and only the king rode in
Where his Rose of the Isles lay dying.

The king blew a blast on his bugle-horn,
(Silence!)
No answer came, but faint and forlorn
An echo returned on the cold gray morn,
Like the breath of a spirit sighing;
The castle portal stood grimly wide;
None welcomed the king from that weary ride!
For, dead in the light of the dawning day,
The pale sweet form of the welcomer lay,
Who had yearned for his voice while dying.

The panting steed with a drooping crest stood weary;
The king returned from the chamber of rest,
The thick sobs choking in his breast,
And that dumb companion eying,
The tears gushed forth, which he strove to check;
He bowed his head on his charger's neck, —
"O steed that every nerve didst strain,
Dear steed! our ride has been in vain
To the halls where my love lay dying."

— CAROLINE ELIZABETH NORTON.

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
"Good speed!" cried the watch, as the gate bolts undrew;
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place;

I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the cheek strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting; but, while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;
At Düffeld 'twas morning as plain as could be,
And from Mecheln church steeple we heard the half chime,
So, Joris broke silence with, "Yet there is time!"

At Aershot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare thro' the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper Roland, at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray:

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence, — ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!
And the thick heavy spume flakes which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,
We'll remember at Aix" — for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;

The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our feet broke the brittle, bright stubble like chaff,
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"

"How they'll greet us!" — and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buff coat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet name, my horse without peer;
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is, friends flocking round
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground;
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent.

— ROBERT BROWNING.

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon:
A mile or so away,
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming day;

With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
  Legs wide, arms locked behind
As if to balance the prone brow
  Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused, "My plans
  That soar, to earth may fall
Let once my army-leader Lannes
  Waver at yonder wall," —
Out 'twixt the battery-smoke there flew
  A rider, bound on bound
Full galloping; nor bridle drew
  Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
  And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy:
  You hardly could suspect —
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,
  Scarce any blood came through),
You looked twice e'er you saw his breast,
  Was all but shot in two.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace
  We've got you Ratisbon!
The marshal's in the market-place,
  And you'll be there anon
To see your flag-bird flap his vans
  Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him." The chief's eye flashed; his plans
  Soared up again like fire.

The chief's eye flashed; but presently
  Softened itself, as sheathes

A film the mother eagle's eye
  When her bruised eaglet breathes:
"You're wounded!" "Nay," his soldier's pride
  Touched to the quick, he said;
"I'm killed, Sire!" And, his chief beside,
  Smiling, the boy fell dead.

— ROBERT BROWNING.

HELEN OF KIRCONNELL

I WISH I were where Helen lies,
Night and day on me she cries;
O that I were where Helen lies,
  On fair Kirconnell Lee!

Curst be the heart that thought the thought,
And curst the hand that fired the shot,
When in my arms burd Helen dropt,
  And died to succour me!

O think na ye my heart was sair,
When my love dropt down and spake nae mair,[1]
I laid her down wi' meikle[2] care,
  On fair Kirconnell Lee.

As I went down the water side,
None but my foe to be my guide,
None but my foe to be my guide,
  On fair Kirconnell Lee;

I lighted down my sword to draw,
I hacked him in pieces sma',

[1] Nae mair — no more. [2] Meikle — much.

I hacked him in pieces sma',
  For her sake that died for me.

O Helen fair, beyond compare!
I'll make a garland of thy hair,
Shall bind my heart forever mair,
  Until the day I die.

O that I were where Helen lies!
Night and day on me she cries;
O that I were where Helen lies
  On fair Kirconnell Lee.

O Helen fair! O Helen chaste!
Were I with thee, I would be blest,
Where thou liest low, and tak'st thy rest
  On fair Kirconnell Lee.

I wish I were where Helen lies!
Night and day on me she cries;
And I am weary of the skies
  For her sake that died for me.

— SCOTCH BALLAD.

SIR PATRICK SPENS

THE King sits in Dunfermline town,
  Drinking the blude-red wine;
"O where will I get a skeely skipper,[1]
  To sail this new ship of mine?" —

O up and spake an eldern knight,
  Sat at the King's right knee, —

[1] Skeely skipper — skillful mariner.

"Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor,
  That ever sailed the sea." —

Our King has written a braid letter,[1]
  And sealed it with his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
  Was walking on the strand.

"To Noroway, to Noroway,
  To Noroway o'er the faem;
The king's daughter of Noroway,
  'Tis thou maun [2] bring her hame."

The first word that Sir Patrick read,
  So loud, loud laughed he;
The next word that Sir Patrick read,
  The tear blinded his ee.

"O wha is this has done this deed,
  And tauld the King o' me,
To send us out, at this time of the year
  To sail upon the sea?

* * * * *

"Make ready, make ready, my merry men a'!
  Our gude ship sails the morn." —
"Now ever alack, my master dear,
  I fear a deadly storm!

"I saw the new moon, late yestreen,[3]
  Wi' the auld moon in her arm;
And, if we gang to sea, master,
  I fear we'll come to harm."

[1] Braid letter — commission. [2] Maun — must. [3] Yestreen — last evening.

They hadna sailed a league, a league,
  A league but barely three,
When the lift [1] grew dark, and the wind blew loud,
  And gurly [2] grew the sea.

The ankers brak, and the topmasts lap,[3]
  It was such a deadly storm;
And the waves came o'er the broken ship,
  Till a' her sides were torn.

* * * *

O laith,[4] laith, were our gude Scots lords
  To wet their cork-heeled shoon! [5]
But lang or a' the play was played
  They wet their hats aboon.

* * * *

O lang, lang, may the ladies sit,
  Wi their fans into their hand,
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
  Come sailing to the strand!

* * * *

O forty miles off Aberdeen,
  'Tis fifty fathoms deep,
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens,
  Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

— SCOTCH BALLAD.

LOCHINVAR

OH, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide border his steed was the best;
And save his good broadsword, he weapon had none,
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.

[1] Lift — air. [2] Gurly — rough, stormy. [3] Lap — sprang.
[4] Laith — loath. [5] Shoon — shoes.

So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Eske River where ford there was none;
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late;
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of young Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
Among bridesmen and kinsmen and brothers and all:
Then spake the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,)
"Oh, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied;
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide, —
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To tread but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up,
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar, —
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;

And the bride-maidens whispered, "'Twere better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall door, and the charger stood near;
So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
"She is won! we are gone over bank, bush, and scaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Graemes of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran:
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

— Sir Walter Scott.

THE HIGH TIDE ON THE COAST OF LINCOLNSHIRE

The old mayor climbed the belfry tower,
  The ringers ran by two, by three;
"Pull, if ye never pulled before;
  Good ringers, pull your best," quoth he.
"Play uppe, play uppe, O Boston bells!
Play all your changes, all your swells
Play uppe 'The Brides of Enderby.'"

* * * * *

All fresh the level pasture lay,
  And not a shadow mote be seene,
Save where full fyve good miles away
  The steeple towered from out the greene;

And lo! the great bell farre and wide
Was heard in all the country side
That Saturday at eventide.

* * * * *

Then some looked uppe into the sky,
  And all along where Lindis flows
To where the goodly vessels lie,
  And where the lordly steeple shows.
They sayde, "And why should this thing be,
What danger lowers by land or sea?
They ring the tune of Enderby!

"For evil news from Marblethorpe,
  Of pyrate galleys warping down;
For shippes ashore beyond the scorpe,
  They have not spared to wake the towne:
But while the west bin red to see,
And storms be none, and pyrates flee,
Why ring 'The Brides of Enderby'?"

I looked without, and lo! my sonne
  Came riding downe with might and main:
He raised a shout as he drew on,
  Till all the welkin rang again,
"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!"
(A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.)

"The olde sea-wall," he cried, "is downe,
  The rising tide comes on apace,
And boats adrift in yonder towne
  Go sailing uppe the market-place."
He shook as one that looks on death:
"God save you, mother!" straight he saith;
"Where is my wife, Elizabeth?"

"Good sonne, where Lindis winds away
  With her two bairns I marked her long;
And ere yon bells began to play
  Afar I heard her milking song."
He looked across the grassy sea,
To right, to left, "Ho Enderby!"
They rang "The Brides of Enderby!"

With that he cried and beat his breast;
  For lo! along the river's bed
A mighty eygre reared his crest,
  And uppe the Lindis raging sped.
It swept with thunderous noises loud;
Shaped like a curling snow-white cloud,
Or like a demon in a shroud.

And rearing Lindis backward pressed,
  Shook all her trembling bankes amaine;
Then madly at the eygre's breast
  Flung uppe her weltering walls again.
Then bankes came downe with ruin and rout —
Then beaten foam flew round about —
Then all the mighty floods were out.

So farre, so fast the eygre drave,
  The heart had hardly time to beat,
Before a shallow seething wave
  Sobbed in the grasses at oure feet:
The feet had hardly time to flee
Before it brake against the knee,
And all the world was in the sea.

Upon the roofe we sate that night,
  The noise of bells went sweeping by:

I marked the lofty beacon light
  Stream from the church tower, red and high —
A lurid mark and dread to see;
And awsome bells they were to mee,
That in the dark rang "Enderby."

They rang the sailor lads to guide
  From roofe to roofe who fearless rowed;
And I — my sonne was at my side,
  And yet the ruddy beacon glowed;
And yet he moaned beneath his breath,
"O come in life, or come in death!
O lost! my love, Elizabeth."

And didst thou visit him no more?
  Thou didst, thou didst my daughter deare;
The waters laid thee at his doore,
  Ere yet the early dawn was clear.
Thy pretty bairns in fast embrace,
The lifted sun shone on thy face,
Downe drifted to thy dwelling-place.

* * * * *

— JEAN INGELOW.

THE LORD OF BUTRAGO

"YOUR horse is faint, my King — my lord! your gallant horse is sick —
His limbs are torn, his breast is gored, on his eye the film is thick;
Mount, mount on mine, oh mount apace, I pray thee mount and fly!
Or in my arms I'll lift your grace — their trampling hoofs are nigh!

"My King! my King! you're wounded sore — the blood runs from your feet;
But only lay a hand before, and I'll lift you to your seat!
Mount Juan, for they gather fast! I hear their coming cry —
Mount, mount and ride for jeopardy — I'll save you tho' I die!

"Stand, noble steed! this hour of need be gentle as a lamb:
I'll kiss the foam from off thy mouth — thy master dear I am —
Mount Juan, mount! whate'er betide, away the bridle fling,
And plunge the rowels in his side — my horse shall save the King!

"Nay never speak; my sires, Lord King, received their land from yours,
And joyfully their blood shall spring, so be it thine secures!
If I should fly, and thou my King be found among the dead,
How could I stand 'mong gentlemen, such scorn upon my head?

"Castile's proud dames shall never point the finger of disdain,
And say there's one that ran away when our good lords were slain!
I leave Diego in your care — you'll fill his father's place;
Strike, strike, the spur, and never spare — God's blessings on your grace!"

So spake the brave Montañez, Butrago's lord was he;
And turned him to the coming host in steadfastness and glee;
He flung himself upon them, as they came down the hill —
He died, God wot![1] but not before his sword had drunk its fill.

— SPANISH BALLAD.

[1] Wot — knows.

THE LAMENTATION FOR CELIN

At the gate of old Granada, where all its bolts are barred,
At twilight, at the Vega gate, there is a trampling heard;
There is a trampling heard, as of horses treading slow,
And the weeping voice of women, and a heavy sound of woe.
What tower is fallen, what star is set, what chief comes there bewailing? —
"A tower is fallen, a star is set! — Alas! alas for Celin!"

Three times they knock, three times they cry, and wide the doors they throw;
Dejectedly they enter, and mournfully they go!
In gloomy lines they mustering stand beneath the hollow porch,
Each horseman grasping in his hand a black and flaming torch;
Wet is each eye as they go by, and all around is wailing,
For all have heard the misery. — Alas! alas for Celin!

Him yesterday a Moor did slay of Bencerrage's blood, —
'Twas at the solemn jousting, — around the nobles stood:
The nobles of the land were by and ladies bright and fair
Looked from their latticed windows, the haughty sight to share;
But now the ladies all lament, and the ladies are bewailing, —
"For he was Granada's darling Knight, — Alas! alas for Celin!"

Before him ride his vassals, in order two by two,
With ashes on their turbans spread, most pitiful to view;
Behind him his four sisters, each wrapped in sable veil;
Behind the tambour's dismal stroke take up their doleful tale;
When stops the muffled drum, ye hear their brotherless bewailing,
And all the people far and near cry — "Alas! alas for Celin!"

Oh! lovely lies he on the bier above the purple pall,
The flower of all Granada's youth, the loveliest of them all;

His dark, dark eyes are closed, his rosy lip is pale,
The crust of blood lies thick and dim upon his burnished mail;
And ever more the hoarse tambour breaks in upon their wailing; —
Its sound is like no earthly sound, — "Alas! alas for Celin!"

The Moorish maid at the lattice stands, — the Moor beside his door,
One maid is wringing of her hands, and one is weeping sore;
Down to the dust men bow their heads, and ashes black they strew
Upon the broidered garments of crimson, green, and blue;
Before each gate the bier stands still, then bursts the loud bewailing,
From door and lattice high and low, — "Alas! alas for Celin!"

— SPANISH BALLAD.

ROBIN HOOD

Now Robin he is to Nottingham bound,
With his bag hanging down to his knee,
His staff, and his coat, scarce worth a groat,
Yet merrily passéd he.

As Robin he passed the streets along,
He heard a pitiful cry;
Three brethren dear, as he did hear,
Condemnéd were to die.

Then Robin came to the Sheriff's house,
Some relief for to seek;
He skipt, and leapt, and capered full high,
As he went along the street.

But when to the Sheriff's door he came,
  There a gentleman fine and brave; —
"Thou beggar," said he, "come tell unto me
  What is it thou wouldst have?"

"No meat, no drink," said Robin Hood then,
  "That I came here to crave;
But to get the lives of yeomen three,
  And that I fain would have."

"That cannot be thou bold beggar,
  Their fact it is so clear;
I'll tell to thee, they hanged must be,
  For stealing of our king's deer."

But when to the gallows they did come,
  There was many a weeping eye:
"Oh! hold your peace," said Robin Hood then,
  "For certain they shall not die."

Then Robin he set his horn to his mouth,
  And he blew out blasts three,
Till a hundred bold archers brave
  Came kneeling down to his knee.

"What is your will, master?" they said,
  "We are at your command."
"Shoot east, shoot west," said Robin Hood then,
  "And see you spare no man."

Then they shot east, and they shot west,
  Their arrows were so keen;
The Sheriff he, and his company,
  No longer could be seen.

Then he stept to those three brethren,
  And away he has them ta'en,
The Sheriff was crossed [1] and many a man lost,
  The dead lay on the plain.

And away they went to the merry green wood,
  And sung with a merry glee;
And Robin Hood took these brethren good
  To be of his yeomandrie.

— ENGLISH BALLAD.

COLUMBUS [2]

BEHIND him lay the gray Azores,
  Behind him the gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores,
  Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said, "Now we must pray,
  For, lo! the very stars are gone.
Brave Adm'r'l, speak; what shall I say?"
  "Why, say: 'Sail on, sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
  My men grow ghastly wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
  Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Adm'r'l, say,
  If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why you shall say, at break of day:
  'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"

[1] Crossed — overpowered.

[2] Taken from "The Complete Poetical Works of Joaquin Miller," copyrighted and published by The Whitaker, Ray Co. Reprinted by permission of the publishers.

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
  Until at last the blanched mate said,
"Why, now not even God would know
  Should I and all my mates fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
  For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Adm'r'l; speak and say—"
  He said, "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate!
  "This mad sea shows his teeth to-night;
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
  With lifted teeth as if to bite!
Brave Adm'r'l, say but one good word;
  What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leapt as a leaping sword:
  "Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck
  And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck —
  A light! a light! a light! a light!
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
  It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
  Its greatest lesson: "On! sail on!"

— JOAQUIN MILLER.

THE INCHCAPE ROCK

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,
The ship was as still as she could be;
Her sails from heaven received no motion;
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock,
The waves flowed over the Inchcape Rock;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape bell.

The good old Abbot of Aberbrothok
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock;
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,
And over the waves its warning rung.

When the rock was hid by the surge's swell,
The mariners heard the warning bell;
And then they knew the perilous rock,
And blessed the Abbot of Aberbrothok.

The sun in heaven was shining gay;
All things were joyful on that day;
The sea-birds screamed as they wheeled round,
And there was joyance in their sound.

The buoy of the Inchcape bell was seen
A darker speck on the ocean green;
Sir Ralph the Rover walked his deck,
And he fix'd his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring;
It made him whistle, it made him sing;
His heart was mirthful to excess,
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the Inchcape float;
Quoth he, "My men, put out the boat,
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
And I'll plague the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

The boat is lowered, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape Rock they go;
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And he cut the bell from the Inchcape float.

Down sunk the bell with a gurgling sound;
The bubbles rose and burst around;
Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who comes to the Rock
Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

Sir Ralph the Rover sailed away;
He scoured the seas for many a day;
And now, grown rich with plundered store,
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky,
They cannot see the sun on high;
The wind it hath blown a gale all day;
At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the Rover takes his stand;
So dark it is they see no land,
Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be lighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising moon."

"Canst hear," said one, "the breakers roar?
For methinks we should be near the shore."
"Now where we are I cannot tell,
But I wish I could hear the Inchcape bell."

They hear no sound; the swell is strong;
Though the wind hath fallen, they drift along,
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock, —
"O God! it is the Inchcape Rock!"

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair;
He cursed himself in his despair;
The waves rush in on every side;
The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But, even in his dying fear,
One dreadful sound could the Rover hear —
A sound as if, with the Inchcape bell,
The fiends below were ringing his knell.

— ROBERT SOUTHEY.

MARCO BOZZARIS

AT midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power;
In dreams, through camp and court he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;
In dreams his song of triumph heard;
Then wore his monarch's signet ring;
Then pressed his monarch's throne — a king;
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,
True as the steel of their tried blades,
Heroes in heart and hand.
There had the Persian's thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drunk their blood
On old Platæa's day;
And now there breathed that haunted air

The sons of sires who conquered there,
With arm to strike, and soul to dare,
  As quick, as far as they.

An hour passed on: — the Turk awoke;
  That bright dream was his last;
He woke — to hear his sentries shriek,
  "To arms! they come! The Greek! the Greek!"
He awoke — to die midst flame, and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and saber stroke,
  And death shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain cloud;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
  Bozzaris cheer his band:
"Strike — till the last armed foe expires;
Strike — for your altars and your fires;
Strike — for the green graves of your sires;
  God — and your native land!"

They fought — like brave men, long and well;
  They piled that ground with Moslem slain;
They conquered; — but Bozzaris fell,
  Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile when rang their proud hurrah,
  And the red field was won;
Then saw in death his eyelids close
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
  Like flowers at set of sun.
Bozzaris! with the storied brave
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee: there is no prouder grave,
  Even in her own proud clime.

* * * * *

— FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

A TALE

ONCE in an ancient city, whose name I no longer remember,
Raised aloft on a column, a brazen statue of Justice
Stood in the public square, upholding the scales in its left hand,
And in its right a sword, as an emblem that justice presided
Over the laws of the land, and the hearts and homes of the people.
Even the birds had built their nests in the scales of the balance,
Having no fear of the sword that flashed in the sunshine above them.
But in the course of time the laws of the land were corrupted;
Might took the place of right, and the weak were oppressed, and the mighty
Ruled with an iron rod. Then it chanced in a nobleman's palace
That a necklace of pearls was lost, and ere long a suspicion
Fell on an orphan girl who lived as maid in the household.
She after form of trial condemned to die on the scaffold,
Patiently met her doom at the foot of the statue of Justice.
As to her Father in heaven her innocent spirit ascended,
Lo! o'er the city a tempest rose; and the bolts of the thunder
Smote the statue of bronze, and hurled in wrath from its left hand
Down on the pavement below, the clattering scales of the balance,
And in the hollow thereof was found the nest of a magpie,
Into whose clay-built walls the necklace of pearls was inwoven.

— HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

PARTING OF DOUGLAS AND MARMION

MARMION stopped to bid adieu: —
"Though something I might 'plain," he said,
"Of cold respect to stranger guest,
Sent hither by your king's behest,
While in Tantallon's towers I staid;

Part we in friendship from your land,
And, noble Earl, receive my hand." —
But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke: —
"My manors, halls, and bowers, shall still
Be open, at my sovereign's will,
To each one whom he lists, howe'er
Unmeet to be the owner's peer.
My castles are my king's alone,
From turret to foundation stone; —
The hand of Douglas is his own,
And never shall in friendship grasp
The hand of such as Marmion clasp."

Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,
And shook his very frame with ire,
  And — "This to me!" he said, —
"An' 'twere not for thy hoary beard,
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
  To cleave the Douglas' head!
And, first, I tell thee, haughty peer,
He, who does England's message here,
Although the meanest in her state,
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate;
And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,
  Even in thy pitch of pride,
Here, in thy hold, thy vassals near,
(Nay, never look upon your lord
And lay your hands upon your sword,)
  I tell thee, thou'rt defied!
And if thou said'st, I am not peer
To any lord in Scotland here,
Lowland or Highland, far or near,
  Lord Angus, thou hast lied!"

On the Earl's cheek the flush of rage
O'ercame the ashen hue of age;
Fierce he broke forth, — "And dar'st thou then
To beard the lion in his den,
  The Douglas in his hall?
And hop'st thou hence unscathed to go? —
No, by St. Bride of Bothwell, no! —
Up draw-bridge, grooms — what, warder, ho!
  Let the portcullis fall." —
Lord Marmion turned, — well was his need,
And dashed the rowels in his steed,
Like arrow through the archway sprung,
The ponderous gate behind him rung:
To pass there was such scanty room,
The bars, descending, razed his plume.

The steed along the draw-bridge flies,
Just as it trembled on the rise;
Not lighter does the swallow skim
Along the smooth lake's level brim:
And when Lord Marmion reached his band,
He halts, and turns with clenchéd hand,
And shout of loud defiance pours,
And shook his gauntlet at the towers.
  "Horse! horse!" the Douglas cried, "and chase!"
But soon he reined his fury's pace.
  "A royal messenger he came,
Though most unworthy of the name. —
Saint Mary mend my fiery mood!
Old age ne'er cools the Douglas' blood;
I thought to slay him where he stood. —
  'Tis pity of him, too," he cried;
  "Bold can he speak, and fairly ride:
  I warrant him a warrior tried." —

With this his mandate he recalls,
And slowly seeks his castle halls.

—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

LUCY GRAY

OFT I had heard of Lucy Gray!
  And, when I crossed the wild,
I chanced to see at break of day
  The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew;
  She dwelt on a wide moor,
The sweetest thing that ever grew
  Beside a human door!

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
  The hare upon the green;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
  Will never more be seen.

"To-night will be a stormy night —
  You to the town must go;
And take a lantern, child, to light
  Your mother through the snow."

"That, Father, will I gladly do!
  'Tis scarcely afternoon —
The minster-clock has just struck two,
  And yonder is the moon!"

At this the father raised his hook,
  And snapped a faggot-band;
He plied his work, and Lucy took
  The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe:
  With many a wanton stroke
Her feet disperse the powdery snow,
  That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time:
  She wandered up and down;
And many a hill did Lucy climb;
  But never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night
  Went shouting far and wide;
But there was neither sound nor sight
  To serve them for a guide.

At day-break on a hill they stood
  That overlooked the moor;
And thence they saw the bridge of wood,
  A furlong from their door.

They wept, and, turning homeward, cried,
  "In heaven we all shall meet!"
When in the snow the mother spied
  The print of Lucy's feet.

Then downward from the steep hill's edge
  They tracked the footmarks small;
And through the broken hawthorn hedge,
  And by the long stone wall;

And then an open field they crossed;
  The marks were still the same;
They tracked them on, nor ever lost;
  And to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank
  Those footmarks, one by one,
Into the middle of the plank;
  And further there were none!

Yet some maintain that to this day
  She is a living child;
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
  Upon the lonesome wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,
  And never looks behind;
And sings a solitary song
  That whistles in the wind.

—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

NATURE POEMS

THE CLOUD

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
  From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
  In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
  The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
  As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
  And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
  And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
  And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
  While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers,
  Lightning my pilot sits;
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
  It struggles and howls at fits;
Over earth and ocean with gentle motion,
  This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
  In the depths of the purple sea;
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,

Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The Spirit he loves remains;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

* * * * * * *

I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
I change but I cannot die.
For after the rain, when with never a stain
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I arise and unbuild it again.

— PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

THE EAGLE

HE clasps the crag with hookéd hands;
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ringed with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

— ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

NOVEMBER

No sun — no moon!
No morn — no noon —
No dawn — no dusk — no proper time of day —
No sky — no earthly view —
No distance looking blue —
No road — no street — no "t'other side the way" —
No end to any Row —
No indications where the Crescents go —
No top to any steeple —
No recognitions of familiar people —
No courtesies for showing 'em —
No knowing 'em!
No traveling at all — no locomotion —
No inkling of the way — no notion —
"No go" — by land or ocean —

* * * * * *

No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease,
No comfortable feel in any member —
No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,
No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds —
November.

— THOMAS HOOD.

ODE TO THE NORTHEAST WIND

WELCOME, wild Northeaster!
  Shame it is to see
Odes to every zephyr;
  Ne'er a verse to thee.
Welcome, black Northeaster!
  O'er the German foam;

O'er the Danish moorlands,
  From thy frozen home.
Tired we are of summer,
  Tired of gaudy glare,
Showers soft and steaming,
  Hot and breathless air.
Tired of listless dreaming,
  Through the lazy day;
Jovial wind of winter
  Turn us out to play!
Sweep the golden reed-beds;
  Crisp the lazy dyke;
Hunger into madness
  Every plunging pike.
Fill the lake with wild-fowl;
  Fill the marsh with snipe;
While on dreary moorlands
  Lonely curlew pipe,
Through the black fir forest
  Thunder harsh and dry,
Shattering down the snow-flakes
  Off the curdled sky.

* * * * *

Come! and strong within us
  Stir the Vikings' blood;
Bracing brain and sinew;
  Blow, thou wind of God!

— CHARLES KINGSLEY.

GUESSING SONG

OH HO! oh ho! Pray, who can I be?
I sweep o'er the land, I scour o'er the sea;

I cuff the tall trees till they bow down their heads,
And I rock the wee birdies asleep in their beds.
Oh ho! oh ho! And who can I be,
That sweep o'er the land and scour o'er the sea?

I rumple the breast of the gray-headed daw,
I tip the rook's tail up and make him cry "caw";
But though I love fun, I'm so big and so strong,
At a puff of my breath the great ships sail along.
Oh ho! oh ho! And who can I be,
That sweep o'er the land and sail o'er the sea?

I swing all the weather-cocks this way and that,
I play hare-and-hounds with a runaway hat;
But howe'er I wander, I never can stray,
For go where I will, I've a free right of way!
Oh ho! oh ho! And who can I be,
That sweep o'er the land and scour o'er the sea?

I skim o'er the heather, I dance up the street,
I've foes that I laugh at, and friends that I greet;
I'm known in the country, I'm named in the town,
For all the world over extends my renown.
Oh ho! oh ho! And who can I be,
That sweep o'er the land and scour o'er the sea?

— HENRY JOHNSTONE.

FALLING SNOW

SEE the pretty snowflakes
Falling from the sky;
On the wall and housetops
Soft and thick they lie.

On the window-ledges,
  On the branches bare;
Now how fast they gather,
  Filling all the air.

Look into the garden,
  Where the grass was green;
Covered by the snowflakes,
  Not a blade is seen.

Now the bare black bushes
  All look soft and white,
Every twig is laden, —
  What a pretty sight!

— UNKNOWN.

RAIN IN SUMMER

A GOOD summer storm is a rain of riches. If gold and silver rattled down from the clouds, they would hardly enrich the land so much as soft, long rains. Every drop is silver going to the mint. The roots are machinery, and catching the willing drops, they assay them, refine them, roll them, stamp them, and turn them out coined berries, apples, grains, and grasses! When the heavens send clouds, and they bank up the horizon, be sure they have hidden gold in them.

Well, let it rain then! No matter if the journey is delayed, the picnic spoiled, the visit adjourned. Blessed be rain — and rain in summer! And blessed be He who watereth the earth, and enricheth it for man and beast!

— HENRY WARD BEECHER.

TO A BUTTERFLY

I'VE watched you now a full half hour,
Self-poised upon that yellow flower;
And, little butterfly, indeed
I know not if you sleep or feed.
How motionless! — not frozen seas
More motionless! and then
What joy awaits you, when the breeze
Hath found you out among the trees,
And calls you forth again!

This plot of orchard-ground is ours;
My trees they are, my sister's flowers;
Here rest your wings when they are weary;
Here lodge as in a sanctuary!
Come often to us, fear no wrong;
Sit near us, on the bough!
We'll talk of sunshine and of song;
And summer days when we were young;
Sweet childish days, that were as long
As twenty days are now.

— WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

ON MAY MORNING

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flow'ry May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.
Hail, bounteous May! that dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire;

Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

— JOHN MILTON.

"NOW CAME STILL EVENING ON"

Now came still evening on, and twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad;
Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale;
She all night long her amorous descant sung;
Silence was pleased; now glowed the firmament
With living sapphires; Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

— JOHN MILTON (*Paradise Lost*).

TO A WATER BIRD

O MELANCHOLY bird! a winter's day
Thou standest by the margin of the pool,
And, taught by God, dost thy whole being school
To patience, which all evil can allay;
God has appointed thee the fish thy prey;
And given thyself a lesson to the fool
Unthrifty, to submit to moral rule,
And his unthinking course by thee to weigh.

There need not schools, nor the professor's chair,
Though these be good, true wisdom to impart,
He who has not enough for these to spare
Of time or gold, may yet amend his heart,
And teach his soul by brooks and rivers fair;
Nature is always wise in every part.

— LORD THURLOW.

THE HUMBLE-BEE

BURLY, dozing humble-bee,
Where thou art is clime for me.

* * * * *

When the south wind, in May days,
With a net of shining haze
Silvers the horizon wall,
And, with softness touching all,
Tints the human countenance
With a color of romance,
And infusing subtle heats,
Turns the sod to violets,
Thou, in sunny solitudes,
Rover of the underwoods,
The green silence dost displace
With thy mellow, breezy bass.

* * * * *

Aught unsavory or unclean
Hath my insect never seen;
But violets and bilberry bells,
Maple-sap and daffodels;
Wiser far than human seer,
Yellow-breeched philosopher!
Seeing only what is fair,

Sipping only what is sweet,
Thou dost mock at fate and care,
Leave the chaff and take the wheat.
When the fierce northwestern blast
Cools sea and land so far and fast,
Thou already slumberest deep;
Woe and want thou canst outsleep;
Want and woe which torture us,
Thy sleep makes ridiculous.

— RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

STORM SONG

THE clouds are scudding across the moon,
A misty light is on the sea;
The wind in the shrouds has a wintry tune,
And the foam is flying free.

Brothers, a night of terror and gloom
Speaks in the cloud and gathering roar,
Thank God, he has given us broad sea-room,
A thousand miles from shore.

Down with the hatches on those who sleep!
The wild and whistling deck have we;
Good watch, my brothers, to-night we'll keep,
While the tempest is on the sea!

Though the rigging shrieks in his terrible grip,
And the naked spars be snapped away,
Lashed to the helm, we'll drive our ship
In the teeth of the whelming spray!

Hark! how the surges o'erleap the deck!
  Hark! how the pitiless tempest raves!
Ah, daylight will look upon many a wreck
  Drifting over the desert waves.

Yet courage, brothers! we trust the wave,
  With God above us, our guiding chart:
So, whether to harbor or ocean-grave,
  Be it still with a cheery heart!

— BAYARD TAYLOR.

A SNOW-STORM

THE preparations of a snow-storm are, as a rule, gentle and quiet; a marked hush pervades both the earth and the sky. There is no uproar, no clashing of arms, no blowing of wind-trumpets. The soft, feathery, exquisite crystals are formed as if in the silence and privacy of the inner cloud-chambers. Rude winds would break the spell and mar the process.

As the day declines the storm waxes, the wind increases, and the snow fall thickens. Out of doors you seem in a vast tent of snow; the distance is shut out, and near-by objects are hidden. There are white curtains above you and white screens about you, and you feel housed and secluded in storm.

How deeply, and warmly, and spotlessly Earth's nakedness is clothed! It is a veritable fleece, beneath which the shivering earth is restored to warmth. And how, like a fleece of wool, it rounds and fills out the landscape, and makes the leanest and most angular places appear smooth and beautiful!

— JOHN BURROUGHS.

NOVEMBER

YET one smile more, departing distant sun!
  One mellow smile through the soft vapory air,
Ere o'er the frozen earth the loud winds run,
  Or snows are sifted o'er the meadows bare.
One smile on the brown hills and naked trees,
  And the dark rocks whose summer wreaths are cast,
And the blue Gentian flower, that in the breeze
  Nods lonely, of her beauteous race the last.
Yet a few sunny days, in which the bee
  Shall murmur by the hedge that skirts the way,
The cricket chirp upon the russet lea,
  And man delight to linger in thy ray.
Yet one rich smile, and we will try to bear
The piercing winter frost, and winds, and darkened air.

— WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS

THE melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere.
Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the withered leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread.
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow, through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprang and stood
In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves, the gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good of ours.

The rain is falling where they lie, but the cold November rain,
Calls not, from out the gloomy earth, the lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they perished long ago,
And the brier-rose and the orchis died amid the summer glow;
But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sunflower by the brook in autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone, from upland, glade, and glen.

And now, when comes the calm mild day, as still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home;
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,
The south wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no more.

— WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THE SANDPIPER

ACROSS the narrow beach we flit,
One little sandpiper and I;
And fast I gather, bit by bit,
The scattered driftwood, bleached and dry.
The wild waves reach their hands for it,
The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,
As up and down the beach we flit, —
One little sandpiper and I.

Above our heads the sullen clouds
  Scud black and swift across the sky;
Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds
  Stand out the white light-houses high.
Almost as far as eye can reach,
  I see the close-reefed vessels fly,
As fast we flit along the beach, —
  One little sandpiper and I.

I watch him as he skims along,
  Uttering his sweet and mournful cry;
He starts not at my fitful song,
  Or flash of fluttering drapery.
He has no thought of any wrong,
  He scans me with a fearless eye;
Staunch friends are we, well tried and strong,
  The little sandpiper and I.

Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night
  When the loosed storm breaks furiously?
My driftwood fire will burn so bright!
  To what warm shelter canst thou fly?
I do not fear for thee, though wroth
  The tempest rushes through the sky;
For are we not God's children both,
  Thou, little sandpiper, and I?

— CELIA THAXTER.

SEE WHAT A LOVELY SHELL!

SEE what a lovely shell,
Small and pure as a pearl,
Lying close to my foot,

Frail, but a work divine,
Made so fairily well
With delicate spire and whorl,
How exquisitely minute,
A miracle of design!

The tiny cell is forlorn,
Void of the little living will
That made it stir on the shore.
Did he stand at the diamond door
Of his house in a rainbow frill?
Did he push, when he was uncurl'd,
A golden foot or a fairy horn
Thro' his dim water-world?

Slight, to be crush'd with a tap
Of my finger nail on the sand,
Small, but a work divine,
Frail, but of force to withstand,
Year upon year, the shock
Of cataract seas that snap
The three-decker's oaken spine
Athwart the ledges of rock,
Here on the Breton strand.

— ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON (*Maud*).

TEMPEST ON LAKE LEMAN

IT is the hush of night, and all between
Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet clear,
Mellowed and mingling, yet distinctly seen,
Save darkened Jura, whose capt heights appear
Precipitously steep; and drawing near,

There breathes a living fragrance from the shore,
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood; on the ear
Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,
Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol more;
He is an evening reveler, who makes
His life an infancy, and sings his fill; —
At intervals, some bird from out the brakes
Starts into voice a moment, then is still.
There seems a floating whisper on the hill,
But that is fancy, for the starlight dews
All silently their tears of love instil,
Weeping themselves away, till they infuse
Deep into Nature's breast the spirit of her hues.
All heaven and earth are still — though not in sleep,
But breathless, as we grow when feeling most;
And silent, as we stand in thoughts too deep; —
All heaven and earth are still; from the high host
Of stars to the lulled lake and mountain coast,
All is concentered in a life intense,
Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,
But hath a part of being, and a sense
Of that which is of all Creator and defense.
Then stirs the feeling infinite, so felt
In solitude, where we are least alone;
A truth, which through our being then doth melt,
And purifies from self; it is a tone
The soul and source of music, which makes known eternal harmony.

The sky is changed! and such a change! Oh night,
And storm and darkness ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,
From peak to peak the rattling crags among
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,

But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers from her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps who call to her aloud!
And this is in the night: — Most glorious night!
Thou wert not sent for slumber! Let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight, —
A portion of the tempest and of thee!

— GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON (*Childe Harold*).

APOSTROPHE TO THE OCEAN

ROLL on, thou deep and dark blue ocean — roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin — his control
Stops with the shore; — upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan, —
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

* * * * * * *

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee; —
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters washed them power while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts: not so thou;
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play,
Time writes no wrinkles on thine azure brow:
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time

Calm or convulsed — in breeze, or gale, or storm —
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving, boundless, endless, and sublime, —
The image of eternity, — the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

— GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON (*Childe Harold*).

ODE TO THE WEST WIND

O WILD West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead,
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,
Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes; O thou
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed
The wingéd seeds, where they lie cold and low,
Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the spring shall blow
Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
With living hues and odors plain and hill;
Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere;
Destroyer and Preserver; hear, oh, hear!

* * * * * *

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share
The impulse of thy strength, only less free
Than Thou, O uncontrollable! If even
I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven,
As then, when to outstrip thy skyey speed,
Scarce seem'd a vision; I would ne'er have striven
As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.
Oh, lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!
A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed
One too like thee — tameless, and swift, and proud.

Make me thy lyre, ev'n as the forest is;
What if my leaves are falling like its own!
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies
Will take from both a deep autumnal tone,
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, Spirit fierce,
My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!
Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth!
And, by the incantation of this verse,
Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!
Be through my lips to unawakened earth,
The trumpet of a prophecy! O wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

— PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

A VAGABOND SONG

THERE is something in the Autumn that is native to my blood —
Touch of manner, hint of mood;
And my heart is like a rhyme,
With the yellow and the purple and the crimson keeping time.

The scarlet of the maples can shake me like a cry
Of bugles going by;

And my lonely spirit thrills
To see the frosty asters like smoke upon the hills.

There is something in October sets the gipsy blood astir;
We must rise and follow her,
When from every hill of flame
She calls and calls each vagabond by name.

— BLISS CARMAN.

SCYTHE SONG

MOWERS, weary and brown and blithe,
  What is the word methinks ye know,
Endless over-word that the scythe
  Sings to the blades of the grass below?
Scythes that swing in the grass and clover,
  Something, still, they say as they pass;
What is the word that, over and over,
  Sings the scythe to the flowers and grass?

Hush, ah hush, the scythes are saying,
  Hush and heed not, and fall asleep;
Hush, they say to the grasses swaying,
  Hush, they sing to the clover deep!
Hush — 'tis the lullaby Time is singing —
  Hush and heed not, for all things pass,
Hush, ah hush! and the scythes are swinging
  Over the clover, over the grass!

— ANDREW LANG.

ON THE GRASSHOPPER AND CRICKET

THE poetry of earth is never dead:
  When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
  From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead;
That is the Grasshopper's — he takes the lead
  In summer luxury — he has never done
With his delights; for when tired out with fun,
  He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.
The poetry of earth is ceasing never:
  On a lone winter evening, when the frost
Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills
  The Cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,
And seems to one, in drowsiness half lost,
  The Grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

— JOHN KEATS.

THE SIGH OF SILENCE

I STOOD tiptoe upon a little hill;
The air was cooling and so very still,
That the sweet buds which with a modest pride
Pull droopingly, in slanting curve aside,
Their scanty-leaved, and finely-tapering stems,
Had not yet lost their starry diadems
Caught from the early sobbing of the morn.
The clouds were pure and white as flocks new-shorn,
And fresh from the clear brook; sweetly they slept
On the blue fields of heaven, and then there crept
A little noiseless noise among the leaves,
Born of the very sigh that silence heaves;

For not the faintest motion could be seen
Of all the shades that slanted o'er the green.

* * * * * *

— JOHN KEATS.

WIND AND SEA

THE Sea is a jovial comrade,
  He laughs wherever he goes,
His merriment shines in dimpling lines
  That wrinkle his hale repose;
He lays himself down at the foot of the Sun,
  And laughs all over with glee,
The broad-backed billows fall faint on the shore,
  In mirth of the mighty Sea!

But the Wind is sad and restless,
  And cursed with an inward pain;
You may hark as you will, by valley or hill,
  But you hear him still complain.
He wails on the barren mountains,
  And shrieks on the wintry sea;
He sobs in the cedar, and moans in the pine,
  And shudders all over the aspen tree.

Welcome are both their voices,
  And I know not which is best, —
The laughter that slips from the Ocean's lips,
  Or the comfortless Wind's unrest.
There's a pang in all rejoicing,
  A joy in the heart of pain,
And the Wind that saddens, the Sea that gladdens,
  Are singing the selfsame strain!

— BAYARD TAYLOR.

A SNOW SONG

Does the snow fall at sea?
  Yes, when the north winds blow,
  When the wild clouds fly low,
Out of each gloomy wing,
Hissing and murmuring,
  Falleth the snow.

Does the snow hide the sea?
  On all its tossing plains
  Never a flake remains;
Drift never resteth there,
Vanishing everywhere,
Into the hungry sea
  Falleth the snow.

What means the snow at sea?
  Whirled in the veering blast,
  Thickly the flakes drive past!
Each like a childish ghost
Wavers, and then is lost.
Type of life's mystery,
In the forgetful sea
  Fadeth the snow.

— Henry van Dyke.

THE TIGER

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the ardor of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire —
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand formed thy dread feet?

What the hammer, what the chain,
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? What dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did He smile His work to see?
Did He who made the lamb make thee?

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

— WILLIAM BLAKE.

THE CORN SONG

HEAP high the farmer's wintry hoard!
  Heap high the golden corn!
No richer gift has Autumn poured
  From out her lavish horn!

Let other lands, exulting glean
  The apple from the pine,
The orange from its glossy green,
  The cluster from the vine;

We better love the hardy gift
  Our rugged vales bestow,
To cheer us when the storm shall drift
  Our harvest fields with snow.

Through vales of grass and meads of flowers,
  Our ploughs their furrows made,
While on the hills the sun and showers
  Of changeful April played.

We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain,
  Beneath the sun of May,
And frightened from our sprouting grain
  The robber crows away.

All through the long, bright days of June
  Its leaves grew green and fair,
And waved in hot midsummer's noon
  Its soft and yellow hair.

And now, with autumn's moonlit eves
  Its harvest time has come,
We pluck away the frosted leaves,
  And bear the treasure home.

* * * * *

Then let the good old crop adorn
  The hills our fathers trod: —
Still let us for His golden corn,
  Send up our thanks to God!

— JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

AUTUMN

THE warm sun is failing, the bleak wind is wailing,
The bare boughs are sighing, the pale flowers are dying, and the year
On the earth, her death-bed, in a shroud of leaves dead,
Is lying.
Come, Months, come away,
From November to May,
In your saddest array;
Follow the bier
Of the dead cold year,
And like dim shadows watch by her sepulcher.

The chill rain is falling, the nipped worm is crawling,
The rivers are swelling, the thunder is knelling for the year.
The blithe swallows are flown, and the lizards each gone,
To his dwelling;
Come, Months, come away,
Put on white, black, and gray;
Let your light sisters play;
Ye, follow the bier
Of the dead cold year,
And make her grave green with tear on tear.

— PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

NOVEMBER

THE leaves are fading and falling,
The winds are rough and wild,
The birds have ceased their calling,
But let me tell you, my child,

Though day by day, as it closes,
  Doth darker and colder grow,
The roots of the bright red roses
  Will keep alive in the snow.

And when the winter is over,
  The boughs will get new leaves,
The quail will come back to the clover,
  And the swallow back to the eaves.

The robin will wear on his bosom
  A vest that is bright and new,
And the loveliest wayside blossoms
  Will shine with the sun and dew.

The leaves to-day are whirling,
  The brooks are all dry and dumb,
But let me tell you, my darling,
  The Spring will be sure to come.

There must be rough, cold weather,
  And winds and rains so wild;
Not all good things together
  Come to us here, my child.

So when some dear joy loses
  Its beauteous summer glow,
Think how the roots of the roses
  Are kept alive in the snow.

— ALICE CARY.

THE FLIGHT OF THE BIRDS

WHITHER away, Robin,
  Whither away?
Is it through envy of the maple leaf,

Whose blushes mock the crimson of thy breast,
  Thou wilt not stay?
The summer days were long, yet all too brief
The happy season thou hast been our guest;
    Whither away?

Whither away, Bluebird,
  Whither away?
The blast is chill, yet in the upper sky
Thou still canst find the color of thy wing,
  The hue of May.
Warbler, why speed thy southern flight? ah, why,
Thou too, whose song first told us of the Spring?
    Whither away?

Whither away, Swallow,
  Whither away?
Canst thou no longer tarry in the North,
Here, where our roof so well hath screened thy nest?
  Not one short day?
Wilt thou as if thou human wert go forth
And wanton far from them who love thee best?
    Whither away?

— EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

GOING A-NUTTING

No clouds are in the morning sky,
  The vapors hug the stream, —
Who says that life and love can die
  In all this northern gleam?
At every turn the maples burn,
  The quail is whistling free,

The partridge whirs, and the frosted burs
Are dropping for you and me.
Ho! hilly ho!
Heigh O! hilly ho!
In the clear October morning.

Along our path the woods are bold,
And glow with ripe desire;
The yellow chestnut showers its gold,
The sumachs spread their fire;
The breezes feel as crisp as steel,
The buckwheat tops are red;
Then down the lane, love, scurry again,
And over the stubble tread!
Ho! hilly ho!
Heigh O! hilly ho!
In the clear October morning.

— EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

WINTER

DOWN swept the chill wind from the mountain peak,
From the snow five thousand summers old;
On open wold and hill-top bleak
It had gathered all the cold,
And whirled it like sleet on the wanderer's cheek;
It carried a shiver everywhere
From the unleafed boughs and pastures bare;
The little brook heard it and built a roof
'Neath which he could house him, winter-proof;
All night by the white stars' frosty gleams
He groined his arches and matched his beams;

Slender and clear were his crystal spars
As the lashes of light that trim the stars:
He sculptured every summer delight
In his halls and chambers out of sight;
Sometimes his tinkling waters slipt
Down through a frost leaved-forest-crypt,
Long, sparkling aisles of steel-stemmed trees
Bending to counterfeit a breeze;
Sometimes the roof no fretwork knew
But silvery mosses that downward grew;
Sometimes it was carved in sharp relief
With quaint arabesques of ice fern-leaf;
Sometimes it was simply smooth and clear
For the gladness of heaven to shine through, and here
He had caught the nodding bulrush-tops
And hung them thickly with diamond drops,
That crystalled the beams of moon and sun,
And made a star of every one;
No mortal builder's most rare device
Could match this winter-palace of ice;
'Twas as if every image that mirrored lay
In his depths serene through the summer day,
Each fleeting shadow of earth and sky,
Lest the happy model should be lost,
Had been mimicked in fairy masonry
By the elfin builders of the frost.

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL (*Vision of Sir Launfal*).

THE SWALLOW

FLY away, fly away, over the sea,
Sun-loving swallow, for summer is done.

Come again, come again, come back to me,
  Bringing the summer and bringing the sun.

When you come hurrying home o'er the sea,
  Then we are certain that winter is past;
Cloudy and cold though your pathway may be,
  Summer and sunshine will follow you fast.

— CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

WHITE BUTTERFLIES

FLY, white butterflies, out to sea,
Frail, pale wings for the wind to try,
Small white wings that we scarce can see,
  Fly.

Some fly light as a laugh of glee,
Some fly soft as a long, low sigh;
All to the haven where each would be,
  Fly.

— ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

THE STARS

WHAT do the stars do
  Up in the sky,
Higher than the wind can blow,
  Or the clouds can fly?

Each star in its own glory
  Circles, circles still;
As it was lit to shine and set,
  And do its Maker's will.

— CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

THESE ALL WAIT UPON THEE

INNOCENT eyes not ours
Are made to look on flowers,
Eyes of small birds, and insects small;
Morn after summer morn
The sweet rose on her thorn
Opens her bosom to them all.

The last and least of things,
That soar on quivering wings,
Or crawl among the grass blades out of sight,
Have just as clear a right
To their appointed portion of delight
As queens or kings.

— CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

"YE STARS! WHICH ARE THE POETRY OF HEAVEN"

YE stars! which are the poetry of heaven,
If in your bright leaves we would read the fate
Of men and empires, — 'tis to be forgiven,
That in our aspirations to be great,
Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,
And claim a kindred with you; for ye are
A beauty and a mystery, and create
In us such love and reverence from afar,
That fortune, fame, power, life, have named themselves a star.

— GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON (*Childe Harold*).

THE SNOW STORM

ANNOUNCED by all the trumpets of the sky,
Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight; the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river, and the heavens,
And veils the farmhouse at the garden's end.
The sled and traveler stopped, the courier's feet
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit
Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.

Come see the north-wind's masonry!
Out of an unseen quarry evermore
Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer
Curves his white bastions with projected roof
Round every windward stake, or tree, or door.
Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild work
So fanciful, so savage; naught cares he
For number or proportion. Mockingly,
On coop or kennel he hangs Parian wreaths;
A swan-like form invests the hidden thorn;
Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall,
Maugre the farmer's sighs; and, at the gate,
A tapering turret overtops the work:
And when his hours are numbered, and the world
Is all his own, retiring, as he were not,
Leaves, when the sun appears, astonished Art
To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone,
Built in an age, the mad wind's night-work,
The frolic architecture of the snow.

— RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE GLOWWORM

A NIGHTINGALE, that all day long
Had cheered the village with his song
Nor yet at eve his note suspended,
Nor yet when eventide was ended,
Began to feel, as well he might,
The keen demands of appetite;
When looking eagerly around,
He spied far off, upon the ground,
A something shining in the dark,
And knew the glowworm by his spark;
So, stooping down from hawthorn top,
He thought to put him in his crop.
The worm, aware of his intent,
Harangued him thus right eloquent:
"Did you admire my lamp," quoth he,
"As much as I your minstrelsy,
You would abhor to do me wrong,
As much as I to spoil your song;
For 'twas the self-same power divine
Taught you to sing and me to shine;
That you with music, I, with light
Might beautify and cheer the night."
The songster heard his short oration,
And warbling out his approbation,
Released him as my story tells,
And found his supper somewhere else.

— WILLIAM COWPER.

SNOW-BOUND (Selection)

UNWARMED by any sunset light
The gray day darkened into night;
A night made hoary with the swarm
And whirl-dance of the blinding storm,
As zigzag wavering to and fro,
Crossed and recrossed the wingéd snow:
And ere the early bedtime came
The white drift piled the window-frame,
And through the glass the clothes-line posts
Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts.
So all night long the storm roared on:
The morning broke without a sun;
In tiny spherule traced with lines
Of Nature's geometric signs,
In starry flake and pellicle
All day the hoary meteor fell;
And, when the second morning shone,
We looked upon a world unknown,
On nothing we could call our own.
Around the glistening wonder bent
The blue walls of the firmament,
No cloud above, no earth below, —
A universe of sky and snow!
The old familiar sights of ours
Took marvelous shapes; strange domes and towers
Rose up where sty or corn-crib stood,
Or garden-wall or belt of wood;
A smooth white mound the brush-pile showed,
A fenceless drift what once was road;
The bridle-post an old man sat
With loose-flung coat and high cocked hat;
The well-curb had a Chinese roof;

And even the long sweep, high-aloof,
In its slant splendor, seemed to tell
Of Pisa's leaning miracle.

— JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

THE ANGLER'S REVEILLE

* * * * *

THIS is the song the Brown Thrush flings
  Out of his thicket of roses;
Hark how it warbles and rings,
  Mark how it closes:
    Luck, luck,
    What luck?
  Good enough for me!
  I'm alive, you see.
    Sun shining,
    No repining;
    Never borrow
    Idle sorrow;
    Drop it!
    Cover it up!
    Hold your cup!
    Joy will fill it,
    Don't spill it!
    Steady, be ready!
      Good luck!

— HENRY VAN DYKE.

THE SENSITIVE PLANT

A SENSITIVE Plant in a garden grew,
And the young winds fed it with silver dew,
And it opened its fan-like leaves to the light,
And closed them beneath the kisses of Night.

And the Spring arose on the garden fair,
Like the Spirit of Love felt everywhere;
And each flower and herb on Earth's dark breast
Rose from the dreams of its wintry rest.

* * * * * *

The snowdrop, and then the violet,
Arose from the ground with warm rain wet,
And their breath was mixed with fresh odor, sent
From the turf, like the voice and the instrument.

Then the pied wind-flowers and the tulip tall,
And narcissi, the fairest among them all,
Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's recess
Till they die of their own dear loveliness;

And the Naiad-like lily of the vale,
Whom youth makes so fair, and passion so pale,
That the light of its tremulous bells is seen
Through their pavilions of tender green;

And the hyacinth purple, and white and blue,
Which flung from its bells a sweet peal anew
Of music so delicate, soft, and intense,
It was felt like an odor within the sense;

* * * * * *

And the jessamine faint, and the sweet tube-rose,
The sweetest flower for scent that blows;
And all rare blossoms from every clime
Grew in that garden in perfect prime.

And on the stream whose inconstant bosom
Was pranked, under boughs of embowering blossom,
With golden and green light, slanting through
Their heaven of many a tangled hue,

Broad water-lilies lay tremulously,
And starry river-buds glimmered by,
And round them the soft stream did glide and dance
With a motion of sweet sound and radiance.

And the sinuous paths of lawn and of moss,
Which led through the garden along and across,
Some open at once to the sun and the breeze,
Some lost among bowers of blossoming trees, —

Were all paved with daisies and delicate bells,
As fair as the fabulous asphodels,
And flowerets which, drooping as day drooped too,
Fell into pavilions white, purple, and blue,
To roof the glowworm from the evening dew.

* * * * * *

— PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

THE DAFFODILS

FAIR daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon;
As yet the early rising sun
Has not attained his noon,
Stay, stay,
Until the hasting day
Has run
But to the even-song;

And, having prayed together, we
  Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you;
  We have as short a spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay,
  As you, or any thing.
        We die
As your hours do, and dry
        Away,
  Like to the summer's rain;
Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
  Ne'er to be found again.

— ROBERT HERRICK.

A BOY'S SONG

WHERE the pools are bright and deep,
Where the gray trout lies asleep,
Up the river and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestings chirp and flee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest;
There to trace the homeward bee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow falls the deepest,

Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Why the boys should drive away
Little sweet maidens from the play,
Or love to banter and fight so well,
That's the thing I never could tell.

But this I know, I love to play
Through the meadow, among the hay:
Up the water and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

— JAMES HOGG.

THE INFLUENCE OF NATURE

OH what a glory doth this world put on
For him who, with a fervent heart, goes forth
Under the bright and glorious sky and looks
On duties well performed, and days well spent!
For him the wind, ay, and the yellow leaves
Shall have a voice, and give him eloquent teachings.
He shall so hear that solemn hymn, that Death
Has lifted up for all, that he shall go
To his long resting-place without a tear.

— HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THERE ROLLS THE DEEP

THERE rolls the deep where grew the tree.
O earth, what changes hast thou seen!
There, where the long street roars, hath been
The stillness of the central sea.

The hills are shadows, and they flow
From form to form, and nothing stands;
They melt like mist, the solid lands,
Like clouds they shape themselves and go.
— ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

FLOWER IN THE CRANNIED WALL

FLOWER in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies; —
Hold you here root and all, in my hand,
Little flower — but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.
— ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

"THERE IS A PLEASURE"

THERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar.
I love not Man the less but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.
— GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON (*Childe Harold*).

O MICKLE IS THE POWERFUL GRACE

O MICKLE is the powerful grace, that lies
In plants, herbs, stones, and their true qualities;
For naught so vile that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth some special good doth give;
Nor aught so good, but, strained from that fair use,
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse;
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,
And vice sometimes by action dignified.

— WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

TO A DANDELION

DEAR common flower, that grow'st beside the way,
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold,
First pledge of blithesome May,
Which children pluck, and, full of pride, uphold,
High-hearted buccaneers, o'er-joyed that they
An Eldorado in the grass have found,
Which not the rich earth's ample round
May match in wealth, — thou art more dear to me
Than all the prouder summer-blooms may be.

* * * * * * *

How like a prodigal doth nature seem,
When thou, for all thy gold, so common art?
Thou teachest me to deem
More sacredly of every human heart,
Since each reflects in joy its scanty gleam
Of heaven, and could some wondrous secret show,
Did we but pay the love we owe,
And with a child's undoubting wisdom look
On all these living pages of God's book.

— JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

I CARE NOT, FORTUNE

I CARE not, Fortune, what you me deny;
You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace;
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
Through which Aurora shows her brightening face;
You cannot bar my constant feel to trace
The woods and lawns, by living stream, at eve:
Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
And I their toys to the great children leave:
Of fancy, reason, virtue, naught can me bereave.

— JAMES THOMSON.

THE RHODORA

IN May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,
I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods,
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
To please the desert and the sluggish brook.
The purple petals, fallen in the pool,
Made the black waters with their beauty gay;
Here might the red-bird come his plumes to cool,
And court the flower that cheapens his array.
Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the earth and sky,
Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing,
Then beauty is its own excuse for being!
Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose!
I never thought to ask, I never knew;
But in my simple ignorance, suppose,
The selfsame power that brought me there brought you.

— RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

THE FIELD FRATERNITY

WHEN God's warm justice is revealed —
The Kingdom that the Father planned —
His children all will equal stand
As trees upon a level field.

There each one has a goodly space —
Each yeoman of the woodland race —
Each has a foothold on the Earth,
A place for business and for mirth.

No privilege bars a tree's access
To Earth's whole store of preciousness.
The trees stand level on God's floor,
With equal nearness to His store.

And trees, they have no private ends,
But stand together as close friends.
They send their beauty on all things,
An equal gift to clowns and kings.

They worry not: there is enough
Laid by for them of God's good stuff —
Enough for all, and so no fear
Sends boding on their blameless cheer.

So from the field comes curious news —
That each one takes what it can use —
Takes what its lifted arms can hold
Of sky-sweet rain and beamy gold;
And all give back with pleasure high
Their riches to the sun and sky.

Yes, since the first star they have stood
A testament of Brotherhood.

— EDWIN MARKHAM.

VIOLETS

UNDER the green hedges after the snow,
There do the dear little violets grow,
Hiding their modest and beautiful heads
Under the hawthorn in soft mossy beds.

Sweet as the roses, and blue as the sky,
Down there do the dear little violets lie;
Hiding their heads where they scarce may be seen,
By the leaves you may know where the violet hath been.

— J. MOULTRIE.

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE THE ROSE

THE lily has an air,
And the snowdrop a grace,
And the sweet-pea a way,
And the heart's-ease a face, —
Yet there's nothing like the rose
When she blows.

— CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

THE IVY GREEN

OH! a dainty plant is the ivy green,
That creepeth o'er ruins old;
Of right choice food are his meals, I ween,
In his cell so lone and cold.
The walls must be crumbled, the stones decayed,
To pleasure his dainty whim;

And the moldering dust that years have made
  Is a merry meal for him.
    Creeping where no life is seen,
    A rare old plant is the ivy green.

Fast he stealeth on, though he wears no wings,
  And a stanch old heart has he!
How closely he twineth, how tight he clings
  To his friend, the huge, old oak tree!
And slyly he traileth along the ground,
  And his leaves he gently waves;
And he joyously twines and hugs around
  The rich mold of dead men's graves.
    Creeping where no life is seen,
    A rare old plant is the ivy green.

Whole ages have fled, and their works decayed,
  The nation scattered been,
But the stout old ivy shall never fade
  From its hale and hearty green.
The brave old plant in its lonely days
  Shall fatten upon the past;
For the stateliest building man can raise
  Is the ivy's food at last.
    Creeping where no life is seen.
    A rare old plant is the ivy green.

— CHARLES DICKENS.

SWEET PEAS

HERE are sweet peas, on tiptoe for a flight:
With wings of gentle flush o'er delicate white,
And taper fingers catching at all things,
To bind them all about with tiny rings.

Linger awhile upon some bending planks
That lean against a streamlet's rushy banks,
And watch intently Nature's gentle doings:
They will be found softer than ringdoves' cooings.
How silent comes the water round that bend!
Not the minutest whisper does it send
To the o'erhanging sallows: blades of grass
Slowly across the chequered shadows pass.

— JOHN KEATS.

FIELD FLOWERS

YE field flowers! the gardens eclipse you, 'tis true,
Yet, wildings of Nature, I dote on you,
For ye waft me to summers of old,
When earth teem'd around me with fairy delight,
And when daisies and buttercups gladden'd my sight,
Like treasures of silver and gold.

Not a pastoral song has a pleasanter tune
Than ye speak to my heart, little wildings of June;
Of old ruinous castles ye tell,
Where I thought it delightful your beauties to find,
When the magic of Nature first breathed on my mind,
And your blossoms were part of her spell.

Even now what affections the violet awakes;
What loved little islands, twice seen in their lakes
Can the wild water-lily restore;
What landscapes I read in the primrose's looks,
And what pictures of pebbled and minnowy brooks,
In the vetches that tangled their shore.

— THOMAS CAMPBELL.

SPRING

Now that the winter's gone, the earth hath lost
Her snow-white robes; and now no more the frost
Candies the grass or casts an icy cream
Upon the silver lake or crystal stream:
But the warm sun thaws the benumbéd earth,
And makes it tender; gives a sacred birth
To the dead swallow; wakes in hollow tree
The drowsy cuckoo and the bumble-bee.
Now do a choir of chirping minstrels bring
In triumph to the world the youthful spring!
The valleys, hills, and woods, in rich array,
Welcome the coming of the longed-for May.

— THOMAS CAREW.

THE THROSTLE

"SUMMER is coming, summer is coming!
  I know it, I know it, I know it.
Light again, leaf again, life again, love again,"
  Yes, my wild little Poet.

Sing the new year in under the blue.
  Last year you sang it as gladly.
"New, new, new, new!" Is it then *so* new
  That you should carol so madly?

"Love again, song again, nest again, young again."
  Never a prophet so crazy!
And hardly a daisy as yet, little friend,
  See, there is hardly a daisy.

"Here again, here, here, here, happy year!"
O warble unchidden, unbidden!
Summer is coming, is coming, my dear,
And all the winters are hidden.

— ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

THE FOREST

IT is a country full of evergreen trees, of mossy silver-birches and watery maples, the ground dotted with insipid, small, red berries, and strewn with damp and moss-grown rocks; — a country diversified with innumerable lakes and rapid streams peopled with trout, with salmon, shad, pickerel, and other fish.

The forest resounds at rare intervals with the note of the chickadee, the blue-jay, and the woodpecker, the screams of the fish-hawk and the eagle, the laugh of the loon, and the whistle of the ducks along the solitary streams; at night, with the hooting of owls and the howling of wolves.

Who shall describe the inexpressible tenderness and immortal life of the grim forest, where Nature, though it be midwinter, is ever in her spring, where the moss-grown and decaying trees are not old, but seem to enjoy a perpetual youth; and blissful, innocent Nature, like a serene infant, is too happy to make a noise, except by a few tinkling, lisping birds, and trickling rills?

— HENRY D. THOREAU.

EARLY SPRING

ONCE more the Heavenly Power
Makes all things new,
And domes the red-plowed hills
With loving blue;

The blackbirds have their wills
And throstles, too.

Opens a door in Heaven
From skies of glass;
A Jacob's ladder falls
On greening grass,
And o'er the mountain-walls
Young angels pass.

Before them fleets the shower,
And burst the buds,
And shine the level lands,
And flash the floods;
The stars are from their hands
Flung thro' the woods.

The woods with living airs
How softly fanned,
Light airs from where the deep,
All down the sand,
Is breathing in his sleep,
Heard by the land.

For now the Heavenly Power
Makes all things new,
And thaws the cold, and fills
The flower with dew;
The blackbirds have their wills,
And poets too.

— ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

IN THE SUMMER TIME

Now the glories of the year
May be viewed at the best,
And the earth now appears
In her fairest garments dress'd;
    Sweetly smelling plants and flowers,
    Do perfume the garden bowers;
Hill and valley, wood and field,
Mixed with pleasure, profits yield.

Much is found where nothing was,
Herds on every mountain go,
In the meadows flowery grass
Makes both milk and honey flow;
    Now each orchard, banquet giveth,
    Every hedge with fruit relieveth;
And on every shrub and tree
Useful fruit or berries be.

Walks and ways which winter marr'd
By the winds are swept and dried;
Moorish grounds are now so hard
That on them we safe may ride;
    Warmth enough the sun doth lend us,
    From his heat the shades defend us;
And thereby we share in these
Safety, profit, pleasure, ease.

Other blessings, many more,
At this time enjoyed may be,
And in this my song therefore
Praise I give, O Lord! to Thee:
    Grant that this my free oblation
    May have gracious acceptation,

And that I may well employ
Everything which I enjoy.

— GEORGE WITHER.

THE SKYLARK

BIRD of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place, —
O to abide in the desert with thee!
Wild is thy lay and loud
Far in the downy cloud,
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth!
Where, on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.
O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar, singing away!

— JAMES HOGG.

I KNOW A BANK

I KNOW a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows;
Quite over-canopied with lush woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine;

There sleeps Titania sometime of the night,
Lulled in these flowers with dances and delight;
And there the snake throws her enamelled skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in.
— WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (*Midsummer Night's Dream*).

TO THE NIGHTINGALE

SWEET bird, that sing'st away the early hours,
Of winters past or coming, void of care,
Well pleased with delights which present are,
Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet-smelling flowers;
To rocks, to springs, to rills, from leafy bowers
Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare,
And what dear gifts on thee He did not spare,
A stain to human sense, in sin that lowers.
What soul can be so sick which by thy songs,
Attired in sweetness, sweetly is not driven
Quite to forget earth's turmoils, spite and wrongs,
And lift a reverent eye and thought to heaven?
Sweet artless songster, thou my mind dost raise
To airs of spheres, yes, and to angels' lays.
— WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

OXFORDSHIRE CHILDREN'S MAY SONG

SPRING is coming, spring is coming,
Birdies, build your nest;
Weave together straw and feather,
Doing each your best.

Spring is coming, spring is coming,
  Flowers are coming too:
Pansies, lilies, daffodillies,
  Now are coming through.

Spring is coming, spring is coming,
  All around is fair;
Shimmer and quiver on the river,
  Joy is everywhere.

We wish you a happy May.

—COUNTRY RHYME.

THE MONTHS

JANUARY brings the snow,
Makes our feet and fingers glow.

February brings the rain,
Thaws the frozen lake again.

March brings breezes loud and shrill,
Stirs the dancing daffodil.

April brings the primrose sweet,
Scatters daisies at our feet.

May brings flocks of pretty lambs,
Skipping by their fleecy dams.

June brings the tulips, lilies, roses,
Fills the children's hands with posies.

Hot July brings cooling showers,
Apricots and gillyflowers.

August brings the sheaves of corn,
Then the harvest home is borne.

Warm September brings the fruit,
Sportsmen then begin to shoot.

Fresh October brings the pheasant,
Then to gather nuts is pleasant.

Dull November brings the blast,
Then the leaves are whirling fast.

Chill December brings the sleet,
Blazing fire and Christmas treat.

—OLD RHYME.

NOW FADES THE LAST LONG STREAK OF SNOW

Now fades the last long streak of snow,
  Now bourgeons every maze of quick
  About the flowering squares, and thick
By ashen roots the violets blow.

Now rings the woodland loud and long,
  The distance takes a lovelier hue,
  And drowned in yonder living blue
The lark becomes a sightless song.

Now dance the lights on lawn and lea,
  The flocks are whiter down the vale,
  And milkier every milky sail
On winding stream or distant sea;

Where now the sea-mew pipes, or dives
  In yonder greening gleam, and fly

The happy birds that change their sky
To build and brood; that live their lives

From land to land; and in my breast
Spring wakens too; and my regret
Becomes an April violet,
And buds and blossoms like the rest.
— ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON (*In Memoriam*).

TO THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE CRICKET

GREEN little vaulter in the sunny grass,
Catching your heart up at the feel of June, —
Sole voice that's heard amidst the lazy noon,
When even the bees lag at the summoning brass;
And you, warm little housekeeper, who class
With those who think the candles come too soon,
Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune,
Nick the glad silent moments as they pass!
O sweet and tiny cousins, that belong,
One to the fields, the other to the hearth,
Both have your sunshine; both, though small, are strong
At your clear hearts; and both seem given to earth
To sing in thoughtful ears their natural song, —
In doors and out, summer and winter, mirth.
— LEIGH HUNT.

SONG

VIOLET! sweet violet!
Thine eyes are full of tears;
Are they wet,
Even yet

With the thought of other years?
Or with gladness are they full,
For the night so beautiful,
And longing for those far-off spheres?

Thy little heart, that hath with love
Grown colored like the sky above,
On which thou lookest ever, —
Can it know
All the woe
Of hope for what returneth never,
All the sorrow and the longing
To these hearts of ours belonging?

Violet! dear violet!
Thy blue eyes are only wet
With joy and love of Him who sent thee,
And for the fulfilling sense
Of that glad obedience
Which made thee all that Nature meant thee!

— James Russell Lowell.

IF EVER I SEE

If ever I see,
On bush or tree,
Young birds in their pretty nest,
I must not, in play,
Steal the birds away,
To grieve their mother's breast.

My mother, I know,
Would sorrow so,
Should I be stolen away;

So I'll speak to the birds,
In my softest words,
Nor hurt them in my play.

And when they can fly
In the bright blue sky,
They'll warble a song to me;
And then if I'm sad
It will make me glad
To think they are happy and free.

— LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

SING ON, BLITHE BIRD!

I'VE plucked the berry from the bush, the brown nut from the tree,
But heart of happy little bird ne'er broken was by me.
I saw them in their curious nests, close couching, slyly peer
With their wild eyes, like glittering beads, to note if harm were near;
I passed them by, and blessed them all; I felt that it was good
To leave unmoved the creatures small whose home was in the wood.
And here, even now, above my head, a lusty rogue doth sing;
He pecks his swelling breast and neck, and trims his little wing.
He will not fly; he knows full well, while chirping on that spray,
I would not harm him for a world, or interrupt his lay.
Sing on, sing on, blithe bird! and fill my heart with summer gladness:
It has been aching many a day with measures full of sadness.

— WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

A PRAYER

TEACH me, Father, how to go
  Softly as the grasses grow;
Hush my soul to meet the shock
  Of the wild world as a rock;
But my spirit, propped with power,
  Make as simple as a flower.

* * * * *

Teach me, Father, how to be
  Kind and patient as a tree.
Joyfully the crickets croon
  Under shady oak at noon;
Beetle, on his mission bent,
  Tarries in that cooling tent.
Let me, also, cheer a spot,
  Hidden field or garden grot —
Place where passing souls can rest
  On the way and be their best.

— EDWIN MARKHAM.

AT LITTLE VIRGIL'S WINDOW

THERE are three green eggs in a small brown pocket,
And the breeze will swing and the gale will rock it,
Till three little birds on the thin edge teeter,
And our God be glad and our world be sweeter.

— EDWIN MARKHAM.

CHILD FANCIES

ROMANCE

I SAW a ship a-sailing,
  A-sailing on the sea;
Her masts were of the shining gold,
  Her decks of ivory;
And sails of silk, as soft as milk,
  And silvern shrouds had she.

And round about her sailing,
  The sea was sparkling white,
The waves all clapped their hands and sang
  To see so fair a sight.
They kissed her twice, they kissed her thrice,
  And murmured with delight.

Then came the gallant captain,
  And stood upon the deck;
In velvet coat, and ruffles white,
  Without a spot or speck;
And diamond rings, and triple strings
  Of pearls around his neck.

From "The Child's World," by Gabriel Setoun, by permission of John Lane Company, Publishers.

And four-and-twenty sailors,
  Were round him bowing low;
On every jacket three times three
  Gold buttons in a row;
And cutlasses down to their knees;
  They made a goodly show.

And then the ship went sailing,
  A-sailing o'er the sea;
She dived beyond the setting sun,
  But never back came she,
For she found the lands of the golden sands,
  Where the pearls and diamonds be.

— GABRIEL SETOUN.

ONE, TWO, THREE

IT was an old, old, old, old lady,
  And a boy that was half-past three;
And the way that they played together
  Was beautiful to see.

She couldn't go running and jumping,
  And the boy, no more could he,
For he was a thin little fellow,
  With a thin little twisted knee.

They sat in the yellow sunlight,
  Out under the maple tree;
And the game that they played I'll tell you,
  Just as it was told to me.

It was Hide-and-Go-Seek they were playing,
  Though you'd never have known it to be —
With an old, old, old, old lady,
  And a boy with a twisted knee.

The boy would bend his face down
  On his one little sound right knee,
And he'd guess where she was hiding
  In guesses, One, Two, Three!

"You are in the china closet!"
  He would cry, and laugh with glee —
It wasn't the china closet;
  But still he had Two and Three.

"You are up in Papa's big bedroom,
  In the chest with the queer old key!"
And she said: "You are *warm* and *warmer*.
  But you're not quite right," said she.

"It can't be the little cupboard
  Where Mamma's things used to be,
So it must be the clothes press, Grandma!"
  And he found her with his Three.

Then she covered her face with her fingers,
  That were wrinkled and white and wee,
And she guessed where the boy was hiding,
  With a One and a Two and a Three.

And they never had stirred from their places,
  Right under the maple tree —

This old, old, old, old lady,
  And the boy with the lame little knee —
This dear, dear, dear old lady,
  And the boy who was half-past three.

— HENRY CUYLER BUNNER.

SEVEN TIMES TWO

YOU bells in the steeple, ring, ring out your changes,
  How many soever they be,
And let the brown meadow-lark's note, as he ranges
  Come over, come over to me!

Yet birds' clearest carol by fall or by swelling
  No magical sense conveys;
And bells have forgotten their old art of telling
  The fortune of future days.

"Turn again, turn again!" once they rang cheerily,
  While a boy listened alone;
Made his heart yearn again, musing so wearily
  All by himself on a stone.

Poor bells! I forgive you; your good days are over,
  And mine, they are yet to be;
No listening, no longing shall aught, aught discover;
  You leave the story to me.

The foxglove shoots out of the green matted heather,
  And hangeth her hood of snow;
She was idle and slept till the sunshiny weather;
  Oh, children take long to grow!

I wish and I wish that the spring would go faster,
  Nor long summer bide so late;

And I could grow on like the foxglove and aster,
For some things are ill to wait.

I wait for the day when dear hearts shall discover,
While dear hands are laid on my head,
"The child is a woman — the book may close over,
For all the lessons are said."

I wait for my story; the birds cannot sing it,
Not one, as he sits on the tree;
The bells cannot ring it, but long years, oh bring it!
Such as I wish it to be.

— JEAN INGELOW.

THE CULPRIT FAY

(EXTRACT)

'TIS the hour of fairy ban and spell:
The wood-tick has kept the minutes well;
He has counted them all with click and stroke,
Deep in the heart of the mountain oak,
And he has awakened the sentry elve
Who sleeps with him in the haunted tree,
To bid him ring the hour of twelve,
And call the fays to their revelry;
Twelve small strokes on his tinkling bell —
('Twas made of the white snail's pearly shell)
"Midnight comes, and all is well!
Hither, hither, wing your way!
'Tis the dawn of the fairy-day."

They come from beds of lichen green,
They creep from the mullein's velvet screen;

Some on the backs of beetles fly
From the silver tops of moon-touched trees,
Where they swung in their cobweb hammocks high,
And rocked about in the evening breeze;
Some from the hum-bird's downy nest —
They had driven him out by elfin power,
And, pillowed on plumes of his rainbow breast,
Had slumbered there till the charméd hour;
Some had lain in the scoop of the rock,
With glittering ising-stars inlaid;
And some had opened the four-o'clock,
And stole within its purple shade.
And now they throng the moonlight glade,
Above — below — on every side,
Their little minim forms arrayed,
In the tricksy pomp of fairy pride.

— JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

GOOD NIGHT AND GOOD MORNING

A FAIR little girl sat under a tree,
Sewing as long as her eye could see;
Then smoothed her work and folded it right,
And said, "Dear work, good night! good night!"

Then a number of rooks came over her head,
Crying, "Caw! caw!" on their way to bed;
She said, as she watched their curious flight,
"Little black things, good night! good night!"

The horses neighed and the oxen lowed,
The sheep's "Baa! baa!" came over the road;

All seeming to say with a quiet delight,
"Good little girl, good night! good night!"

She did not say to the sun "Good night!"
Though she saw him there, like a ball of light;
For she knew that he had God's time to keep
All over the world and never could sleep.

The tall pink foxglove bowed his head;
The violets curtseyed and went to bed;
And good little Lucy tied up her hair,
And said, on her knees, her favorite prayer.

And while on her pillow she softly lay,
She knew nothing more till again it was day,
And all things said to the beautiful sun,
"Good morning! good morning! our work is begun!"
— LORD HOUGHTON (Richard Monckton Milnes).

WHERE GO THE BOATS?

DARK brown is the river,
  Golden is the sand,
It flows along forever,
  With trees on either hand.

Green leaves a-floating,
  Castles of the foam,
Boats of mine a-boating —
  Where will all come home?

On goes the river
  And out past the mill,
Away down the valley,
  Away down the hill.

Away down the river,
  A hundred miles or more,
Other little children
  Shall bring my boats ashore.

—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

THE RIDDLER

THERE went a rider on a roan,
By rock and hill, and all alone,
And asked of men these questions three:
"Who may the greatest miller be?
What baker baked ere Adam's birth?
What washer washes the most on earth?"

And still the rider went his way
By cities old and castles gray,
In morning red or moonlight dim,
Unto the sea where ships do swim,
And yet no man could answer him.

He reined his horse upon the sand:
"There is no lord in any land

Can answer right my questions three: —
Old fisher, sitting by the sea,
Canst tell me where those craftsmen be?"

Then spoke the fisher of the mere:
"The earth is dark, the water clear,
And where the sea against the land
Is grinding rocks and shells to sand,
I see the greatest miller's hand.

"The baker who baked before the morn
When Adam was in Eden born,
Is Heat, that God made long before,
Which dries the sand upon the shore,
And hardens it to rock once more.

"And the water, falling night and day,
Is the washer, washing all away;
All melts in time before the rain,
The mountains sink into the plain;
So the great world comes and goes again."

"Thou, Silver Beard, hast spoken well,
With wisdom most commendable;
So bind thee with this golden band!"
The light was red upon the strand;
The rider's road lay dark inland.

— CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

AN EPITAPH ON A ROBIN-REDBREAST

TREAD lightly here, for here, 'tis said,
When piping winds are hush'd around,
A small note wakes from under ground,
Where now his tiny bones are laid.
No more in lone or leafless groves,
With ruffled wing and faded breast,
His friendless, homeless spirit roves;
Gone to the world where birds are blest!
Where never cat glides o'er the green,
Or schoolboy's giant form is seen;
But love, and joy, and smiling Spring
Inspire their little souls to sing.

— SAMUEL ROGERS.

THE LOST DOLL

I ONCE had a sweet little doll, dears,
  The prettiest doll in the world;
Her cheeks were so red and so white, dears,
  And her hair was so charmingly curled.

But I lost my poor little doll, dears,
  As I played on the heath one day;
And I cried for more than a week, dears,
  But I never could find where she lay.

I found my poor little doll, dears,
  As I played on the heath one day;

Folks say she is terribly changed, dears,
  For her paint is all washed away,

And her arms trodden off by the cows, dears,
  And her hair not the least bit curled;
Yet for old sake's sake, she is still, dears,
  The prettiest doll in the world.

—CHARLES KINGSLEY.

THE TWO DOLLS

Two little dolls, so I've been told,
  Once lived on a shelf together —
Her head and arms were all of wax,
  While his were of wool and leather.
Her cheeks were pink and her eyes were blue,
  And her hair of a lovely golden hue;
And, therefore, you see, she could never deign
  To notice a doll who was coarse and plain —
One was for looks and one for wear,
  One was for use and one for show;
And that's the way of the world, you know.

When first they met on a nursery shelf —
  He greeted her most urbanely;
She saw that he quite forgot his place
  And told him so very plainly —
"Your birth is shown in your wooden face;
  Of waxen blood you have not a trace;
So once for all be it understood
  That wax may never consort with wood."
Then she said, with a freezing stare,
  "I'm for looks and you're for wear,

You're for use, and I'm for show;"
  And that's the way of the world, you know.

All on a fatal summer's day
  The pair for a walk were taken —
Somebody left them amongst the hay
  And then they were both forsaken.
Then while she lay in the noonday sun,
  The bloom on her cheeks began to run,
Her eyes fell out, and her nose fell in,
  And she lost forever her rounded chin;
Then he who had never turned a hair,
  Said, "You're for looks and I'm for wear,
I'm for use and you're for show;"
  And that's the way of the world, you know.

— UNKNOWN.

QUEEN MAB

A LITTLE fairy comes at night,
  Her eyes are blue, her hair is brown,
With silver spots upon her wings,
  And from the moon she flutters down.

She has a little silver wand,
  And when a good child goes to bed
She waves her hand from right to left,
  And makes a circle round its head.

And then it dreams of pleasant things —
  Of fountains filled with fairy fish,
And trees that bear delicious fruit,
  And bow their branches at a wish.

Of arbors filled with dainty scents
  From lovely flowers that never fade;
Bright flies that glitter in the sun,
  And glow-worms shining in the shade.

And talking birds with gifted tongues,
  For singing songs and telling tales,
And pretty dwarfs to show the way
  Through fairy hills and fairy dales.

But when a bad child goes to bed,
  From left to right she weaves her rings,
And then it dreams all through the night
  Of only ugly, horrid things!

Then lions come with glaring eyes,
  And tigers growl, a dreadful noise,
And ogres draw their cruel knives,
  To shed the blood of girls and boys.

Then stormy waves rush on to drown,
  Or raging flames come scorching round,
Fierce dragons hover in the air,
  And serpents crawl along the ground.

Then wicked children wake and weep,
  And wish the long black gloom away;
But good ones love the dark, and find
  The night as pleasant as the day.

— THOMAS HOOD.

LULLABY OF AN INFANT CHIEF

Oh! hush thee, my babie, thy sire was a knight,
Thy mother a lady, both lovely and bright;
The woods and the glens from the tower which we see,
They are all belonging, dear babie, to thee.

Oh, fear not the bugle, though loudly it blows,
It calls but the warders that guard thy repose;
Their bows would be bended, their blades would be red,
Ere the step of a foeman draws near to thy bed.

Oh, hush thee, my babie, the time soon will come,
When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and drum;
Then hush thee, my darling, take rest while you may,
For strife comes with manhood, and waking with day.

— Sir Walter Scott.

THE UNSEEN PLAYMATE

When children are playing alone on the green,
In comes the playmate that never was seen.
When children are happy and lonely and good,
The Friend of the Children comes out of the wood.

Nobody heard him and nobody saw,
His is a picture you never could draw;
But he's sure to be present, abroad or at home,
When children are happy and playing alone.

He lies in the laurels, he runs on the grass,
He sings when you twinkle the musical glass;
Whene'er you are happy and cannot tell why,
The Friend of the Children is sure to be by!

He loves to be little, he hates to be big,
'Tis he that inhabits the caves that you dig;
'Tis he when you play with your soldiers of tin
That sides with the Frenchmen and never can win.

'Tis he when at night you go off to your bed,
Bids you go to your sleep and not trouble your head;
For wherever they're lying in cupboard or shelf,
'Tis he will take care of your playthings himself!

— ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

THE LAMPLIGHTER

MY tea is nearly ready and the sun has left the sky;
It's time to take the window to see Leerie going by;
For every night at teatime and before you take your seat,
With lantern and with ladder he comes posting up the street.

Now Tom would be a driver and Maria go to sea,
And my papa's a banker and as rich as he can be;
But I, when I am stronger and can choose what I'm to do,
O Leerie, I'll go round at night and light the lamps with you!

For we are very lucky, with a lamp before the door,
And Leerie stops to light it as he lights so many more;
And O! before you hurry by with ladder and with light,
O Leerie, see a little child and nod to him to-night!

— ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

BEFORE THE FIRE

BEFORE the evening lamp is lit
Beside the fire I love to sit,
And watch the sparks that upward go
Like fiery flakes of whirling snow.

I sit and dream the time away,
And as the embers fade and glow,
I seem to see another day,
With soldiers marching to and fro.

I seem to hear the raging sea,
The roar of winds in forests old,
While stranger tales the fire tells me
Than men in books have ever told.

— ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

THE BOY AND THE SHEEP

"LAZY sheep, pray tell me why
In the pleasant field you lie,
Eating grass and daisies white
From the morning till the night;
Everything can something do,
But what kind of use are you?"

"Nay, my little master, nay,
Do not serve me so, I pray!
Don't you see the wool that grows
On my back to make your clothes?
Cold, ah, very cold you'd be,
If you had not wool from me.

"True, it seems a pleasant thing
Nipping daisies in the spring;
But what chilly nights I pass
On the cold and scanty grass,
Or pick my scanty dinner where
All the ground is brown and bare!

"Then the farmer comes at last
When the merry spring is past,
Cuts my woolly fleece away,
For your coat in wintry day.
Little master, this is why
In the pleasant fields I lie."

— ANN TAYLOR.

THE LITTLE ELF-MAN

I MET a little Elf-man, once,
Down where the lilies blow.
I asked him why he was so small
And why he didn't grow.

He slightly frowned, and with his eye
He looked me through and through;
"I'm quite as big, for me," said he,
"As you are big for you."

— JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

A THANKSGIVING FABLE

IT was a hungry pussy cat, upon Thanksgiving morn,
And she watched a thankful little mouse, that ate an ear of corn.

"If I ate that thankful little mouse, how thankful he should be,
When he has made a meal himself, to make a meal for me!
"Then with his thanks for having fed, and his thanks for feeding me,
With all *his* thankfulness inside, how thankful I shall be!"
Thus mused the hungry pussy cat, upon Thanksgiving Day:
But the little mouse had overheard and declined (with thanks) to stay.

— OLIVER HERFORD.

FOREIGN CHILDREN

LITTLE Indian, Sioux or Crow,
Little frosty Eskimo,
  Little Turk or Japanee,
  O! don't you wish that you were me?

You have seen the scarlet trees,
And the lions over seas;
  You have eaten ostrich eggs,
  And turned the turtles off their legs.

Such a life is very fine,
But it's not so nice as mine;
  You must often, as you trod,
  Have wearied *not* to be abroad.

You have curious things to eat,
I am fed on proper meat;

You must dwell beyond the foam,
But I am safe and live at home.

Little Indian, Sioux or Crow,
Little frosty Eskimo,
Little Turk or Japanee,
O! don't you wish that you were me?

— ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

HUMOROUS SELECTIONS

THE OLD NAVY

THE captain stood on the carronade: "First lieutenant," says he,
"Send all my merry men aft here, for they must list to me;
I haven't the gift of the gab, my sons — because I'm bred to the sea;
That ship there is a Frenchman, who means to fight with we.
And odds bobs, hammer and tongs, long as I've been to sea,
I've fought 'gainst every odds — but I've gained the victory!

The ship there is a Frenchman, and if we don't take she,
'Tis a thousand bullets to one, that she will capture we;
I haven't the gift of the gab, my boys; so each man to his gun;
If she's not mine in half an hour, I'll flog each mother's son.
For odds bobs, hammer and tongs, long as I've been to sea,
I've fought 'gainst every odds — and I've gained the victory!"

We fought for twenty minutes, when the Frenchman had enough;
"I little thought," said he, "that your men were of such stuff."
Our captain took the Frenchman's sword, a low bow made to he;
"I haven't the gift of the gab, monsieur, but polite I wish to be.
And odds bobs, hammer and tongs, long as I've been to sea,
I've fought 'gainst every odds — and I've gained the victory!"

Our captain sent for all of us: "My merry men," said he,
"I haven't the gift of the gab, my lads, but yet I thankful be!
You've done your duty handsomely, each man stood to his gun;

If you hadn't, you villains, as sure as day, I'd have flogged each
mother's son.
For odds bobs, hammer and tongs, as long as I'm at sea,
I'll fight 'gainst every odds — and I'll gain the victory!"

— FREDERICK MARRYAT.

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS

SPEAK gently to the herring, and kindly to the calf,
Be blithesome with the bunny, at barnacles don't laugh!
Give nuts unto the monkey, and buns unto the bear,
Ne'er hint at currant jelly if you chance to see a hare!
O, little girls, pray hide your combs when tortoises draw nigh,
And never in the hearing of a pigeon whisper, "Pie!"
But give the stranded jelly-fish a shove into the sea —
Be always kind to animals wherever you may be!
O, make not game of sparrows, nor faces at the ram,
And ne'er allude to mint sauce when calling on a lamb,
Don't beard the thoughtful oyster, don't dare the cod to crimp,
Don't cheat the pike or ever try to pot the playful shrimp,
Tread lightly on the turning worm, don't bruise the butterfly,
Don't ridicule the wry-neck, nor sneer at salmon-fry;
O, ne'er delight to make dogs fight, nor bantams disagree —
Be always kind to animals wherever you may be!

— JOSEPH ASHBY-STERRY.

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG

GOOD people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song;
And if you find it wondrous short, —
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man,
  Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran —
  Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
  To comfort friends and foes;
The naked every day he clad, —
  When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
  As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
  And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends;
  But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain some private ends,
  Went mad, and bit the man.

Around from all the neighboring streets
  The wondering neighbors ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits
  To bite so good a man!

The wound it seemed both sore and sad
  To every Christian eye;
And while they swore the dog was mad,
  They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
  That showed the rogues they lied: —
The man recovered of the bite,
  The dog it was that died.

— OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

JOHNNY'S HISTORY LESSON

I THINK, of all the things at school
  A boy has got to do,
That studying history, as a rule,
  Is worst of all, don't you?
Of dates there are an awful sight,
  And, though I study day and night,
There's only one I've got just right: —
  That's fourteen-ninety-two.

Columbus crossed the Delaware
  In fourteen-ninety-two.
We whipped the British fair and square
  In fourteen-ninety-two.
At Concord and at Lexington
  We kept the red-coats on the run,
While the band played "Johnny Get Your Gun,"
  In fourteen-ninety-two.

Pat Henry with his dying breath
  In fourteen-ninety-two,
Said, "Give me liberty or death,"
  In fourteen-ninety-two.
And Barbara Frietchie, so 'tis said,
  Cried, "Shoot if you must this old gray head,
But I'd rather 'twould be your own instead,"
  In fourteen-ninety-two.

The Pilgrims came to Plymouth Rock
  In fourteen-ninety-two,
And the Indians standing on the dock
  Asked, "What are you going to do?"
And they said, "We seek your harbor drear
  That our children's children's children dear

May boast that their forefathers landed here
  In fourteen-ninety-two."

Miss Pocahontas saved the life,
  In fourteen-ninety-two,
Of John Smith and became his wife
  In fourteen-ninety-two.
And the Smith tribe started then and there,
  And now there are John Smiths everywhere;
But they didn't have any Smiths to spare
  In fourteen-ninety-two.

Kentucky was settled by Daniel Boone
  In fourteen-ninety-two.
And I think the cow jumped over the moon
  In fourteen-ninety-two.
Ben Franklin flew his kite so high
  He drew the lightning from the sky,
And Washington couldn't tell a lie
  In fourteen-ninety-two.

— NIXON WATERMAN.

THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER

THE sun was shining on the sea,
  Shining with all his might:
He did his very best to make
  The billows smooth and bright —
And this was odd, because it was
  The middle of the night.

* * * * *

The Walrus and the Carpenter
  Were walking close at hand;

They wept like anything to see
  Such quantities of sand:
"If this were only cleared away,"
  They said, "it *would* be grand!"

"If seven maids with seven mops
  Swept it for half a year,
Do you suppose," the Walrus said,
  "That they could get it clear?"
"I doubt it," said the Carpenter,
  And shed a bitter tear.

"O Oysters, come and walk with us!"
  The Walrus did beseech.
"A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,
  Along the briny beach!
We cannot do with more than four,
  To give a hand to each."

The eldest Oyster looked at him,
  But never a word he said;
The eldest Oyster winked his eye,
  And shook his heavy head —
Meaning to say he did not choose
  To leave the oyster-bed.

But four young Oysters hurried up,
  All eager for the treat;
Their coats were brushed, their faces washed,
  Their shoes were clean and neat —
And this was odd, because, you know,
  They hadn't any feet.

Four other Oysters followed them,
  And yet another four;

And thick and fast they came at last,
  And more, and more, and more —
All hopping through the frothy waves,
  And scrambling to the shore.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
  Walked on a mile or so,
And then they rested on a rock
  Conveniently low:
And all the little Oysters stood
  And waited in a row.

"The time has come," the Walrus said,
  "To talk of many things:
Of shoes — and ships — and sealing-wax —
  Of cabbages — and kings —
And why the sea is boiling hot —
  And whether pigs have wings."

"But wait a bit," the Oysters cried,
  "Before we have our chat;
For some of us are out of breath,
  And all of us are fat!"
"No hurry!" said the Carpenter:
  They thanked him much for that.

"A loaf of bread," the Walrus said,
  "Is what we chiefly need;
Pepper and vinegar besides
  Are very good indeed —
Now, if you're ready, Oysters dear,
  We can begin to feed."

"But not on us!" the Oysters cried,
  Turning a little blue.

"After such kindness, that would be
  A dismal thing to do!"
"The night is fine," the Walrus said.
  "Do you admire the view?

"It was so kind of you to come!
  And you are very nice!"
The Carpenter said nothing but
  "Cut us another slice;
I wish you were not quite so deaf —
  I've had to ask you twice!"

"It seems a shame," the Walrus said,
  "To play them such a trick,
After we've brought them out so far,
  And made them trot so quick!"
The Carpenter said nothing but
  "The butter's spread too thick!"

"I weep for you," the Walrus said,
  "I deeply sympathize."
With sobs and tears he sorted out
  Those of the largest size,
Holding his pocket-handkerchief
  Before his streaming eyes.

"O Oysters," said the Carpenter,
  "You've had a pleasant run!
Shall we be trotting home again?"
  But answer came there none —
And this was scarcely odd, because
  They'd eaten every one.

— LEWIS CARROLL.

RELIGIOUS AND ETHICAL SELECTIONS

THE ELIXIR

TEACH me, my God and King,
  In all things Thee to see,
And what I do in anything,
  To do it as for Thee.

* * * *

All may of Thee partake:
  Nothing can be so mean
Which with this tincture (for Thy sake)
  Will not grow bright and clean.
A servant with this clause
  Makes drudgery divine:
Who sweeps a room as by Thy laws,
  Makes that and th' action fine.
This is the famous stone
  That turneth all to gold:
For that which God doth touch and own
  Cannot for less be told.

— GEORGE HERBERT.

AT MORNING

THE day returns and brings us the petty round of irritating concerns and duties. Help us to play the man, help us to perform them with laughter and kind faces; let cheerfulness abound with

industry; give us to go blithely on our business all this day, bring us to our resting beds weary and content and undishonored, and grant us in the end the gift of sleep.

— ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

PSALM I

BLESS'D is the man who hath not walk'd astray
In counsel of the wicked, and i' th' way
Of sinners hath not stood, and in the seat
Of scorners hath not sat. But in the great
Jehovah's law is ever his delight,
And in his law he studies day and night.
He shall be as a tree which planted grows
By watery streams, and in his season knows
To yield his fruit, and his leaf shall not fall,
And what he takes in hand shall prosper all.
Not so the wicked, but as chaff which, fanned,
The wind drives, so the wicked shall not stand
In judgment, or abide their trial then,
Nor sinners in th' assembly of just men.
For the Lord knows th' upright way of the just,
And the way of bad men to ruin must.

— JOHN MILTON.

RECESSIONAL

GOD of our fathers, known of old —
Lord of our far-flung battle line —
Beneath Whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine —

Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
  Lest we forget — lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies —
  The captains and the kings depart —
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
  An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
  Lest we forget — lest we forget!

Far-called, our navies melt away, —
  On dune and headland sinks the fire —
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
  Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
  Lest we forget — lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
  Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe —
Such boasting as the Gentiles use,
  Or lesser breeds without the law —
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
  Lest we forget — lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
  In reeking tube and iron shard —
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
  And guarding, calls not Thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word,
  Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord! — *Amen.*

— RUDYARD KIPLING.

STRONG SON OF GOD

STRONG Son of God, immortal Love,
  Whom we, that have not seen Thy face,
  By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove.

Thine are these orbs of light and shade;
  Thou madest Life in man and brute;
  Thou madest Death; and lo, thy foot
Is on the skull which Thou hast made.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust;
  Thou madest man, he knows not why;
  He thinks he was not made to die;
And Thou hast made him: Thou art just.

Our little systems have their day;
  They have their day and cease to be,
  They are but broken lights of Thee;
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.

We have but faith: we cannot know;
  For knowledge is of things we see;
  And yet we trust it comes from Thee,
A beam in darkness: let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to more;
  But more of reverence in us dwell;
  That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before.

—ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON (*In Memoriam*).

"WHEN ALL THY MERCIES"

When all Thy mercies, O my God!
  My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
  In wonder, love, and praise.

Unnumbered comforts to my soul
  Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
  From Whom those comforts flowed.

When, in the slippery paths of youth,
  With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe
  And led me up to man.

Ten thousand, thousand precious gifts
  My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
  That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life,
  Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant world
  The glorious theme renew.

Through all eternity, to Thee
  A joyful song I'll raise;
For, oh, eternity's too short
  To utter all Thy praise!

— Joseph Addison.

CROSSING THE BAR

SUNSET and evening star,
  And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
  When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
  Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
  Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
  And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
  When I embark.

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
  The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
  When I have crossed the bar.

—ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

PROSPICE

FEAR death? — to feel the fog in my throat,
  The mist in my face,
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
  I am nearing the place,
The powers of the night, the press of the storm,
  The post of the foe;
Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,
  Yet the strong man must go:

For the journey is done and the summit attained,
  And the barriers fall,
Tho' a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,
  The reward of it all.
I was ever a fighter, so — one more fight,
  The best and the last!
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbore,
  And bade me creep past.
No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers
  The heroes of old,
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
  Of pain, darkness, and cold.
For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
  The black minute's at end,
And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,
  Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain,
  Then a light, then thy breast,
O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
  And with God be the rest!

— ROBERT BROWNING.

A CREED

THERE is a destiny that makes us brothers:
  None goes his way alone:
All that we send into the lives of others
  Comes back into our own.

I care not what his temples or his creeds,
  One thing holds firm and fast —
That into his fateful heap of days and deeds
  The soul of man is cast.

— EDWIN MARKHAM.

INFINITE DEPTHS

THE little pool, in street or field apart,
  Glasses the deep heavens and the rushing storm;
And into the silent depths of every heart,
  The Eternal throws its awful shadow-form.

— EDWIN MARKHAM.

A CHILD'S THOUGHT OF GOD

THEY say that God lives very high!
  But if you look above the pines
You cannot see our God. And why?

And if you dig down in the mines
  You never see Him in the gold,
Though from Him all that's glory shines.

God is so good, He wears a fold
  Of heaven and earth across His face —
Like secrets kept, for love, untold.

But still I feel that His embrace
  Slides down by thrills, through all things made,
Through sight and sound of every place:

As if my tender mother laid
  On my shut lids, her kisses' pressure,
Half-waking me at night; and said
  "Who kissed you through the dark, dear guesser?"

— ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

LIGHT SHINING OUT OF DARKNESS

God moves in a mysterious way
  His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea
  And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
  Of never-failing skill;
He treasures up His bright designs,
  And works His sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
  The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
  In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
  But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
  He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
  Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
  But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
  And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
  And He will make it plain.

— William Cowper.

"THOU ART, O GOD"

THOU art, O God! the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
  Its glow by day, its smile by night,
  Are but reflections caught from Thee.
Where'er we turn Thy glories shine,
And all things bright and fair are Thine!

When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even
  And we can almost think we gaze
  Thro' golden vistas into Heaven —
Those hues, that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord! are Thine.

When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies
  Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
  Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes —
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord! are Thine.

The youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
  And every flower the summer wreathes
  Is born beneath that kindling eye.
Where'er we turn Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

— THOMAS MOORE.

CONSIDER

Consider
The lilies of the field, whose bloom is brief —
We are as they;
Like them we fade away,
As doth a leaf.

Consider
The sparrows of the air, of small account:
Our God doth view
Whether they fall or mount —
He guards us too.

Consider
The lilies, that do neither spin nor toil,
Yet are most fair —
What profits all this care,
And all this coil?

Consider
The birds, that have no barn nor harvest-weeks;
God gives them food —
Much more our Father seeks
To do us good.

— CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

"O YET WE TRUST!"

O YET we trust that somehow, good
Will be the final goal of ill;
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt and taints of blood.

That nothing walks with aimless feet;
  That not one life shall be destroyed,
  Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete;

That not a worm is cloven in vain;
  That not a moth with vain desire
  Is shrivelled in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold, we know not anything;
  I can but trust that good shall fall
  At last — far off — at last, to all, —
And every winter change to spring.

— ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

REBECCA'S HYMN

WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,
  Out of the land of bondage came,
Her father's God before her moved,
  An awful guide, in smoke and flame.
By day, along the astonished lands
  The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
  Returned the fiery column's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,
  And trump and timbrel answered keen,
And Zion's daughters poured their lays,
  With priest's and warrior's voice between.
No portents now our foes amaze,
  Forsaken Israel wanders lone;

Our fathers would not know Thy ways,
  And Thou hast left them to their own.

But, present still, though now unseen;
  When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen
  To temper the deceitful ray.
And oh, when stoops on Judah's path
  In shade and storm the frequent night,
Be Thou long-suffering, slow to wrath,
  A burning, and a shining light!

Our harps we left by Babel's streams,
  The tyrant's jest, the gentile's scorn;
No censer round our altar beams,
  And mute our timbrel, trump, and horn.
But Thou hast said, the blood of goat,
  The flesh of rams I will not prize;
A contrite heart, an humble thought,
  Are Mine accepted sacrifice.

— SIR WALTER SCOTT (*Ivanhoe*).

ADAM'S AND EVE'S MORNING HYMN

THESE are Thy glorious works, Parent of Good!
Almighty! Thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair; Thyself how wondrous then!
Unspeakable, Who sitt'st above these heavens
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these Thy lowest works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.
Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels; for ye behold Him, and with songs

And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle His throne rejoicing; ye in heaven,
On earth, join all ye creatures to extol
Him first, Him last, Him midst, and without end.
His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,
With every plant in sign of worship wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune His praise.
Join voices all, ye living souls; ye birds,
That singing up to heaven-gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes His praise.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep,
Witness if I be silent morn or even,
To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade,
Made vocal by my song, and taught His praise.
Hail, universal Lord! be bounteous still
To give us only good; and if the night
Have gathered aught of evil or concealed,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark!

— JOHN MILTON (*Paradise Lost*).

A CHILD'S PRAYER

GOD make my life a little light,
Within the world to glow —
A tiny flame that burneth bright,
Wherever I may go.

God make my life a little flower,
That bringeth joy to all,
Content to bloom in native bower,
Although its place be small.

God make my life a little song,
  That comforteth the sad,
That helpeth others to be strong,
  And makes the singer glad.

— M. Betham Edwards.

KNOWLEDGE AND WISDOM

Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one,
Have ofttimes no connection : Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men;
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own —
Knowledge, a rude unprofitable mass,
The mere materials with which wisdom builds,
Till smooth'd and squared and fitted to its place,
Does but encumber whom it seems to enrich.
Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much;
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.

— Cowper.

CONTENT

Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers?
  O sweet content!
Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplexed?
  O punishment!
Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vexed,
To add to golden numbers, golden numbers?
O sweet content, O sweet, O sweet content!

Work apace, apace, apace, apace;
Honest labor bears a lovely face.

* * * * * *

Canst drink the waters of the crispéd spring?
    O sweet content!
Swimm'st thou in wealth, yet sink'st in thine own tears?
    O punishment!
Then he that patiently want's burden bears
No burden bears, but is a king, a king.
O sweet content, O sweet, O sweet content!

Work apace, apace, apace, apace;
Honest labor bears a lovely face.

— THOMAS DEKKER.

WAITING

SERENE, I fold my hands and wait,
  Nor care for wind, or tide or sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
  For lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,
  For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
  And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
  The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
  Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
  I wait with joy the coming years;

My heart shall reap where it has sown,
  And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own and draw
  The brook that springs in yonder height;
So flows the good with equal law
  Unto the soul of pure delight.

The stars come nightly to the sky;
  The tidal wave comes to the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
  Can keep my own away from me.

— JOHN BURROUGHS.

THE LAW OF THE JUNGLE

Now this is the Law of the Jungle — as old and as true as the sky;
And the Wolf that shall keep it may prosper, but the Wolf that shall break it must die.

Wash daily from nose-tip to tail-tip; drink deeply but never too deep;
And remember the night is for hunting, and forget not the day is for sleep.

The Jackal may follow the Tiger, but, Cub, when thy whiskers are grown,
Remember the Wolf is a hunter, — go forth and get food of thine own.

When Pack meets with Pack in the Jungle, and neither will go from the trail,
Lie down till the leaders have spoken — it may be fair words shall prevail.

Now these are the laws of the Jungle, and many and mighty are they;
But the head and the hoof of the Law, and the haunch and the hump is, — Obey!

— RUDYARD KIPLING.

OBEDIENCE

If you're told to do a thing,
And mean to do it really,
Never let it be by halves;
Do it fully, freely!

Do not make a poor excuse,
Waiting, weak, unsteady;
All obedience worth the name,
Must be prompt and ready.

— PHŒBE CARY.

"IF TO DO WERE AS EASY"

If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood, but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree: such a hare is madness the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good-counsel the cripple.

— WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (*Merchant of Venice*).

"'TIS A COMMON PROOF"

But 'tis a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
But, when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend.

— William Shakespeare (*Julius Cæsar*).

COWARDS

Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

— William Shakespeare (*Julius Cæsar*).

"THERE IS A TIDE"

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

— William Shakespeare (*Julius Cæsar*).

THE CYNIC

A MAN will be what his most cherished feelings are. If he encourage a noble generosity, every feeling will be enriched by it; if he nurse bitter and envenomed thoughts, his own spirit will absorb the poison, and he will crawl among men as a burnished adder, whose life is mischief, and whose errand is death.

He who hunts for flowers will find flowers; and he who loves weeds may find weeds.

— HENRY WARD BEECHER.

AIMS IN LIFE

A MAN is born to expend every particle of strength that God Almighty has given him in doing the work he finds he is fit for; to stand up to it to the last breath of life and do his best. We are called upon to do that; and the reward we all get — which we are perfectly sure of, if we have merited it — is that we have got the work done, or at least that we have tried to do the work. For that is a great blessing in itself, and I should say there is not very much more reward than that going in this world. Be loyal and modest.

On the whole, I would bid you stand up to your work, whatever it may be, and not be afraid of it; not in sorrows or contradictions to yield, but to push on toward the goal. And do not suppose that people are hostile to you or have you at ill will, in the world. In general, you will rarely find anybody designedly doing you ill. You may feel often as if the whole world were obstructing you, setting itself against you; but you will find that to mean only that the world is traveling in a different way from you, and, rushing on in its own path, heedlessly treads on you.

If you find many people who are hard and indifferent to you in a world which you consider to be inhospitable and cruel, you will

also find there are noble hearts who will look kindly on you; and their help will be precious to you beyond price. You will get good and evil as you go on, and have the success that has been appointed you.

— THOMAS CARLYLE.

A PARABLE

WORN and footsore was the Prophet,
When he reached the holy hill;
"God has left the earth," he murmured,
"Here His presence lingers still.

"God of all the olden prophets,
Wilt Thou speak with me no more?
Have I not as truly served Thee
As Thy chosen ones of yore?

"Hear me, guider of my fathers,
Lo! a humble heart is mine;
By Thy mercy I beseech Thee
Grant Thy servant but a sign!"

Bowing then his head, he listened
For an answer to his prayer;
No loud burst of thunder followed,
Not a murmur stirred the air: —

But the tuft of moss before him
Opened while he waited yet,
And, from out the rock's hard bosom,
Sprang a tender violet.

"God! I thank Thee," said the Prophet;
"Hard of heart and blind was I;

Looking to the holy mountain
For the gift of prophecy.

"Still Thou speakest with Thy children
Freely as in eld sublime,
Humbleness, and love, and patience,
Still give dominion over Time."

— JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

PRAYER

MORE things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day;
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is everywhere
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

— ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

WORK

THE only happiness a brave man ever troubled himself with asking much about, was happiness enough to get his work done. Not "I can't eat!" but, "I can't work" — that was the burden of all wise complaining among men. It is, after all, the one unhappiness of a man — that he cannot work — that he cannot get his destiny as a man fulfilled. Behold, the day is passing swiftly over, our life is passing swiftly away, and the night cometh, wherein no man can work. The night once come, our happiness, our

unhappiness, — it is all abolished, vanished, clean gone; a thing that has been not of the slightest consequence. But our work! — behold, that is not abolished, that has not vanished; our work, behold, it remains, or the want of it remains — for endless times and eternities, remains; and that is now the sole question with us forevermore! Brief brawling Day, with its noisy phantasms, its poor paper-crowns, tinsel-light, is gone, and divine everlasting Night, with her star-diadems, with her silence and her veracities, is come.

— THOMAS CARLYLE.

MAXIMS OF BALOO

HIS spots are the joy of the Leopard: his horns are the Buffalo's pride —
Be clean, for the strength of the hunter is known by the gloss of his hide.

If you find that the bullock can toss you, or the heavy-browed Sambhur can gore;
You need not stop work to inform us: we knew it ten seasons before.

Oppress not the cubs of the stranger, but hail them as sister and brother,
For though they are little and fubsy, it may be the Bear is their mother.

"There is none like to me!" says the Cub in the pride of his earliest kill;
But the Jungle is large and the Cub he is small. Let him think and be still.

— RUDYARD KIPLING (*The Jungle Book*).

REST

REST is not quitting the busy career;
Rest is the fitting of self to one's sphere:
'Tis the brook's motion, clear without strife;
Floating to ocean, after its life:
'Tis loving and serving, the highest and best;
'Tis onward, unswerving, and this is true rest.

— JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE.

MAN IS HIS OWN STAR

MAN is his own star, and the soul that can
Render an honest and a perfect man
Commands all light, all influence, all fate;
Nothing to him falls early or too late;
Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.

—FRANCIS BEAUMONT.

ECONOMY

ECONOMY is the parent of integrity, of liberty, and of ease; and the beauteous sister of temperance, of cheerfulness, and health; and profuseness is a cruel and crafty demon that gradually involves her followers in dependence and debts, that is, fetters them with "irons that enter into their souls."

— SAMUEL JOHNSON.

WORK

No man is born into the world whose work
Is not born with him; there is always work

And tools to work withal, for those who will;
And blessed are the horny hands of toil;
The busy world shoves angrily aside
The man who stands with arms akimbo set,
Until occasion tells him what to do;
And he who waits to have his task marked out,
Shall die and leave his errand unfulfilled.

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL (*A Glance behind the Curtain*).

REPUTATION

THE purest treasure mortal times afford
Is spotless reputation; that away
Men are but gilded loam or painted clay.
A jewel in a ten-times-barred-up chest
Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.
Mine honor is my life; both grow in one;
Take honor from me, and my life is done:
Then, dear my liege, mine honor let me try,
In that I live, and for that will I die.

— WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (*Richard II*).

THE CHOIR INVISIBLE

O MAY I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence; live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars

And with their mild persistence urge men's search
To vaster issues. So to live is heaven:
To make undying music in the world,
Breathing a beauteous order that controls
With growing sway the growing life of man.
So we inherit that sweet purity
For which we struggled, failed, and agonized
With widening retrospect that bred despair.

— GEORGE ELIOT.

THE PLEASURE OF HOPE

AT summer eve, when Heaven's ethereal bow
Spans with bright arch the glittering hills below,
Why to yon mountain turns the musing eye,
Whose sunbright summit mingles with the sky?
Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear
More sweet than all the landscape smiling near?
'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue,
And every form that fancy can repair
From dark oblivion, glows divinely there.

With thee, sweet Hope! resides the heavenly light,
That pours remotest rapture on the sight:
Thine is the charm of life's bewildered way
That calls each slumbering passion into play.
Waked by thy touch, I see thy sister band
On tip-toe watching, start at thy command,
And fly where'er thy mandate bids them steer,
To Pleasure's path or Glory's bright career.

— THOMAS CAMPBELL.

OZYMANDIAS OF EGYPT

I MET a traveller from an antique land,
  Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone,
Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,
  Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown
And wrinkled lip and sneer of cold command,
  Tell that its sculptor well those passions read,
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
  The hand that mock'd them and the heart that fed;
And on the pedestal these words appear:
  "My name is Ozymandias, king of kings;
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair;"
  Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare,
  The lone and level sands stretch far away.

— PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

FORBEARANCE

HAST thou named all the birds without a gun?
Loved the wood-rose, and left it on its stalk?
At rich men's tables eaten bread and pulse?
Unarmed, faced danger with a heart of trust?
And loved so well a high behavior,
In man or maid, that thou from speech refrained,
Nobility more nobly to repay?
Oh, be my friend, and teach me to be thine!

— RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

THINGS THAT NEVER DIE

THE pure, the bright, the beautiful,
  That stirred our hearts in youth,
The impulses to wordless prayer,
  The dreams of love and truth,
The longings after something lost,
  The spirit's yearning cry,
The strivings after better hopes —
  These things can never die.

The timid hand stretched forth to aid
  A brother in his need;
A kindly word in grief's dark hour
  That proves a friend indeed;
The plea for mercy softly breathed,
  When justice threatens high,
The sorrow of a contrite heart, —
  These things shall never die.

The cruel and the bitter word,
  That wounded as it fell;
The chilling want of sympathy,
  We feel, but never tell;
The hard repulse that chills the heart,
  Whose hopes were bounding high,
In an unfading record kept —
  These things shall never die.

Let nothing pass, for every hand
  Must find some work to do,
Lose not a chance to waken love —
  Be firm, and just, and true;
So shall a light that cannot fade

Beam on thee from on high,
And angel voices say to thee:
"These things shall never die."
— CHARLES DICKENS.

SWEET ARE THE USES OF ADVERSITY

SWEET are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything:
I would not change it.
— WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (*As You Like It*).

ALL SERVICE RANKS THE SAME WITH GOD

ALL service ranks the same with God:
If now, as formerly He trod
Paradise, His presence fills
Our earth; each only as God wills
Can work — God's puppets, best and worst,
Are we; there is no last nor first.

Say not "a small event!" Why "small"?
Costs it more pain that this, ye call
A "great event," should come to pass,
Than that? Untwine me from the mass
Of deeds which make up life, one deed
Power shall fall short in or exceed!
— ROBERT BROWNING (*Pippa Passes*).

ARGUMENT

AVOID dispute as much as possible. In order to appear easy and well bred in conversation, you may assure yourself that it requires more wit, as well as more good humor, to improve than to contradict the notions of another; but if you are at any time obliged to enter on an argument, give your reasons with the utmost coolness and modesty, two things which scarce ever fail of making an impression on the hearers. Besides, if you are neither dogmatical, nor show by your actions or words that you are full of yourself, all will the more heartily rejoice at your victory. Nay, should you be pinched in your argument, you may make your retreat with a very good grace. You were never positive and are now glad to be better informed.

— JOSEPH ADDISON.

TIME

"WHY sitt'st thou by that ruined hall,
Thou aged carle so stern and gray?
Dost thou its former pride recall,
Or ponder how it passed away?"
"Know'st thou not me?" the Deep Voice cried;
"So long enjoyed, so oft misused —
Alternate, in thy fickle pride,
Desired, neglected, and accused!
Before my breath, like blazing flax,
Man and his marvels pass away;
And changing empires wane and wax,
Are founded, flourish, and decay.
Redeem mine hours — the space is brief —
While in my glass the sand-grains shiver,
And measureless thy joy or grief,
When Time and Thou shalt part forever."

— SIR WALTER SCOTT.

CHEERFULNESS

GIVE us, O give us the man who sings at his work! Be his occupation what it may, he is equal to any of those who follow the same pursuit in silent sullenness. He will do more in the same time — he will do it better — he will persevere longer. One is scarcely sensible of fatigue whilst he marches to music. The very stars are said to make harmony as they revolve in their spheres. Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness, altogether past calculation its power of endurance. Efforts, to be permanently useful, must be uniformly joyous — a spirit all sunshine — graceful from very gladness — beautiful, because bright.

— THOMAS CARLYLE.

FAIRY SONG

SHED no tear! O shed no tear!
The flowers will bloom another year.
Weep no more! O weep no more!
Young buds sleep in the root's white core.
Dry your eyes! O dry your eyes!
For I was taught in Paradise
To ease my breast of melodies —
    Shed no tear.

Overhead! Look overhead!
'Mong the blossoms white and red —
Look up, look up. I flutter now
On this flush pomegranate bough.
See me! 'tis this silvery bell
Ever cures the good man's ill.
Shed no tear! O shed no tear!
The flowers will bloom another year.

Adieu, adieu, — I fly, adieu,
I vanish in the heaven's blue —
Adieu, adieu!

— JOHN KEATS.

"THEN GENTLY SCAN"

THEN gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler, sister woman;
Tho' they may gang a kennen wrang;
To step aside is human:
One point must still be greatly dark,
The moving why they do it;
And just as lamely can ye mark,
How far perhaps they rue it.

Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
Decidedly can try us;
He knows each chord — its various tone;
Each spring — its various bias;
Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it:
What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted.

— ROBERT BURNS.

"THE HONEST HEART"

THE honest heart that's free frae a'
Intended fraud or guile,
However Fortune kicks the ba',
Has ay some cause to smile:
And mind still, you'll find still,

A comfort this nae sma';
Nae mair then, we'll care then,
Nae farther can we fa'.

What tho', like commoners of air,
We wander out, we know not where,
But either house or hall?
Yet Nature's charms, the hills and woods,
The sweeping vales and foaming floods,
Are free alike to all.
In days when daisies deck the ground,
And blackbirds whistle clear,

With honest joy our hearts will bound,
To see the coming year.
It's no in titles nor in rank;
It's no in wealth like Lon'on bank,
To purchase peace and rest:
It's no in makin' muckle mair;
It's no in books; it's no in lear,
To make us truly blest:

If happiness hae not her seat,
And center in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never can be blest:
Nae treasures, nor pleasures,
Could make us happy long;
The heart ay's the part ay,
That makes us right or wrong.

— ROBERT BURNS.

THE PILGRIM

WHO would true valor see
Let him come hither!
One here will constant be,
Come wind, come weather:
There's no discouragement
Shall make him once relent
His first-avow'd intent
To be a Pilgrim.

Whoso beset him round
With dismal stories,
Do but themselves confound;
His strength the more is.
No lion can him fright;
He'll with a giant fight;
But he will have a right
To be a Pilgrim.

Nor enemy, nor friend,
Can daunt his spirit;
He knows he at the end
Shall Life inherit:—
Then, fancies, fly away;
He'll not fear what men say;
He'll labor, night and day,
To be a Pilgrim.

— JOHN BUNYAN.

ILL FARES THE LAND

ILL fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay;

Princes and lords may flourish or may fade —
A breath can make them as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.
— OLIVER GOLDSMITH (*The Deserted Village*).

THE RAINY DAY

THE day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the moldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the moldering Past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.
— HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

MEMORY OF GOOD DEEDS

THE memory of good deeds will ever stay,
A lamp to light us on the darkened way,

A music to the ear on clamoring street,
A cooling well amid the noonday heat,
A scent of green boughs blown through narrow walls,
A feel of rest when quiet evening falls.

— EDWIN MARKHAM.

BE USEFUL

BE useful where thou livest, that they may
Both want and wish thy pleasing presence still.
Find out men's wants and will,
And meet them there. All worldly joys grow less
To the one joy of doing kindness.

— GEORGE HERBERT.

AS A VIOLET'S GENTLE EYE

As a violet's gentle eye
Gazes on the azure sky,
Until its hue grows like what it beholds;
As a gray and empty mist
Lies like solid amethyst,
Over the western mountain it enfolds,
When the sunset sleeps
Upon its snow;
As a strain of sweetest sound
Wraps itself the wind around,
Until the voiceless wind be music too;
So aught dark, vain, and dull,
Basking in what is beautiful,
Is full of light and love.

— PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

"MAN WHO MAN WOULD BE"

MAN who man would be
Must rule the empire of himself; in it
Must be supreme, establishing his throne
On vanquished will, quelling the anarchy
Of hopes and fears, being himself alone.

— PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

THOUGHTS FOR A YOUNG MAN

IN this country most young men are poor. Time is the rock from which they are to hew out their fortune, and health, enterprise, and integrity, the instruments with which to do it. For this, diligence in business, abstinence from pleasures, privation, even, of everything that does not endanger health, are to be joyfully welcomed and borne. When we look around us and see how much of the wickedness of the world springs from poverty, it seems to sanction all honest efforts for the acquisition of an independence; but when an independence is acquired, then comes the moral crisis, then comes an Ithuriel test, which shows whether a man is higher than a common man, or lower than a common reptile. In the duty of accumulation — and I call it a duty in the most strict and literal signification of the word — all below a competence is most valuable, and its acquisition most laudable; but all above a fortune is a misfortune. It is a misfortune to him who amasses it; for it is a voluntary continuance in the harness of a beast of burden when the soul should enfranchise and lift itself up into a higher region of pursuits and pleasures. It is a persistence in the work of providing goods for the body after the body has already been provided for; and it is a denial of the higher demands of the soul, after the time has arrived, and the means are possessed, of fulfilling those demands.

— HORACE MANN.

IF ALL THE SKIES

If all the skies were sunshine,
  Our faces would be fain
To feel once more upon them
  The cooling plash of rain.

If all the world were music,
  Our hearts would often long
For one sweet strain of silence,
  To break the endless song.

If life were always merry,
  Our souls would seek relief,
And rest from weary laughter
  In the quiet arms of grief.

— HENRY VAN DYKE.

A CONSOLATION

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possessed,
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
With that I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee, — and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;
  For thy sweet love remembered such wealth brings,
  That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

— WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

DAY

DAY!
Faster and more fast,
O'er night's brim, day boils at last;
Boils, pure gold, o'er the cloud-cup's brim
Where spurting and suppressed it lay;
For not a froth-flake touched the rim
Of yonder gap in the solid gray
Of the eastern cloud, an hour away;
But forth one wavelet, then another, curled,
Till the whole sunrise, not to be suppressed,
Rose, reddened, and its seething breast
Flickered in bounds, grew gold, then overflowed the world.

Oh, Day, if I squander a wavelet of thee,
A mite of my twelve-hours' treasure,
The least of thy gazes or glances,
(Be they grants thou art bound to or gifts above measure)
One of thy choices or one of thy chances,
(Be they tasks God imposed thee or freaks at thy pleasure)
My Day, if I squander such labor or leisure,
Then shame fall on Asolo, mischief on me.

— BROWNING (*Pippa Passes*).

THE HOUSEKEEPER

THE frugal snail, with forecast of repose,
Carries his house with him where'er he goes;
Peeps out, — and if there comes a shower of rain,
Retreats to his small domicile again.
Touch but a tip of him, a horn — 'tis well, —
He curls up in his sanctuary shell.

He's his own landlord, his own tenant; stay
Long as he will, he dreads no Quarter Day.
Himself he boards and lodges; both invites
And feasts himself; sleeps with himself o'nights.
He spares the upholsterer trouble to procure
Chattels; himself is his own furniture,
And his sole riches; wheresoe'er he roam —
Knock when you will, — he's sure to be at home.

— CHARLES LAMB.

CARCASSONNE

"I'M an old man; I'm sixty years;
I've worked hard all my life,
Yet never have gained my heart's desire,
With all my toil and strife.
Ah, well I see that here below
There is perfect joy for none;
My dearest wish is unfulfilled;
I have never seen Carcassonne!

"The City lies almost in sight,
Beyond the mountains blue;
But yet to reach it one must needs
Five weary leagues pursue.
'Tis said that in that favored place
All days are holidays,
With happy folks in robes of white
Passing along the ways;
'Tis said there are castles there as grand
As those of Babylon,
And a Bishop and two Generals there, —
I never shall see Carcassonne!

"The Vicar a hundred times is right, —
We are weak and foolish all;
And in his sermon he teaches us
That ambition makes men fall.
But yet if I could somehow find
Two days under Autumn's sun —
My God! but I would die content
After seeing Carcassonne!"

An aged peasant thus complained,
Bowed down with toil and care.
I said to him, "Arise, my friend,
Together we'll go there."
We set out on the morrow morn;
But our journey was scarce begun
When the old man died upon the road, —
He had never seen Carcassonne!
All mortals have their Carcassonne.

— GUSTAVE NADAUD.

A RULE FOR BIRD'S NESTERS

THE robin and the red-breast,
The robin and the wren,
If ye take out o' their nest,
Ye'll never thrive again!

The robin and the red-breast,
The martin and the swallow;
If ye touch one o' their eggs,
Bad luck will surely follow!

— OLD RHYME.

THE SOCIETY OF GOOD BOOKS

WE cannot know whom we would; and those whom we know, we cannot have at our side when we most need them. Yet there is a society continually open to us, of people who will talk to us as long as we like, — talk to us in the best words they can choose, and of the things nearest their hearts. And this society, because it is so numerous and so gentle, and can be kept waiting around us all day long, — kings and statesmen lingering patiently, not to grant audience, but to gain it! — in those plainly furnished and narrow anterooms, our book-case shelves, — we make no account of that company, — perhaps never listen to a word they would say, all day long!

This eternal court is always open to you, with its society wide as the world, multitudinous as its days, the chosen and the mighty of every place and time. Into that you may enter always; in that you may take fellowship and rank according to your wish; from that, once entered into it, you can never be an outcast but by your own fault.

It is open to labor and to merit, but to nothing else. No wealth will bribe, no name overawe, no artifice deceive, the guardian of those Elysian gates. In the deep sense, no vile or vulgar person ever enters there.

"Do you deserve to enter? Pass. Do you ask to be the companion of nobles? Make yourself noble, and you shall be. Do you long for the conversation of the wise? Learn to understand it, and you shall hear it. But on other terms? No. If you will not rise to us, we cannot stoop to you."

— JOHN RUSKIN (*Sesame and Lilies*).

VIRTUE

Sweet day! so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose! whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave;
And thou must die.

Sweet spring! full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My music shows ye have your closes;
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

— George Herbert.

THE SHEPHERD BOY SINGS IN THE VALLEY OF HUMILIATION

He that is down needs fear no fall,
He that is low, no pride;
He that is humble ever shall
Have God to be his guide.

I am content with what I have,
Little be it or much:

And, Lord, contentment still I crave,
  Because Thou savest such.

Fullness to such a burden is
  That go on pilgrimage:
Here little, and hereafter bliss,
  Is best from age to age.

— JOHN BUNYAN.

SERVICE

SMALL service is true service while it lasts;
Of humblest friends, bright creature, scorn not one;
The daisy by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dewdrop from the sun.

— WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

PROCRASTINATION

BE wise to-day: 'tis madness to defer;
Next day the fatal precedent will plead;
Thus on, till wisdom is push'd out of life.
Procrastination is the thief of time;
Year after year it steals till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal scene.

— EDWARD YOUNG.

THE ANT AND THE CRICKET

A SILLY young cricket, accustomed to sing
Through the warm sunny months of gay summer and spring,

Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad;
Others, like soldiers, arméd in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds;
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent royal of their emperor;
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold;
The civil citizens kneading up the honey;
The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate;
The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone. I thus infer
That many things, having full reference
To one consent, may work contrariously
As many arrows, looséd several ways,
Come to one mark; many ways meet in one town;
As many fresh streams run in one salt sea;
As many lines close in the dial's center;
So many a thousand actions once afoot
End in one purpose and be all well borne without defeat.

— WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (*Henry V*).

HITCHEN MAY-DAY SONG

REMEMBER us poor Mayers all!
And thus we do begin
To lead our lives in righteousness,
Or else we die in sin.

We have been rambling all the night,
And almost all the day;

And now returned back again,
  We have brought you a branch of May.

A branch of May we have brought you,
  And at your door it stands;
It is but a sprout, but it's well budded out
  By the work of our Lord's hands.

The hedges and trees they are so green,
  As green as any leek;
Our Heavenly Father He watered them
  With His heavenly dew so sweet.

The heavenly gates are wide open,
  Our paths are beaten plain;
And if a man be not too far gone,
  He may return again.

The life of man is but a span,
  It flourishes like a flower;
We are here to-day and gone to-morrow,
  And we are dead in an hour.

The moon shines bright, and the stars give a light,
  A little before it is day:
So God bless you all, both great and small,
  And send you a joyful May!

— OLD ENGLISH.

A FAREWELL

MY fairest child, I have no song to give you;
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray;
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
  For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long:
And so make life, death, and that vast Forever
One grand, sweet song.

— CHARLES KINGSLEY.

THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN

IN the world, as in the school,
I'd say how fate may change and shift:
The prize be sometimes with a fool,
The race not always to the swift.
The strong may yield, the good may fall,
The great man be a vulgar clown,
The knave be lifted over all,
The kind, cast pitilessly down.

Who knows the inscrutable design?
Bless'd be He who took and gave!
We bow to Heaven that willed it so,
That darkly rules the fate of all,
That sends the respite or the blow,
That's free to give or to recall.

Come wealth or want, come good or ill,
Let young and old accept their part,
And bow before the Awful Will,
And bear it with an honest heart, —
Who misses, or who wins the prize.
Go, lose or conquer as you can;
But if you fail, or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

— WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

POEMS FOR OCCASIONS

THANKSGIVING

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING DAY

In Puritan New England a year had passed away
Since first beside the Plymouth coast the English *Mayflower* lay,
When Bradford, the good Governor, sent fowlers forth to snare
The turkey and the wildfowl, to increase the scanty fare: —

"Our husbandry hath prospered, there is corn enough for food,
Though 'the pease be parched in blossom and the grain indifferent good.'
Who blessed the loaves and fishes for the feast miraculous,
And filled with oil the widow's cruse, He hath remembered us!

"Give thanks unto the Lord of Hosts, by whom we all are fed,
Who granted us our daily prayer, 'Give us our daily bread'!
By us and by our children let this day be kept for aye,
In memory of His bounty, as the land's Thanksgiving Day."

Each brought his share of Indian meal the pious feast to make,
With the fat deer from the forest and the wildfowl from the brake.
And chanted hymn and prayer were raised — though eyes with tears were dim —
"The Lord He hath remembered us, let us remember Him!"

Then Bradford stood up at their head and lifted up his voice:
"The corn is gathered from the field, I call you to rejoice;

Thank God for all His mercies, from the greatest to the least,
Together we have fasted, friends, together let us feast.

"The Lord who led forth Israel was with us in the waste:
Sometime in light, sometime in cloud, before us He hath paced;
Now give Him thanks, and pray to Him who holds us in His hand
To prosper us and make of this a strong and mighty land!"

* * * * * * *

From Plymouth to the Golden Gate to-day their children tread,
The mercies of that bounteous Hand upon the land are shed;
The "flocks are on a thousand hills," the prairies wave with grain,
The cities spring like mushrooms now where once was desert-plain.

Heap high the board with plenteous cheer and gather to the feast,
And toast that sturdy Pilgrim band whose courage never ceased.
Give praise to that All-Gracious One by whom their steps were led,
And thanks unto the harvest's Lord Who sends our "daily bread."

—ALICE WILLIAMS BROTHERTON.

GIVING THANKS

For the hay and the corn and the wheat that is reaped,
For the labor well done, and the barns that are heaped,
For the sun and the dew and the sweet honeycomb,
For the rose and the song, and the harvest brought home —
Thanksgiving! Thanksgiving!

For the trade and the skill and the wealth in our land,
For the cunning and strength of the workingman's hand,
For the good that our artists and poets have taught,
For the friendship that hope and affection have brought —
Thanksgiving! Thanksgiving!

For the homes that with purest affection are blest,
For the season of plenty and well-deserved rest,
For our country extending from sea to sea,
The land that is known as "The Land of the Free"—
Thanksgiving! Thanksgiving!

—ANON.

THE PILGRIMS

IF I were going to raise a monument to the Pilgrims, I know where I should place it. I should place one corner-stone on the rock, and the other on that level spot where fifty of the one hundred were buried before the winter was over; but the remainder closed up shoulder to shoulder as firm, unflinching, hopeful as ever. Yes, death rather than compromise of Elizabeth. I would write on their monument two mottoes: one, "The Right is more than our Country!" and over the graves of the fifty: "Death, rather than compromise!"

How true it is that the Pilgrims originated no new truth! How true it is, also, that it is not truth which agitates the world! What the Pilgrims gave the world was not thought, but action. Men, calling themselves thinkers, had been creeping along the Mediterranean, from headland to headland in their timidity; the Pilgrims launched boldly out into the Atlantic and trusted God. That is the claim they have upon posterity. It was action that made them what they were.

—WENDELL PHILLIPS.

SOMETHING TO BE THANKFUL FOR

I'M glad that I am not to-day
A chicken or a goose,
Or any other sort of bird
That is of any use.

I'd rather be a little girl,
  Although 'tis very true,
The things I do not like at all,
  I'm often made to do.

I'd rather eat some turkey than
  To be one, thick and fat,
And so, with all my heart, to-day,
  I'll thankful be for that.

— CLARA J. DENTON.

WE THANK THEE

FOR flowers that bloom about our feet;
For tender grass, so fresh, so sweet;
For song of bird, and hum of bee;
For all things fair we hear or see,
  Father in heaven, we thank Thee!

For blue of stream and blue of sky;
For pleasant shade of branches high;
For fragrant air and cooling breeze;
For beauty of the blooming trees,
  Father in heaven, we thank Thee!

— RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

THANKSGIVING

LORD, for the erring thought
Not into evil wrought!
Lord, for the wicked will
Betrayed and baffled still!

For the heart from itself kept,
Our thanksgiving accept.
For ignorant hopes that were
Broken to our blind prayer;
For pain, death, sorrow, sent
Unto our chastisement;
For all loss of seeming good;
Quicken our gratitude.

— WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

CHRISTMAS

OLD CHRISTMAS RETURNED

ALL you that to feasting and mirth are inclined,
Come, here is good news for to pleasure your mind,
Old Christmas is come for to keep open house,
He scorns to be guilty of starving a mouse:
Then come, boys, and welcome for diet the chief,
Plum-pudding, goose, capon, minced pies, and roast beef.

The holly and ivy about the walls wind
And show that we ought to our neighbors be kind,
Inviting each other for pastime and sport,
And where we best fare, there we most do resort;
We fail not of victuals, and that of the chief,
Plum-pudding, goose, capon, minced pies, and roast beef.

All travelers, as they do pass on their way,
At gentlemen's halls are invited to stay,
Themselves to refresh, and their horses to rest,
Since that he must be Old Christmas's guest;
Nay, the poor shall not want, but have for relief
Plum-pudding, goose, capon, minced pies, and roast beef.

— OLD CAROL.

OUR CHRISTMAS

We didn't have much of a Christmas
  My papa and Rosie and me,
For mamma'd gone out to the prison
  To trim up the poor pris'ners tree;
And Ethel, my big grown-up sister,
  Was down at the 'sylum all day
To help at the great turkey dinner;
  And teach games for the orphans to play.
She belongs to a club of young ladies
  With a "beautiful objeck," they say,
'Tis to go among poor, lonesome children
  And make all their sad hearts more gay.

And auntie, you don't know my auntie?
  She's my own papa's half sister Kate,
She was 'bliged to be round at the chapel
  Till 'twas, — oh, sometimes *dreadfully* late,
For she pities the poor, worn-out curate;
  His burdens, she says, are so great;
So she 'ranges the flowers and the music,
  And he goes home around by our gate.
I should think this way must be the longest,
  But, then, I suppose he knows best.
Aunt Kate says he intones most splendid;
  And his name is Vane Algernon West.

My papa had bought a big turkey
  And had it sent home Christmas eve,
But there wasn't a soul here to cook it, —
  You see Bridget had threatened to leave
If she couldn't go off with her cousin,
  (He doesn't look like her one bit)

She says she belongs to a "union"
  And the union won't let her submit.
So we ate bread and milk for our dinner,
  And some raisins and candy, and then
Rose and me went downstairs to the pantry
  To look at the turkey again.

Papa said he would take us out riding —
  Then he thought that he didn't quite dare
For Rosie'd got cold and kept coughing;
  There was dampness and chills in the air.
Oh, the day was so long and so lonesome!
  And our papa was lonesome as we;
And the parlor was dreary — no sunshine,
  And all the sweet roses — the tea
And the red ones, and ferns and carnations
  That have made our bay window so bright,
Mamma'd picked for the men at the prison,
  To make their bad hearts pure and white.

And we all sat up close to the window,
  Rose and me on our papa's two knees,
And we counted the dear little birdies
  That were hopping about on the trees.
Rosie wanted to be a brown sparrow;
  But I thought I would rather, by far,
Be a robin that flies away winters
  Where the sunshine and gay blossoms are.
And papa wished he was a jail bird,
  'Cause he thought that they fared the best;
But we all were real glad we weren't turkeys,
  For then we'd been killed with the rest.

That night I put into my prayers, —
  "Dear God, we've been lonesome to-day,

For mamma, aunt, Ethel, and Bridget
  Every one of them all went away.
Won't you please make a club, or society,
  'Fore it's time for next Christmas to be,
To take care of philanterpists' fam'lies,
  Like papa and Rosie and me?"
And I think that my papa's grown pious,
  For he listened as still as a mouse
Till I got to "Amen" — then *he* said it
  So it sounded all over the house.

— JULIA ANNA WOLCOTT.

THE CHRISTMAS TREES

THERE'S a stir among the trees,
There's a whisper in the breeze,
Little ice-points clash and clink,
Little needles nod and wink,
Sturdy fir-trees sway and sigh —
"Here am I! Here am I!

"All the summer long I stood
In the silence of the woods.
Tall and tapering I grew;
What might happen well I knew;
For one day a little bird
Sang, and in the song I heard
Many things quite strange to me
Of Christmas and the Christmas tree.

"When the sun was hid from sight
In the darkness of the night,

When the wind with sudden fret
Pulled at my green coronet,
Stanch I stood, and hid my fears,
Weeping silent fragrant tears,
Praying still that I might be
Fitted for a Christmas tree.

"Now here we stand
On every hand!
In us a hoard of summer stored,
Birds have flown over us,
Blue sky has covered us,
Soft winds have sung to us,
Blossoms have flung to us
Measureless sweetness,
Now in completeness
We wait."

— MARY F. BUTTS.

SANTA CLAUS

HE comes in the night! He comes in the night!
He softly, silently comes;
While little brown heads on the pillows so white
Are dreaming of bugles and drums.
He cuts through the snow like a ship through the foam,
While the white flakes around him whirl;
Who tells him I know not, but he findeth the home
Of each good little boy and girl.

His sleigh it is long, and deep, and wide;
It will carry a host of things,
While dozens of drums hang over the side,
With the sticks sticking under the strings.

And yet not the sound of a drum is heard,
  Not a bugle blast is blown,
As he mounts to the chimney-top like a bird,
  And drops to the hearth like a stone.

The little red stockings he silently fills,
  Till the stockings will hold no more;
The bright little sleds for the great snow hills
  Are quickly set down on the floor.
Then Santa Claus mounts to the roof like a bird,
  And glides to his seat in the sleigh;
Not the sound of a bugle or drum is heard
  As he noiselessly gallops away.

He rides to the East, and he rides to the West,
  Of his goodies he touches not one;
He eateth the crumbs of the Christmas feast
  When the dear little folks are done.
Old Santa Claus doeth all that he can;
  This beautiful mission is his;
Then, children, be good to the little old man,
  When you find who the little man is.

— UNKNOWN.

THE CHRISTMAS HOLLY

THE holly! the holly! oh, twine it with bay —
  Come give the holly a song;
For it helps to drive stern winter away,
  With his garment so somber and long;
It peeps through the trees with its berries of red,
  And its leaves of burnished green,

When the flowers and fruits have long been dead,
  And not even the daisy is seen.
Then sing to the holly, the Christmas holly,
  That hangs over peasant and king;
While we laugh and carouse 'neath its glittering boughs,
  To the Christmas holly we'll sing.

* * * * * * *

— ELIZA COOK.

OLD CHRISTMAS

Now he who knows old Christmas
  He knows a carle of worth;
For he is as good a fellow
  As any upon earth.

He comes warm cloaked and coated,
  And buttoned up to the chin,
And soon as he comes anigh the door
  We open and let him in.

We know that he will not fail us,
  So we sweep the hearth up clean;
We set him in the old armchair,
  And a cushion whereon to lean.

And with sprigs of holly and ivy
  We make the house look gay,
Just out of an old regard to him,
  For it was his ancient way.

He must be a rich old fellow:
  What money he gives away!

There is not a lord in England
Could equal him any day.

Good luck unto old Christmas,
And long life let us sing,
For he doth more good unto the poor
Than many a crownéd king!

— MARY HOWITT.

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

O CAPTAIN! my Captain! our fearful trip is done;
The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we sought is won;
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring:
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead!

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up — for you the flag is flung — for you the bugle trills;
For you bouquets and ribboned wreaths — for you the shores a-crowding;
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
Here Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head;
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still;
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will:
The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed and done;
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won:
Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!
But I, with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

—WALT WHITMAN.

LINCOLN, THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE

WHEN the Norn-Mother saw the Whirlwind Hour,
Greatening and darkening as it hurried on,
She bent the strenuous Heavens and came down
To make a man to meet the mortal need.
She took the tried clay of the common road —
Clay warm yet with the genial heat of Earth,
Dashed through it all a strain of prophecy;
Then mixed a laughter with the serious stuff.
It was a stuff to wear for centuries,
A man that matched the mountains, and compelled
The stars to look our way and honor us.

The color of the ground was in him, the red earth;
The tang and odor of the primal things —
The rectitude and patience of the rocks;
The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn;
The courage of the bird that dares the sea.

* * * * * *

And so he came.
From prairie cabin up to Capitol,
One fair Ideal led our chieftain on.

Forevermore he burned to do his deed
With the fine stroke and gesture of a king.
He built the rail-pile as he built the State,
Pouring his splendid strength through every blow,
The conscience of him testing every stroke,
To make his deed the measure of a man.

So came the Captain with the mighty heart:
And when the step of Earthquake shook the house,
Wrenching the rafters from their ancient hold,
He held the ridge pole up and spiked again
The rafters of the Home. He held his place —
Held the long purpose like a growing tree —
Held on through blame and faltered not at praise.
And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down
As when a kingly cedar green with boughs
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.

— EDWIN MARKHAM.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

ABRAHAM LINCOLN is one of the marvels of history. No land but America has produced his like. His goodness of heart, his sense of duty, his unselfishness, his freedom from vanity, his long-suffering, his simplicity, were never disturbed either by power or by opposition. — GOLDWIN SMITH.

A man of great ability, pure patriotism, unselfish nature, full of forgiveness to his enemies, bearing malice toward none, he proved to be the man above all others for the struggle through which the nation had to pass to place itself among the greatest in the family of nations. — U. S. GRANT.

Lincoln was the purest, the most generous, the most magnanimous of men. — GENERAL W. T. SHERMAN.

Under the providence of God he was, next to Washington, the greatest instrument for the preservation of the Union and the integrity of the country; and this was brought about chiefly through his strict and faithful adherence to the Constitution of his country.
— PETER COOPER.

Lincoln was worthy to be trusted and to be loved by all his countrymen. — GENERAL O. O. HOWARD.

AN ANECDOTE OF LINCOLN

PRESIDENT LINCOLN was walking with a friend and turned back for some distance to assist a beetle that had gotten on its back and lay on the walk, legs sprawling in air, vainly trying to turn itself over. The friend expressed surprise that the President, burdened with the care of a warring nation, should find time to spare in assisting a bug.

"Well," said Lincoln, with that homely sincerity that has touched the hearts of millions of his countrymen and placed him foremost in our affections as the greatest American, "do you know if I had left that bug struggling there on his back, I wouldn't have felt just right? I wanted to put him on his feet and give him an equal chance with other bugs of his class."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

THIS man whose homely face you look upon,
Was one of nature's masterful great men;
Born with strong arms, that unfought battles won;

Direct of speech, and cunning with the pen.
Chosen for large designs, he had the art
Of winning with his humor, and he went
Straight to his mark, which was the human heart;
Wise, too, for what he could not break, he bent.
Upon his back a more than Atlas load,
The burden of the Commonwealth, was laid;
He stooped and rose up to it, though the road
Shot suddenly downwards, not a whit dismayed.
Hold, warriors, councillors, kings! All now give place
To this dear benefactor of the race.

— RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

WASHINGTON

(TRIBUTES BY GREAT MEN)

JUST honor to Washington can only be rendered by observing his precepts and imitating his example. He has built his own monument. We, and those who come after us, are its appointed, its privileged guardians. The widespread republic is the true monument to Washington. Maintain its independence! Uphold its constitution. Preserve its union. Defend its liberty. Let it stand before the world in all its original strength and beauty, securing peace, order, equality, and freedom to all within its boundaries, and shedding light and hope and joy unto the pathway of human liberty throughout the world; — and Washington needs no other monument. Other structures may fitly testify our veneration for him; this, this alone can adequately illustrate his services to mankind. — ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

Washington is the mightiest name on earth, long since mightiest in the cause of civil liberty, still mightiest in moral reformation. On that name a eulogy is expected. It cannot be. To add brightness to the sun or glory to the name of Washington is alike impossible. Let none attempt it. In solemn awe pronounce the name and, in its naked, deathless splendor, leave it shining on.

— ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

The more clearly Washington's teaching and example are understood, the more faithfully they are followed, the purer, the stronger, the more glorious will this Republic become.

— CARL SCHURZ.

The fame of Washington stands apart from every other in history, shining with a truer luster and more benignant glory.

— WASHINGTON IRVING.

Washington is to my mind the purest figure in history.

— WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

Oh, Washington! thou hero, patriot, sage,
Friend of all climes and pride of every age!

— THOMAS PAINE.

The voice of mankind shall ascend in acclaim,
And the watchword of nations be Washington's name.

— JAMES BROOKS.

He was the first man of the time in which he grew. His memory is first and most sacred in our love, and ever hereafter, till the last drop of blood shall freeze in the last American heart, his name shall be a spell of power and of might.

— RUFUS CHOATE.

His memory will be cherished by the wise and good of every nation, and truth will transmit his character to posterity in all its genuine luster.

— JOHN JAY.

Where may the wearied eye repose
  When gazing on the great,
Where neither guilty glory glows
  Nor despicable state?
Yes, — one, the first, the last, the best,
The Cincinnatus of the West,
  Whom envy dared not hate,
Bequeathed the name of Washington.
To make men blush there was but one.

— LORD BYRON.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S TOAST

AT the conclusion of the war, Dr. Franklin, the English Minister, and the French Minister dining together, a toast from each was called for and agreed to. The British Minister began with: "George III, who, like the sun in its meridian, spreads a luster throughout and enlightens the world." The French Minister followed with: "The illustrious Louis XVI, who, like the moon, sheds mild and benignant rays upon and influences the globe." Our American Franklin then gave: "George Washington, Commander of the American armies, who, like Joshua of old, commanded the sun and moon to stand still — and they obeyed him."

ON THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

I CANNOT, my lords, I *will not*, join in congratulation on misfortune and disgrace. This, my lords, is a perilous and tremen-

dous moment: it is not a time for adulation: the smoothness of flattery cannot save us in this rugged and awful crisis. It is now necessary to instruct the throne, in the language of *Truth*. We must, if possible, dispel the delusion and darkness which envelop it; and display, in its full danger and genuine colors, the ruin which is brought to our doors. Can ministers still presume to expect support in their infatuation? Can Parliament be so dead to its dignity and duty as to give their support to measures thus obtruded and forced upon them — measures, my lords, which have reduced this late flourishing empire to scorn and contempt. But yesterday, "and England might have stood against the world — now, none so poor to do her reverence."

No man more highly esteems and honors the English troops than I do: I know their virtue and their valor: I know they can achieve anything except impossibilities; and I know that the conquest of English America is an impossibility. You cannot, my lords, you *cannot* conquer America. What is your present situation there? We do not know the worst, but we know that in three campaigns we have done nothing, and suffered much. You may swell every expense, and strain every effort, accumulate every assistance, and extend your traffic to the shambles of every German despot; your attempts forever will be vain and impotent; doubly so indeed from this mercenary aid on which you rely; for it irritates to an incurable resentment the minds of your adversaries, to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder, devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty. If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms — *never! never! never!*

— WILLIAM PITT, FIRST EARL OF CHATHAM.

WASHINGTON

FIFTY years ago Europe flattered herself that she had discovered America. To-day she may continue to flatter herself, but her self-satisfaction is not unmixed with alarm. She is proud of her discovery of America, but she is alarmed at American discoveries. Fifty years ago you were her customers; to-day you have become her competitors. Your marvelous progress, however, ought to surprise no one; for we say in France: "Good blood cannot lie," and you have the best blood in Europe. Ignorant people called you Anglo-Saxons, but you protest; you know well that in your veins flows the blood of the most energetic and enterprising sons of the Old World.

It is a true saying that a good deed is never lost. We helped you, of old, in the conquest of liberty, but you, in revenge, have taught us how it can be preserved. You have given us a type of the modern hero, Washington, your "*Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche.*" Washington put his sword to the noblest use by fighting for your independence, but his independence, once assured, he respected the rights of others. His victories have made him great, but he is greater still by his renunciation. Once his cause triumphant, he aimed not at power, but at retirement. Power weighed heavily upon him; he used it for the safety of the Republic, not, as so many others, for its destruction. Admirable example to those countries where conquerors of another type have sought, not to secure liberty, but to defeat it; admirable example to offer to the world, a hero who was in turn a conqueror and liberator, and who crowned Glory with Peace.

He did not destroy; he created. You are his handiwork. Let us unite, to honor his memory. Let us unite without distinction, French, Americans, all civilized nations. Washington is too great to belong to one nation only. He has served his country well, but he also served humanity. Humanity claims him.

—BARON D'ESTOURNELLES DE CONSTANT.

FAREWELL ADDRESS

Of all the dispositions and habits, which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism, who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens. The mere politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and to cherish them. A volume could not trace all their connections with private and public felicity. Let it simply be asked, "Where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation desert the oaths, which are the instruments of investigation in Courts of Justice? And let us with caution indulge the supposition, that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle.

— George Washington.

CONCILIATION WITH AMERICA

America, gentlemen say, is a noble object. It is an object well worth fighting for. Certainly it is, if fighting a people be the best way of gaining them.

First, sir, permit me to observe, that the use of force alone is but temporary. It may subdue for a moment, but it does not remove the necessity of subduing again; and a nation is not governed which is perpetually to be conquered.

My next objection is its uncertainty. Terror is not always the effect of force, and an armament is not a victory. If you do not succeed, you are without resources, for, conciliation failing, force remains; but, force failing, no further hope of reconciliation

is left. Power and authority are sometimes bought by kindness, but they can never be begged as alms by an impoverished and defeated violence.

A further objection to force is, that you impair the object by your endeavor to preserve it. The thing you fought for is not the thing which you recover; but depreciated, sunk, wasted, and consumed in the contest. Nothing less will content me than whole America.

Let me add, that I do not choose wholly to break the American spirit, because it is the spirit that has made the country.

The question is not whether their spirit deserves praise or blame. What, in the name of God, shall we do with it?

The temper and character which prevail in our colonies are, I am afraid, unalterable by any human art. We cannot, I fear, falsify the pedigree of this fierce people, and persuade them that they are not sprung from a nation in whose veins the blood of freedom circulates. The language in which they would hear you tell them this tale would detect the imposition. Your speech would betray you. An Englishman is the unfittest person on earth to argue another Englishman into slavery.

The Americans will have no interest contrary to the grandeur and glory of England, when they are not oppressed by the weight of it; and they will rather be inclined to respect the acts of a superintending legislature, when they see them the acts of that power which is itself the security, not the rival, of their secondary importance. In this assurance my mind most perfectly acquiesces, and I confess I feel not the least alarm from the discontents which are to arise from putting people at their ease; nor do I apprehend the destruction of this Empire from giving, by an act of free grace and indulgence, to two millions of my fellow-citizens, some share of those rights upon which I have always been taught to value myself.

Magnanimity in politics is not seldom the truest wisdom: and a great empire and little minds go ill together. We ought to

auspicate all our public proceeding on America with the old warning of the Church, "Sursum corda!" We ought to elevate our minds to the greatness of that trust to which the order of Providence has called us.

— EDMUND BURKE.

THE NECESSITY OF WAR. SPEECH IN THE VIRGINIA CONVENTION, 1775

SIR, we are not weak, if we make proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God, who presides over the destiny of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery. Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston. The war is inevitable — and let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come!

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter; gentlemen may cry, "Peace, peace!" but there is no peace. The war is actually b gun. The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms. Our brethren are already in the field. Why stand we here idle? What is it the gentlemen wish? What will they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!

— PATRICK HENRY.

MEMORIAL DAY

TWO VETERANS

THE last sunbeam
Lightly falls from the finished Sabbath,
On the pavement here, and there beyond it is looking
Down on a new-made double grave.

Lo! the moon ascending,
Up from the east the silvery round moon,
Beautiful over the house-tops, ghastly, phantom moon,
Immense and silent moon.

I see a sad procession,
And I hear the sound of coming full-keyed bugles,
All the channels of the city streets they're flooding,
As with voices and with tears.

I hear the great drums pounding,
And the small drums steady whirring;
And every blow of the great convulsive drums
Strikes me through and through.

For the son is brought with the father,
(In the foremost ranks of the fierce assault they fell,
Two veterans, son and father, dropt together,
And the double grave awaits them).

Now nearer blow the bugles,
And the drums strike more convulsive,
And the day-light o'er the pavement quite has faded,
And the strong dead-march enwraps me.

O strong dead-march you please me!
O moon immense with your silvery face you soothe me!
O my soldiers twain! O my veterans passing to burial!
What I have I also give you.

The moon gives you light,
And the bugles and the drums give you music,
And my heart, O my soldiers, my veterans,
My heart gives you love.

— WALT WHITMAN.

KEARNY AT SEVEN PINES

So that soldierly legend is still on its journey,
That story of Kearny who knew not to yield!
'Twas the day when with Jameson, fierce Berry, and Birney,
Against twenty thousand he rallied the field,
Where the red volleys poured, where the clamor rose highest,
Where the dead lay in clumps through the dwarf oak and pine,
Where the aim from the thicket was surest and nighest,
No charge like Phil Kearny's along the whole line.

When the battle went ill, and the bravest were solemn,
Near the dark Seven Pines, where we still held our ground,
He rode down the length of the withering column,
And his heart at our war-cry leapt up with a bound;
He snuffed, like his charger, the wind of our powder,
His sword waved us on and we answered the sign:
Loud our cheer as we rushed, but his laugh rang the louder,
"There's the devil's own fun, boys, along the whole line!"
How he strode his brown steed! How we saw his blade brighten
In one hand still left, — and the reins in his teeth!

He laughed like a boy when the holidays heighten,
But a soldier's glance shot from his visor beneath.
Up came the reserves to the mellay infernal,
Asking where to go in, — through the clearing or pine?
"O anywhere! Forward! 'Tis all the same, Colonel:
You'll find lovely fighting along the whole line!"

O evil the black shroud of night at Chantilly,
That hid him from sight of his brave men and tried!
Foul, foul sped the bullet that clipped the white lily,
The flower of our knighthood, the whole army's pride!
Yet we dream that he still, — in that shadowy region
Where the dead form their ranks at the wan drummer's sign, —
Rides on, as of old, down the length of his legion,
And the word still is "Forward!" along the whole line.

— EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blessed!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mold,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

— WILLIAM COLLINS.

HALLOWED GROUND

* * * * * *

What hallows ground where heroes sleep?
'Tis not the sculptured piles you heap!
In dews that heavens far distant weep
Their turf may bloom;
Or Genii twine beneath the deep
Their coral tomb.

Is't death to fall for Freedom's right?
He's dead alone that lacks her light!
And murder sullies in Heaven's sight
The sword he draws: —
What can alone ennoble fight?
A noble cause!

What's hallowed ground? 'Tis what gives birth
To sacred thoughts in souls of worth: —
Peace! Independence! Truth! go forth
Earth's compass round;
And your high priesthood shall make earth
All hallowed ground.

— THOMAS CAMPBELL.

TRUE GRANDEUR OF NATIONS

HONOR to the memory of our Fathers. May the turf lie gently on their sacred graves; — but let us not in words only, but in deeds also, testify our reverence for their name. Let us imitate what in them was lofty, pure, and good; let us from them learn to bear hardship and privation. Let us now, who reap in strength what they sowed in weakness, study to enhance the inheritance we have received. To do this, we must not fold our hands in slumber,

nor abide content with the past. To each generation is committed its peculiar task; nor does the heart, which responds to the call of duty, find rest except in the world to come.

— CHARLES SUMNER.

SOLDIER, REST!

SOLDIER, rest! thy warfare o'er,
  Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;
Dream of battle fields no more,
  Days of danger, nights of waking.
In our isle's enchanted hall,
  Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,
Fairy strains of music fall.
  Every sense in slumber dewing.
Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
  Dream of fighting fields no more;
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
  Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
  Armor's clang or war-steed champing,
Trump nor pibroch summon here
  Mustering clan or squadron tramping.
Yet the lark's shrill fife may come
  At the daybreak from the fallow,
And the bittern sound his drum,
  Booming from the sedgy shallow.
Ruder sounds shall none be near,
  Guards nor warders challenge here,
Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing,
  Shouting clans or squadrons stamping.

— SIR WALTER SCOTT (*Lady of the Lake*).

THE CLOSE OF THE WAR

In coming years when men seek to draw the moral of our great Civil War, nothing will seem to them so admirable in all the history of our two magnificent armies as the way in which the war came to a close. When the Confederate army saw the time had come, they acknowledged the pitiless logic of facts and ceased fighting. When the army of the Union saw it was no longer needed, without a murmur or question, making no terms, asking no return, in the flush of victory and fulness of might, it laid down its arms and melted back into the mass of the peaceful citizens. There is no event since the nation was born which has so proved its capacity for self-government. Both sections share equally in that crown of glory. They had held a debate of incomparable importance and had fought it out with equal energy. A conclusion had been reached — and it is to the everlasting honor of both sides that they each knew when the war was over and the hour of a lasting peace had struck. We may admire the desperate daring of others who prefer annihilation to compromise, but the palm of common sense, and, I will say, of enlightened patriotism, belongs to the men like Grant and Lee, who knew when they had fought enough for honor and for country.

— John Hay.

WHEN BANNERS ARE WAVING

When banners are waving,
And lances a-pushing;
When captains are shouting,
And war-horses rushing;
When cannon are roaring,
And hot bullets flying,
He that would honor win,
Must not fear dying.

Though shafts fly so thick
  That it seems to be snowing;
Though streamlets with blood
  More than water are flowing;
Though with saber and bullet
  Our bravest are dying,
We speak of revenge, but
  We ne'er speak of flying.

Come, stand to it, heroes!
  The heathen are coming;
Horsemen are round the walls,
  Riding and running;
Maidens and matrons all
  Arm! arm! are crying,
From petards the wildfire's
  Flashing and flying.

The trumpets from turrets high
  Loudly are braying;
The steeds for the onset
  Are snorting and neighing;
As waves in the ocean,
  The dark plumes are dancing;
As stars in the blue sky,
  The helmets are glancing.

Their ladders are planting,
  Their sabers are sweeping;
Now swords from our sheaths
  By the thousand are leaping;
Like the flash of the levin
  Ere men hearken thunder,
Swords gleam, and the steel caps
  Are cloven asunder.

The shouting has ceased,
  And the flashing of cannon!
I looked from the turret
  For crescent and pennon;
As flax touched by fire,
  As hail in the river,
They were smote, they were fallen,
  And had melted forever.

— UNKNOWN.

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD

THE muffled drum's sad roll has beat
  The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
  That brave and fallen few.
On fame's eternal camping ground
  Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards with silent round,
  The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
  Now swells upon the wind;
Nor troubled thought at midnight haunts
  Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
  The warrior's dream alarms;
No braying horn, no screaming fife,
  At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust
  Their plumed heads are bowed;
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
  Is now their martial shroud;

And plenteous funeral tears have washed
  The red stains from each brow;
And the proud forms by battle gashed,
  Are free from anguish now.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
  The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
  The din and shout are passed;
Nor war's wild notes nor Glory's peal
  Shall thrill with fierce delight,
Those breasts that never more may feel
  The rapture of the fight.

* * * * *

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead,
  Dear as the blood you gave, —
No impious footsteps here shall tread
  The herbage of your grave.
Nor shall your glory be forgot
  While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
  Where Valor proudly sleeps.

* * * * *

—THEODORE O'HARA.

THE AMERICAN FLAG

A THOUGHTFUL mind, when it sees a nation's flag, sees not the flag only, but the nation itself; and whatever may be its symbols, its insignia, he reads chiefly in the flag the government, the principles, the truths, the history, which belong to the nation that sets it forth.

This nation has a banner; and wherever it streamed abroad, men saw daybreak bursting on their eyes, for the American flag has been the symbol of liberty, and men rejoiced in it. Not another flag on the globe had such an errand or went forth upon the sea carrying everywhere, the world around, such hope for the captive and such glorious tidings. The stars upon it were to the pining nations like the morning stars of God, and the stripes upon it were beams of morning light. And wherever the flag comes and men behold it, they see in its sacred emblazonry, no rampant lion and fierce eagle, but only light, and every fold significant of liberty.

Let us then twine each thread of the glorious tissue of our country's flag about our heartstrings; and looking upon our homes and catching the spirit that breathes upon us from the battlefields of our fathers, let us resolve, come weal or woe, we will, in life and in death, now and forever, stand by the stars and stripes.

—HENRY WARD BEECHER.

ON THE CASTLE OF CHILLON

ETERNAL Spirit of the chainless Mind!
  Brightest in dungeons, Liberty, thou art —
  For there thy habitation is the heart —
The heart which love of Thee alone can bind;

And when thy sons to fetters are consigned,
  To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom,
  Their country conquers with their martyrdom
And freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.

—GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON.

STAND BY THE FLAG!

STAND by the Flag! Its stars, like meteors gleaming,
  Have lighted Arctic icebergs, southern seas,
And shone responsive to the stormy beaming
  Of old Arcturus and the Pleiades.

Stand by the Flag! Its stripes have streamed in glory,
  To foes a fear, to friends a festal robe,
And spread in rhythmic lines the sacred story
  Of Freedom's triumphs over all the globe.

Stand by the Flag! On land and ocean billow
  By it your fathers stood unmoved and true,
Living, defended; dying, from their pillow,
  With their last blessing, passed it on to you.

Stand by the Flag! Immortal heroes bore it
  Through sulphurous smoke, deep moat and armed defence;
And their imperial Shades still hover o'er it,
  A guard celestial from Omnipotence.

— JOHN NICHOLS WILDER.

DEAR LAND OF ALL MY LOVE

LONG as thine art shall love true love,
Long as thy science truth shall know,
Long as thine eagle harms no dove,
Long as thy law by law shall grow,
Long as thy God is God above,
Thy brother every man below,
So long, dear land of all my love,
Thy name shall shine, thy fame shall glow.

— SIDNEY LANIER (*Centennial Ode*, 1876).

STANZAS ON FREEDOM

MEN! whose boast it is that ye
Come of fathers brave and free,
If there breathe on earth a slave,
Are ye truly free and brave?
If ye do not feel the chain,
When it works a brother's pain,
Are ye not base slaves indeed,
Slaves unworthy to be freed?

Is true Freedom but to break
Fetters for our own dear sake,
And, with leathern hearts, forget
That we owe mankind a debt?
No! true freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear,
And with heart and hand, to be
Earnest to make others free!

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

— JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

GENERAL PATRIOTIC SELECTIONS

LOVE OF COUNTRY

I LOVE my country's pine-clad hills,
Her thousand bright and gushing rills,
Her sunshine and her storms;
Her rough and rugged rocks that rear
Their hoary heads high in the air
In wild, fantastic forms.

I love her rivers, deep and wide,
Those mighty streams that seaward glide
To seek the ocean's breast;
Her smiling fields, her pleasant vales,
Her shady dells, her flowery dales,
Her haunts of peaceful rest.

I love her forest, dark and lone,
For there the wild bird's merry tone
Is heard from morn till night,
And there are lovelier flowers I ween,
Than e'er in Eastern land was seen
In varied colors bright.

Her forest, and her valleys fair,
Her flowers that scent the morning air,
Have all their charms for me;
But more I love my country's name,
Those words that echo deathless fame, —
"The land of liberty."

— UNKNOWN.

THE FLAG

O'ER the high and o'er the lowly
Floats that banner bright and holy,
In the rays of Freedom's sun,
In the nation's heart embedded,
O'er our Union newly wedded,
One in all, and all in one.

Let that banner wave forever,
May its lustrous stars fade never,
Till the stars shall pale on high;
While there's right the wrong defeating,
While there's hope in true hearts beating,
Truth and Freedom shall not die.

Wave then,
And scatter like the circling sun,
Thy charities on all.

—J. C. F. SCHILLER.

INAUGURAL ADDRESS

NEVER before have men tried so vast and formidable an experiment as that of administering the affairs of a continent under the forms of a democratic republic. Upon the success of our experiment much depends,—not only as regards our own welfare, but as regards the welfare of mankind. If we fail, the cause of free self-government throughout the world will rock to its foundations; and therefore our responsibility is heavy, to ourselves, to the world as it is to-day, and to the generations yet

unborn. Yet after all, though the problems are new, though the tasks set before us differ from the tasks set before our fathers, who founded and preserved this Republic, the spirit in which these tasks must be undertaken and these problems faced, if our duty is to be well done, remains essentially unchanged. We know that self-government is difficult. We know that no people needs such high traits of character as that people which seeks to govern its affairs aright through the freely expressed will of the freemen who compose it.

But we have faith that we shall not prove false to the memories of the men of the mighty past. They did their work, they left us the splendid heritage we now enjoy. We in our turn have an assured confidence that we shall be able to leave this heritage unwasted and enlarged to our children and our children's children.

To do so, we must show, not merely in great crises, but in the everyday affairs of life, the qualities of practical intelligence, of courage, of hardihood and endurance, and above all the power of devotion to a lofty ideal, which made great the men who founded this Republic in the days of Washington; which made great the men who preserved this Republic in the days of Abraham Lincoln.

—THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

INAUGURAL ADDRESS

ABOUT to enter, fellow-citizens, on the exercise of duties which comprehend everything dear and valuable to you, it is proper you should understand what I deem the essential principles of our government, and consequently those which ought to shape its administration. I will compress them within the narrowest compass they will bear, stating the general principle, but not all its limitations, — equal and exact justice to all men, of whatever state or persuasion, religious or political; peace, commerce, and honest friendship with all nations, entangling alliances with none;

the honest payment of our debts, and secured preservation of the public faith; encouragement of agriculture, and of commerce; the diffusion of information and arraignment of all abuses at the bar of the public reason; freedom of religion, freedom of the press, and trial by juries impartially selected. These principles form the bright constellation which has gone before us, and guided our steps through an age of revolution and reformation; the wisdom of our sages and blood of our heroes have been devoted to their attainment; they should be the creed of our political faith, the text of civic instruction, the touchstone by which to try the services of those we trust; and should we wander from them in moments of terror or of alarm, let us hasten to retrace our steps and to regain the road which alone leads to peace, liberty, and safety.

— THOMAS JEFFERSON (*Inaugural Address*).

CIVIC DUTIES

EVERY citizen owes to the country a vigilant watch and close scrutiny of its public servants and a fair and reasonable estimate of their fidelity and usefulness. Thus is the people's will impressed upon the whole framework of our civil polity — municipal, state, and federal; and this is the price of our liberty and the inspiration of our faith in the Republic. Those who are selected for a limited time to manage public affairs are still of the people, and may do much by their example to encourage, consistently with the dignity of their official functions, that plain way of life which among their fellow-citizens aids integrity and promotes thrift and prosperity.

The genius of our institutions, the needs of our people in their home life, and the attention which is demanded for the settlement and development of the resources of our vast territory, dictate the scrupulous avoidance of any departure from that foreign policy

commended by the history, the traditions, and the prosperity of our Republic. It is the policy of our independence favored by our position and defended by our known love of justice and by our own power. It is the policy of peace suitable to our interests. It is the policy of neutrality, rejecting any share in foreign broils and ambitions upon other continents and repelling their intrusion here. It is the policy of Monroe, and of Washington, and Jefferson — "Peace, commerce, and honest friendship with all nations; entangling alliance with none."

— GROVER CLEVELAND (*Inaugural Address*).

WHAT CONSTITUTES A STATE?

WHAT constitutes a state?
Not high-raised battlements or labored mound,
Thick wall or moated gate;
Not cities proud with spires and turrets crowned;
Not bays and broad-armed ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
Not starred and spangled courts,
Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride.
No! *Men*, high-minded *men* —
With powers as far above dull brutes endued,
In forest, brake, or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude;
Men who their duties know;
And know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain,
Prevent the long-aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain.
These constitute a state;
And sovereign law, that state's collected will,
O'er thrones and globes elate,
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill.

— SIR WILLIAM JONES.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE PRINCESS

(SELECTION)

THE woman's cause is man's: they rise or sink
Together, dwarfed or godlike, bond or free:
For she that out of Lethe scales with man
The shining steps of Nature, shares with man
His nights, his days, moves with him to one goal,
Stays all this fair young planet in her hands —
If she be small, slight-natured, miserable,
How shall men grow? but work no more alone!
Our place is much: as far as in us lies
We two will serve them both in aiding her —
Will clear away the parasitic forms
That seem to keep her up but drag her down —
Will leave her space to bourgeon out of all
Within her — let her make herself her own
To give or keep, to live and learn and be
All that not harms distinctive womanhood.
For woman is not undevelopt man,
But diverse: could we make her as the man,
Sweet Love were slain: his dearest bond is this,
Not like to like, but like in difference.
Yet in the long years liker must they grow;
The man be more of woman, she of man;
He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world;

She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care,
Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind;
Till at last she set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words;
And so these twain, upon the skirts of Time,
Sit side by side, full-summed in all their powers,
Dispensing harvest, sowing the To-be,
Self-reverent each and reverencing each,
Distinct in individualities,
But like each other ev'n as those who love.
Then comes the statelier Eden back to man:
Then reign the world's great bridals, chaste and calm:
Then springs the crowning race of humankind.

— ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

THREE BUGS

THREE little bugs in a basket,
And hardly room for two!
And one was yellow, and one was black,
And one like me, or you.
The space was small, no doubt, for all,
But what could three bugs do?

Three little bugs in a basket,
And hardly crumbs for two;
And all were selfish in their hearts,
The same as I, or you;
So the strong ones said, "We will eat the bread,
And that is what we'll do."

Three little bugs in a basket,
And the beds but two would hold;

So they all three fell to quarreling —
  The white, and the black, and the gold, —
And two of the bugs got under the rugs,
  And one was out in the cold!

So he that was left in the basket,
  Without a crumb to chew,
Or a thread to wrap himself withal,
  When the wind across him blew,
Pulled one of the rugs from one of the bugs,
  And so the quarrel grew!

So there was war in the basket.
  Ah! pity 'tis, 'tis true!
But he that was frozen and starved
  A strength from his weakness drew,
And pulled the rugs from both of the bugs,
  And killed and ate them, too!

Now, when bugs live in a basket,
  Tho' more than it well can hold,
It seems to me they had better agree,
  The white, the black, and the gold, —
And share what comes of beds and crumbs,
  And leave no bug in the cold!

— ALICE CARY.

I LOVE MY JEAN

OF a' the airts the wind can blaw,
  I dearly like the west,
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
  The lassie I lo'e best;

There wild woods grow, and rivers row,
  And monie a hill between;
But day and night my fancy's flight
  Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
  I see her sweet and fair;
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
  I hear her charm the air:
There's not a bonnie flower that springs
  By fountain, shaw, or green
There's not a bonnie bird that sings,
  But minds me o' my Jean.

— ROBERT BURNS.

RUTH

SHE stood breast-high amid the corn,
Clasp'd by the golden light of morn,
Like the sweetheart of the sun,
Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush,
Deeply ripened; such a blush
In the midst of brown was born,
Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell,
Which were blackest none could tell,
But long lashes veiled a light
That had else been all too bright.

And her hat, with shady brim,
Made her tressy forehead dim; —

Thus she stood amid the stooks,
Praising God with sweetest looks.

"Sure," I said, "Heaven did not mean
Where I reap thou shouldst but glean;
Lay thy sheaf adown and come,
Share my harvest and my home."

— THOMAS HOOD.

THE SOLITARY REAPER

BEHOLD her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland Lass!
Reaping and singing by herself;
Stop here, or gently pass!
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain;
O listen! for the vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chant
More welcome notes to weary bands
Of travelers in some shady haunt,
Among Arabian sands;
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard,
In springtime from the cuckoo bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings? —
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago:

Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?
Some natural sorrow, loss or pain,
That has been, and may be again?

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending; —
I listened, motionless and still;
And, as I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more.

— WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE EDUCATION OF NATURE

THREE years she grew in sun and shower;
Then Nature said, "A lovelier flower
On earth was never sown;
This Child I to myself will take;
She shall be mine, and I will make
A lady of my own.

"Myself will to my darling be
Both law and impulse: and with me
The girl, in rock, and plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and power,
Shall feel an overseeing power
To kindle or restrain.

"She shall be sportive as the fawn
That wild with glee across the lawn
Or up the mountain springs;

And hers shall be the breathing balm,
And hers the silence and the calm
  Of mute insensate things.

"The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her; for her the willow bend;
  Nor shall she fail to see
E'en in the motions of the storm,
Grace that shall mold the maiden's form
  By silent sympathy.

"The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her; and she shall lean her ear
  In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
  Shall pass into her face.

"And vital feelings of delight
Shall rear her form to stately height,
  Her virgin bosom swell;
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give
While she and I together live
  Here in this happy dell."

Thus Nature spake — The work was done —
How soon my Lucy's race was run!
  She died, and left to me
This heath, this calm and quiet scene;
The memory of what has been,
  And never more will be.

— WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

ENDYMION

(SELECTION)

A THING of beauty is a joy forever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health and quiet breathing.
Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreathing
A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth
Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darkened ways
Made for our searching; yes, in spite of all,
Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon,
Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon
For simple sheep; and such are daffodils
With the green world they live in; and clear rills
That for themselves a cooling covert make
'Gainst the hot season; the mid-forest brake,
Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms;
And such too is the grandeur of the dooms
We have imagined for the mighty dead;
All lovely tales that we have heard or read;
An endless fountain of immortal drink,
Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.

— JOHN KEATS.

ÉTUDE RÉALISTE

A BABY'S feet, like seashells pink,
Might tempt, should heaven see meet,

An angel's lips to kiss, we think, —
A baby's feet.

Like rose-hued sea-flowers toward the heat
They stretch and spread and wink
Their ten soft buds that part and meet.

No flower-bells that expand and shrink
Gleam half so heavenly sweet,
As shine on life's untrodden brink, —
A baby's feet.

A baby's hands, like rosebuds furled,
Where yet no leaf expands,
Ope if you touch, though close upcurled, —
A baby's hands.

Then, even as warriors grip their brands
When battle's bolt is hurled,
They close, clenched hard like tightening bands.

No rose-buds yet by dawn impearled
Match, even in loveliest lands,
The sweetest flowers in all the world, —
A baby's hands.

A baby's eyes, ere speech begin,
Ere lips learn words or sighs,
Bless all things bright enough to win
A baby's eyes.

Love, while the sweet thing laughs and lies,
And sleep flows out and in,
Lies perfect in their Paradise!

Their glance might cast out pain and sin,
Their speech make dumb the wise,
By mute glad godhead felt within
A baby's eyes.
—ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

THE MAN WITH THE HOE

(Written after seeing Millet's world-famous painting)

BOWED by the weight of centuries he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages in his face,
And on his back the burden of the world.
Who made him dead to rapture and despair,
A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?
Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw?
Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow?
Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?

Is this the Thing the Lord God made and gave
To have dominion over sea and land;
To trace the stars and search the heavens for power;
To feel the passion of Eternity?
Is this the Dream He dreamed Who shaped the suns
And pillared the blue firmament with light?

* * * * * * *

Through this dread shape the suffering ages look;
Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop;
Through this dread shape humanity betrayed,
Plundered, profaned and disinherited,
Cries protest to the Judges of the World,
A protest that is also prophecy.

O masters, lords, and rulers in all lands,
Is this the handiwork you give to God,
This monstrous thing distorted and soul-quenched?
How will you ever straighten up this shape;
Touch it again with immortality;
Give back the upward looking and the light;
Rebuild in it the music and the dream;
Make right the immemorial infamies,
Perfidious wrongs, immedicable woes?

O masters, lords, and rulers in all lands,
How will the Future reckon with this Man?
How answer his brute question in that hour
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world?
How will it be with kingdoms and with kings —
With those who shaped him to the thing he is —
When this dumb Terror shall reply to God,
After the silence of the centuries?

— EDWIN MARKHAM.

ODE ON INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY

(SELECTION)

OUR birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
  Hath had elsewhere its setting
  And cometh from afar;
  Not in entire forgetfulness,
  And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
  From God, who is our home:

Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison house begin to close
  Upon the growing Boy.
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows, —
  He sees it in his joy;
The Youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
  And by the vision splendid
  Is on his way attended;
At length the Man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

— WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

MUSIC

THE man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are as dull as night
And his affections dark as Erebus;
Let no such man be trusted.

— WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

OUR MOTHER TONGUE

BEYOND the vague Atlantic deep,
Far as the farthest prairies sweep,
Where forest glooms the nerve appall,
Where burns the radiant western fall;
One duty lies on old and young, —
With filial piety to guard,
As on its greenest native sward,

The glory of the English tongue.
That ample speech! That subtle speech!
Apt for the need of all and each:
Strong to endure; yet prompt to bend
Wherever human feelings tend.
Preserve its force — expand its powers;
And through the maze of civic life,
In letters, commerce, even in strife,
Forget not it is yours and ours.
— LORD HOUGHTON (Richard Monckton Milnes).

MELROSE ABBEY

IF thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild, but to flout, the ruins gray.
When the broken arches are black in night,
And each shafted oriel glimmers white:
When the cold light's uncertain shower
Streams on the ruined central tower;
When the buttress and buttress alternately,
Seem framed of ebon and ivory;
When silver edges the imagery,
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die;
When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave,
Then go — but go alone the while —
Then view St. David's ruined pile;
And home returning, soothly swear
Was never scene so sad and fair!
— SIR WALTER SCOTT (*The Lay of the Last Minstrel*).

PLEASURES

BUT pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snow-falls in the river,
A moment white — then melts forever;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form,
Evanishing amid the storm.

— ROBERT BURNS (*Tam o'Shanter*).

"TO GILD REFINED GOLD"

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

— WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (*King John*).

KING HENRY'S ADDRESS TO HIS SOLDIERS

ONCE more into the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead!
In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility:
But when the blast of war blows in our ears
Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favored rage:

Then lend the eye a terrible aspect,
Let it pry through the portage of the head
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it
As fearfully as doth a galléd rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swilled with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide;
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To his full height! — On, on, you noble English,
Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof! —
Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,
Have in these parts from morn till even fought,
And sheathed their swords for lack of argument: —
Dishonor not your mothers,

* * * * * * *

Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war! — And you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here,
The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
That you were worth your breeding: which I doubt not;
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble luster in your eyes.
I see you stand like grey-hounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot;
Follow your spirit; and upon this charge
Cry "God for Harry, England, and Saint George!"

— WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (*Henry V*).

COME, SEELING NIGHT

COME, seeling night,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;
And with thy bloody and invisible hand

Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
Which keeps me pale! — Light thickens; and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood;
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,
Whiles night's black agents to their prey do rouse. —
Thou marvel'st at my words: but hold thee still;
Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill.

— WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (*Macbeth*).

TO-MORROW AND TO-MORROW

TO-MORROW, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more; it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

— WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (*Macbeth*).

HOW SWEET THE MOONLIGHT

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:

There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims,—
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay,
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

— WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (*Merchant of Venice*).

THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN

ALL the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
And then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then the soldier,
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lined,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side;
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide

For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

— WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (*As You Like It*).

BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND!

BLOW, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh-ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.
Heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho! etc.

— WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (*As You Like It*).

TO NIGHT

SWIFTLY walk o'er the western wave,
Spirit of Night!
Out of the misty eastern cave,
Where all the long and lone daylight,
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear
Which make thee terrible and dear, —
Swift be thy flight!

Wrap thy form in a mantle gray,
Star inwrought!
Bind with thine hair the eyes of Day,
Kiss her until she be wearied out;
Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land,
Touching all with thine opiate wand,
Come, long-sought.

When I arose and saw the dawn
I sigh'd for thee;
When light rode high, and the dew was gone,
And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
And the weary Day turned to his rest,
Lingering like an unloved guest,
I sighed for thee.

Thy brother Death came, and cried,
Would'st thou me?
Thy sweet child, Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
Murmured like a noontide bee,
Shall I nestle near thy side?
Would'st thou me? and I replied,
No, not thee!

Death will come when thou art dead,
Soon, too soon;
Sleep will come when thou art fled;
Of neither would I ask the boon
I ask of thee, beloved Night, —
Swift be thine approaching flight,
Come soon, soon!

— PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

NIGHT AND DEATH

MYSTERIOUS Night! When our first parent knew
Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus with the host of heaven came,
And lo! creation widened in man's view.
Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O Sun! or who could find,
Whilst fly and leaf and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind?
Why do we then shun death with anxious strife?
If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life?

— JOSEPH BLANCO WHITE.

PRELUDE TO EVANGELINE

THIS is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,

Stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad and prophetic,
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms.
Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighboring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

This is the forest primeval; but where are the hearts that beneath it
Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the woodland the voice of the huntsman?
Where is the thatch-roofed village, the home of Acadian farmers, —
Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the woodlands,
Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an image of heaven?
Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farmers forever departed!
Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty blasts of October
Seize them, and whirl them aloft and sprinkle them far o'er the ocean.
Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful village of Grand-Pré.

— HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

"SHIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT"

SHIPS that pass in the night and speak each other in passing,
Only a signal shown and a distant voice in the darkness;
So on the ocean of life, we pass and speak one another,
Only a look and a voice, then darkness again and a silence.

— HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

A FAREWELL

FLOW down, cold rivulet, to the sea,
Thy tribute wave deliver:
No more by thee my steps shall be,
Forever and forever.

Flow, softly flow, by lawn and lea,
  A rivulet, then a river:
Nowhere by thee my steps shall be,
  Forever and forever.

But here will sigh thine alder tree,
  And here thine aspen shiver;
And here by thee will hum the bee,
  Forever and forever.

A thousand suns will stream on thee,
  A thousand moons will quiver;
But not by thee my steps shall be,
  Forever and forever.

— ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK!

BREAK, break, break,
  On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
  The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
  That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad,
  That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
  To their haven under the hill!
But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
  And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
  At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
  Will never come back to me.
— ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

POOR DOG TRAY

ON the green banks of Shannon when Sheelah was nigh,
No blithe Irish lad was so happy as I;
No harp like my own could so cheerily play,
And wherever I went was my poor dog Tray.

When at last I was forced from my Sheelah to part,
She said (while the sorrow was big at her heart),
Oh! remember your Sheelah when far, far away:
And be kind, my dear Pat, to our poor dog Tray.

Poor dog! he was faithful and kind to be sure,
And he constantly loved me although I was poor;
When the sour-looking folk sent me heartless away,
I had always a friend in my poor dog Tray.

When the road was so dark, and the night was so cold,
And Pat and his dog were grown weary and old,
How snugly we slept in my old coat of gray,
And he licked me for kindness — my old dog Tray.

Though my wallet was scant I remembered his case,
Nor refused my last crust to his pitiful face;
But he died at my feet on a cold winter day,
And I played a sad lament for my poor dog Tray.

Where now shall I go, poor, forsaken, and blind?
Can I find one to guide me, so faithful and kind?
To my sweet native village, so far, far away,
I can never more return with my poor dog Tray.

— THOMAS CAMPBELL.

LOVE WILL FIND OUT THE WAY

OVER the mountains
  And over the waves,
Under the fountains
  And under the graves;
Under floods that are deepest,
  Which Neptune obey,
Over rocks that are steepest,
  Love will find out the way.

Where there is no place
  For the glow-worm to lie,
Where there is no space
  For receipt of a fly;
When the midge dares not venture
  Lest herself fast she lay,
If Love come, he will enter
  And will find out the way.

— OLD ENGLISH.

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS

THE harp that once through Tara's halls
  The soul of music shed,

Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
  As if that soul were fled.
So sleeps the pride of former days,
  So glory's thrill is o'er
And hearts, that once beat high for praise,
  Now feel that pulse no more.

No more the chiefs and ladies bright
  The harp of Tara swells;
The chord alone, that breaks at night,
  Its tale of ruin tells.
Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
  The only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
  To show that still she lives.

— THOMAS MOORE.

THE PATRIOT

IT was roses, roses, all the way,
  With myrtle mixed in my path like mad;
The house-roofs seemed to heave and sway,
  The church-spires flamed, such flags they had,
A year ago on this very day.

The air broke into a mist with bells,
  The old walls rocked with the crowd and cries,
Had I said, "Good folk, mere noise repels —
  But give me your sun from yonder skies!"
They had answered, "And afterward, what else?"

Alack, it was I who leaped at the sun
  To give it my loving friends to keep!

Naught man could do, have I left undone:
  And you see the harvest, what I reap
This very day, now a year is run.

There's nobody on the house-tops now —
  Just a palsied few at the windows set;
For the best of the sight is, all allow,
  At the Shambles' Gate, or, better yet,
By the very scaffold's foot, I trow.

I go in the rain, and, more than needs,
  A rope cuts both my wrists behind;
And I think, by the feel, my forehead bleeds,
  For they fling, whoever has a mind,
Stones at me for my year's misdeeds.

Thus I entered, and thus I go!
  In triumphs, people have dropped down dead,
"Paid by the world, what dost thou owe
  Me?" God might question; now instead,
'Tis God shall repay: I am safer so.

— Robert Browning.

OLD SONG

'Tis a dull sight to see the year dying,
When winter winds set the yellow wood sighing:
  Sighing, O sighing!

When such a time cometh I do retire
Into an old room beside a bright fire:
  O, pile a bright fire!

And there I sit reading old things,
Of knights and lorn damsels, while the wind sings —
  O, drearily sings!

I never look out nor attend to the blast;
For all to be seen is the leaves falling fast;
Falling, falling!

But close at the hearth like a cricket, sit I
Reading of summer and chivalry —
Gallant chivalry!

* * * * * *

Then the clouds part, swallows soaring between;
The spring is alive, and the meadows are green!
I jump up like mad, break the old pipe in twain,
And away to the meadows, the meadows again.

— EDWARD FITZGERALD.

L'ENVOI

WHEN Earth's last picture is painted, and the tubes are twisted and dried,
When the oldest colors have faded, and the youngest critic has died,
We shall rest, and faith, we shall need it — lie down for an æon or two,
Till the Master of All Good Workmen shall set us to work anew!

And those that were good shall be happy: they shall sit in a golden chair;
They shall splash at a ten-league canvas with brushes of comet hair;
They shall find real saints to draw from — Magdalene, Peter, and Paul;
They shall work for an age at a sitting and never be tired at all!

And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master shall blame;

And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame;
But each for the joy of the working, and each in his separate star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It for the God of Things as They Are!

—RUDYARD KIPLING.

"OUR REVELS NOW ARE ENDED"

OUR revels now are ended; these our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air; into thin air,
And like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

— WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (*The Tempest*).

DIALOGUES

SOHRAB AND RUSTUM. I

Sohrab. Thou know'st me, Peran-Wisa! it is I.
The sun is not yet risen, and the foe
Sleep; but I sleep not; all night long I lie
Tossing and wakeful, and I come to thee.
For so did King Afrasiab bid me seek
Thy counsel, and to heed thee as thy son,
In Samarcand, before the army marched;
And I will tell thee what my heart desires.
Thou know'st if, since from Ader-baijan first
I came among the Tartars and bore arms,
I have still served Afrasiab well, and shown,
At my boy's years, the courage of a man.
This too thou know'st, that while I still bear on
The conquering Tartar ensigns through the world,
And beat the Persians back on every field,
I seek one man, one man, and one alone —
Rustum, my father; who I hoped should greet,
Should one day greet, upon some well-fought field,
His not unworthy, not inglorious son.
So I long hoped, but him I never find.
Come then, hear now, and grant me what I ask.
Let the two armies rest to-day; but I
Will challenge forth the bravest Persian lords
To meet me, man to man; if I prevail,
Rustum will surely hear it; if I fall —

Old man, the dead need no one, claim no kin.
Dim is the rumor of a common fight,
Where host meet host, and many names are sunk;
But of a single combat fame speaks clear.

Peran-Wisa, leader of Tartar hosts. O Sohrab, an unquiet heart is thine!
Canst thou not rest among the Tartar chiefs,
And share the battle's common chance with us
Who love thee, but must press forever first,
In single fight incurring single risk,
To find a father thou hast never seen?
That were far best, my son, to stay with us
Unmurmuring; in our tents, while it is war,
And when 'tis truce, then in Afrasiab's towns.
But, if this one desire indeed rules all,
To seek out Rustum — seek him not through fight!
Seek him in peace, and carry to his arms,
O Sohrab, carry an unwounded son!
But far hence seek him, for he is not here.
For now it is not as when I was young,
When Rustum was in front of every fray;
But now he keeps apart, and sits at home,
In Seistan, with Zal, his father old.
Whether that his own mighty strength at last
Feels the abhorred approaches of old age,
Or in some quarrel with the Persian King.
There go! — thou wilt not? Yet my heart forbodes
Danger or death awaits thee on this field.
Fain would I know thee safe and well, though lost
To us; fain therefore send thee hence, in peace
To seek thy father, not seek single fights
In vain; — but who can keep the lion's cub
From ravening, and who govern Rustum's son?
Go, I will grant thee what thy heart desires.

SOHRAB AND RUSTUM. II

Rustum. Welcome! these eyes could see no better sight.
What news? but sit down first, and eat and drink.
Gudurz. Not now! a time will come to eat and drink,
But not to-day; to-day has other needs.
The armies are drawn out, and stand at gaze;
For from the Tartars is a challenge brought
To pick a champion from the Persian lords
To fight their champion — and thou know'st his name —
" Sohrab " men call him, but his birth is hid.
O Rustum, like thy might is this young man's!
He has the wild stag's foot, the lion's heart;
And he is young, and Iran's chiefs are old,
Or else too weak; and all eyes turn to thee.
Come down and help us, Rustum, or we lose!
Rustum. Go to! if Iran's chiefs are old, then I
Am older; if the young are weak, the King
Errs strangely; for the King, for Kai Khosroo,
Himself is young, and honors younger men
And lets the aged molder to their graves.
Rustum he loves no more, but loves the young —
The young may rise at Sohrab's vaunts, not I.
For what care I, though all speak Sohrab's fame?
For would that I myself had such a son,
And not that one slight helpless girl I have —
A son so famed, so brave, to send to war,
And I to tarry with the snow-haired Zal,
My father, whom the robber Afghans vex,
And clip his borders short, and drive his herds,
And he has none to guard his weak old age.
There would I go and hang my armor up,
And with my great name fence that weak old man,
And spend the goodly treasures I have got,

And rest my age, and hear of Sohrab's fame,
And leave to death the hosts of thankless kings,
And with these slaughterous hands draw sword no more.

Gudurz. What then, O Rustum, will men say to this,
When Sohrab dares our bravest forth, and seeks
Thee most of all, and thou, whom most he seeks,
Hidest thy face? Take heed lest men should say:
Like some old miser, Rustum hoards his fame,
And shuns to peril it with younger men.

Rustum. O Gudurz, wherefore dost thou say such words?
Thou knowest better words than this to say.
What is one more, one less, obscure or famed,
Valiant or craven, young or old, to me?
Are not they mortal, am not I myself?
But who for men of naught would do great deeds?
Come, thou shalt see how Rustum hoards his fame!
But I will fight unknown, and in plain arms;
Let not men say of Rustum, he was matched
In single fight with any mortal man.

SOHRAB AND RUSTUM. III

(Before the combat Rustrum sees Sohrab advancing, and a deep pity enters his soul because of the youth, the spirit, and beauty of the young man.)

Rustum. O thou young man, the air of heaven is soft,
And warm, and pleasant; but the grave is cold!
Heaven's air is better than the cold dead grave.
Behold me! I am vast, and clad in iron,
And tried; and I have stood on many a field
Of blood, and I have fought with many a foe —
Never was that field lost, or that foe saved.

O Sohrab, wherefore wilt thou rush on death?
Be governed! quit the Tartar host, and come
To Iran, and be as my son to me,
And fight beneath my banner till I die!
There are no youths in Iran brave as thou.

Sohrab. Oh, by thy father's head! by thine own soul!
Art thou not Rustum? speak! art thou not he?

Rustum (*eyes him askance, then turns away and speaks in an aside to himself*). Ah me, I muse what this young fox may mean!

False, wily, boastful, are these Tartar boys.
For if I now confess this thing he asks,
And hide it not, but say: "Rustum is here!"
He will not yield indeed, nor quit our foes,
But he will find some pretext not to fight,
And praise my fame, and proffer courteous gifts,
A belt or sword perhaps, and go his way.
And on a feast-tide in Afrasiab's hall,
In Samarcand, he will arise and cry:
"I challenged once, when the two armies camped
Beside the Oxus, all the Persian lords
To cope with me in single fight; but they
Shrank, only Rustum dared; then he and I
Changed gifts, and went on equal terms away.
So will he speak, perhaps, while men applaud;
Then were the chiefs of Iran shamed through me.
(*To Sohrab sternly.*) Rise! wherefore dost thou vainly question thus
Of Rustum? I am here, whom thou hast called
By challenge forth; make good thy vaunt or yield!
Is it with Rustum only thou wouldst fight?
Rash boy, men look on Rustum's face and flee!
For well I know, that did great Rustum stand
Before thy face this day, and were revealed,

There would be then no talk of fighting more.
But being what I am, I tell thee this —
Do thou record it in thine inmost soul:
Either thou shalt renounce thy vaunt and yield,
Or else thy bones shall strew this sand, till winds
Bleach them, or Oxus with his summer floods,
Oxus in summer wash them all away.

Sohrab. Art thou so fierce? Thou wilt not fright me so!
I am no girl, to be made pale by words.
Yet this thou hast said well, did Rustum stand
Here on this field, there were no fighting then.
But Rustum is far hence, and we stand here.
Begin! thou art more vast, more dread than I,
And thou art proved, I know, and I am young.
But yet success sways with the breath of heaven.
And though thou thinkest that thou knowest sure
The victory, yet thou canst not surely know.
For we are all, like swimmers in the sea,
Poised on the top of a huge wave of fate,
Which hangs uncertain to which side to fall.
And whether it will heave us up to land,
Or whether it will roll us out to sea,
Back out to sea, to the deep waves of death,
We know not, and no search will make us know;
Only the event will teach us in its hour.

— MATTHEW ARNOLD.

FRANKLIN AND THE GOUT

Franklin. Eh! oh! eh! What have I done to merit these cruel sufferings?

Gout. Many things: you have ate and drank too freely, and too much indulged those legs of yours in their indolence,

Franklin. Who is it that accuses me?

Gout. It is I, even I, the Gout.

Franklin. What! my enemy in person?

Gout. No, not your enemy.

Franklin. I repeat it: my enemy; for you would not only torment my body to death, but ruin my good name; you reproach me as a glutton and a tippler; now all the world, that knows me, will allow that I am neither the one nor the other.

Gout. The world may think as it pleases; it is always very complaisant to itself, and sometimes to its friends; but I very well know that the quantity of meat and drink proper for a man who takes a reasonable degree of exercise would be too much for another who never takes any.

Franklin. I take — eh! oh! — as much exercise as I can, Madam Gout. You know my sedentary state, and on that account, it would seem, Madam Gout, as if you might spare me a little, seeing it is not altogether my own fault.

Gout. Not a jot; your rhetoric and your politeness are thrown away; your apology avails nothing. If your situation in life is a sedentary one, your amusements, your recreations, at least, should be active.

Franklin. Oh! ehhh! — It is not fair to say I take no exercise, when I do very often, going out to dine, and returning in my carriage.

Gout. That, of all imaginable exercises, is the most slight and insignificant if you allude to the motion of a carriage suspended on springs. By observing the degree of heat obtained by different kinds of motion, we may form an estimate of the quantity of exercise given by each. Thus for example, if you turn out to walk in winter with cold feet, in an hour's time you will be in a glow all over; but if you loll in a carriage, such as you have mentioned, you may travel all day, and gladly enter the last inn to warm your feet by the fire. Flatter yourself then no longer, that half an hour's airing in your carriage deserves the name of exercise. Providence

has appointed few to roll in carriages, while he has given to all a pair of legs, which are machines infinitely more commodious and serviceable. Be grateful, then, and make a proper use of yours.

Franklin. What, then, would you have me do with my carriage?

Gout. Burn it if you choose; you would at least get heat out of it once in this way; or if you dislike that proposal, here's another for you: observe the poor peasants who work in the vineyards and grounds about the villages; you may find every day among these deserving creatures, four or five old men and women, bent and perhaps crippled by weight of years and too long and too great labor. After a most fatiguing day, these people have to trudge a mile or two to their smoky huts. Order your coachman to set them down. This is an act that will be good for your soul; and at the same time if you return on foot that will be good for your body.

Franklin. Oh! oh! for Heaven's sake leave me, and I promise faithfully never more to play at chess, but to take exercise daily and live temperately.

Gout. I know you too well. You promise fair; but after a few months of good health you will return to your old habits; your fine promises will be forgotten like the form of last year's clouds. Let us then finish the account, and I will go. But I leave you with an assurance of visiting you again at a proper time and place, for my object is your good, and you are sensible now that I am your *real friend.*

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

(SELECTION)

Nephew. A merry Christmas, Uncle! God save you!

Scrooge. Bah! Humbug!

Nephew. Christmas a humbug, Uncle! You don't mean that, I am sure?

Scrooge. I do. Merry Christmas! What right have you to be merry? What reason have you to be merry? You're poor enough.

Nephew. Come, then, what right have you to be dismal? What reason have you to be morose? You're rich enough.

Scrooge. Bah! Humbug!

Nephew. Don't be cross, Uncle!

Scrooge. What else can I be, when I live in such a world of fools as this? Merry Christmas! Out upon merry Christmas! What's Christmas-time to you but a time for paying bills without money; a time for finding yourself a year older, and not an hour richer; a time for balancing your books, and having every item in 'em through a round dozen of months presented dead against you? If I could work my will, every idiot who goes about with "Merry Christmas" on his lips should be boiled with his own pudding, and buried with a stake of holly through his heart. He should!

Nephew. Uncle!

Scrooge. Nephew! keep Christmas in your own way, and let me keep it in mine.

Nephew. Keep it! But you don't keep it.

Screoge. Let me leave it alone, then. Much good may it do you! Much good it has ever done you!

Nephew. There are many things from which I might have derived good by which I have not profited, I dare say, Christmas among the rest. But I am sure I have always thought of Christmas-time, when it has come round, — apart from the veneration due to its sacred name and origin, if anything belonging to it can be apart from that, — as a good time; a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time; the only time I know of, in the long calendar of the year, when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely, and to think of people below them as if they really were fellow-passengers to the grave, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys. And

therefore, Uncle, though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe it *has* done me good, and *will* do me good; and I say, God bless it!

—CHARLES DICKENS.

JULIUS CÆSAR

(*Quarrel between Brutus and Cassius*)

Cass. That you have wronged me doth appear in this, —
You have condemned and noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.
Bru. You wronged yourself to write in such a case.
Cass. In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment.
Bru. And let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemned to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.
Cass. I an itching palm!
You know that you are Brutus that speaks this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.
Bru. The name of Cassius honors this corruption
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.
Cass. Chastisement!
Bru. Remember March, the Ides of March remember:
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touched his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers, shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,

And sell the mighty space of our large honors
For so much trash as may be graspéd thus? —
I'd rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cass. Brutus, bay not me, —
I'll not endure it; you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to; you are not, Cassius.

Cass. I am.

Bru. I say you are not.

Cass. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cass. Is't possible?

Bru. Hear me for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?

Cass. O ye gods, ye gods! must I endure all this?

Bru. All this! Ay, more: fret till your proud heart break;
Go show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble? Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you: for from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cass. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so: make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well: for mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of abler men.

Cass. You wrong me every way; you wrong me, Brutus;
I said, an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say "better"?
Bru. If you did, I care not.
Cass. When Cæsar lived he durst not thus have moved me.
Bru. Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted him.
Cass. I durst not!
Bru. No.
Cass. What, durst not tempt him!
Bru. For your life you durst not.
Cass. Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.
Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am armed so strong in honesty,
That they pass me by as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me; —
For I can raise no money by vile means;
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection; — I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me: was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answered Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces.
Cass. I denied you not.
Bru. You did.
Cass. I did not: — he was but a fool that brought
My answer back. — Brutus hath rived my heart.

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.
Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.
Cass. You love me not.
Bru. I do not like your faults.
Cass. A friendly eye could never see such faults.
Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.
Cass. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is a-weary of the world;
Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother;
Checked like a bondman; all his faults observ'd,
Set in a note-book, learned and conned by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes! — There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him better
Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.
Bru. Sheathe your dagger:
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb
That carries anger as the flint bears fire;
Who much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.
Cass. Hath Cassius lived
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-tempered vexeth him?
Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered, too.

Cass. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.
Bru. And my heart too.

— WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

APOLLYON AND CHRISTIAN

Apollyon. Whence came you, and whither are you bound?

Christian. I am come from the city of Destruction, which is the place of all evil, and I am going to the city of Zion.

Apoll. By this I perceive that thou art one of my subjects; for all that country is mine, and I am the prince and god of it. How is it, then, that thou hast run away from thy king? Were it not that I hope thou mayest do me more service, I would strike thee now at one blow to the ground.

Chris. I was indeed born in your dominions, but your service was hard, and your wages such as a man could not live on; for the wages of sin is death; therefore, when I was come to years, I did, as other considerate persons do, look out if, perhaps, I might mend myself.

Apoll. There is no prince that will thus lightly lose his subjects, neither will I as yet lose thee; but since thou complainest of thy service and wages, be content to go back, and what our country will afford, I do here promise to give thee.

Chris. But I have let myself to another, even to the King of Princes; and how can I with fairness go back with thee?

Apoll. Thou hast done in this according to the proverb, "changed a bad for a worse"; but it is ordinary for those that have professed themselves His servants, after a while to give Him the slip, and return again to me. Do thou so too, and all shall be well.

Chris. I have given Him my faith, and sworn my allegiance to Him; how then can I go back from this and not be hanged as a traitor?

Apoll. Thou didst the same by me, and yet I am willing to pass by all, if now thou wilt yet turn again and go back.

Chris. What I promised thee was in my nonage: and besides I count that the Prince under whose banner I now stand is able to absolve me, yea, and to pardon also what I did as to my compliance with thee. And besides, O thou destroying Apollyon, to speak truth, I like His service, His wages, His servants, His government, His company, and country, better than thine; therefore leave off to persuade me further; I am His servant, and I will follow Him.

— JOHN BUNYAN (*Pilgrim's Progress*).

PART III

SELECTIONS FOR MEMORIZING

PRESCRIBED BY THE NEW YORK CITY COURSE OF STUDY

GRADE I A

I LIKE LITTLE PUSSY

I LIKE little Pussy,
  Her coat is so warm;
And if I don't hurt her,
  She'll do me no harm.
So I'll not pull her tail,
  Nor drive her away,
But pussy and I
  Very gently will play;
She shall sit by my side,
  And I'll give her some food;
And she'll love me because
  I am gentle and good.

I'll pat little Pussy,
  And then she will purr,
And thus show her thanks
  For my kindness to her;
I'll not pinch her ears,
  Nor tread on her paw,
Lest I should provoke her
  To use her sharp claw;

I never will vex her,
  Nor make her displeased,
For Pussy can't bear
  To be worried or teased.

— JANE TAYLOR.

THE DEWDROP

LITTLE drop of dew,
  Like a gem you are:
I believe that you
  Must have been a star.

When the day is bright,
  On the grass you lie;
Tell me, then, at night
  Are you in the sky?

— FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

WHO HAS SEEN THE WIND?

WHO has seen the wind?
  Neither I nor you:
But when the leaves hang trembling,
  The wind is passing through.

Who has seen the wind?
  Neither you nor I:
But when the trees bow down their heads,
  The wind is passing by.

— CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

SLEEP, BABY, SLEEP

SLEEP, baby, sleep!
Thy father is watching the sheep!
Thy mother is shaking the dreamland tree,
And down drops a little dream for thee,
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
The great stars are the sheep,
The little stars are the lambs I guess,
The bright moon is the shepherdess, —
Sleep, baby, sleep!

— FROM THE GERMAN.

RAIN

THE rain is raining all around;
It falls on fields and tree,
It rains on the umbrellas here,
And on the ships at sea.

— ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

THE WIND

I SAW you toss the kites on high
And blow the birds about the sky;
And all around I heard you pass,
Like ladies' skirts across the grass —
  O wind, a-blowing all day long,
  O wind, that sings so loud a song!

I saw the different things you did,
But always you yourself you hid.
I felt you push, I heard you call,
I could not see yourself at all —
  O wind, a-blowing all day long,
  O wind, that sings so loud a song!

O you that are so strong and cold,
O blower, are you young or old?
Are you a beast of field and tree,
Or just a stronger child than me?
  O wind, a-blowing all day long,
  O wind, that sings so loud a song!

— ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

BOATS SAIL ON THE RIVERS

BOATS sail on the rivers,
And ships sail on the seas;
But clouds that sail across the sky
Are prettier far than these.

There are bridges on the rivers,
As pretty as you please;
But the bow that bridges heaven,
And overtops the trees,
And builds a road from earth to sky,
Is prettier far than these.

— CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

NURSERY RHYMES

HUMPTY DUMPTY

HUMPTY DUMPTY sat on a wall.
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall.
All the king's horses and all the king's men
Couldn't set Humpty Dumpty up again.

MISTRESS MARY

"MISTRESS MARY, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?"
"With silver bells and cockle shells
And pretty maids all in a row."

LITTLE JACK HORNER

LITTLE Jack Horner sat in a corner,
Eating a Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb, and pulled out a plum,
And said, "What a good boy am I!"

LITTLE BO-PEEP

LITTLE Bo-Peep has lost her sheep,
And can't tell where to find them;
Leave them alone and they'll come home,
And bring their tails behind them.

Little Bo-Peep fell fast asleep,
And dreamt she heard them bleating;
But when she awoke, she found it a joke,
For they still were all fleeting.

Then up she took her little crook,
Determined for to find them;
She found them indeed, but it made her heart bleed,
For they'd left their tails behind them.

LITTLE BOY BLUE

LITTLE Boy Blue, come blow up your horn,
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn;
Where's the boy that looks after the sheep?
He's under the hay-stack, fast asleep.
Go wake him, go wake him! Oh, no, not I!
For if I wake him, he will be sure to cry.

BAA! BAA! BLACK SHEEP!

BAA, baa! black sheep!
  Have you any wool?
Yes, marry, have I,
  Three bags full.
One for my master,
  And one for my dame,
And one for the little boy
  Who lives in the lane.

ROCK-A-BY, BABY, ON THE TREE TOP

ROCK-A-BY, baby, on the tree top,
When the wind blows the cradle will rock;
When the bough bends the cradle will fall;
Down will come baby, bough, cradle, and all.

ROCK-A-BY, BABY, THY CRADLE IS GREEN

ROCK-A-BY, baby, thy cradle is green,
Father's a nobleman, Mother's a queen;
Betty's a lady and wears a gold ring,
And Johnny's a drummer and drums for the king.

THIS LITTLE PIG WENT TO MARKET

THIS little pig went to market;
This little pig stayed at home;
This little pig had roast beef;
And this little pig had none;
This little pig said, "Wee, wee, wee!
I can't find my way home."

GRADE I B

OVER IN THE MEADOW

OVER in the meadow,
In the sand, in the sun,
Lived an old mother-toad
And her little toadie one.

"Wink!" said the mother;
"I wink," said the one:
So she winked and she blinked,
In the sand, in the sun.

Over in the meadow,
Where the stream runs blue,
Lived an old mother-fish
And her little fishes two.
"Swim!" said the mother;
"We swim," said the two:
So they swam and they leaped,
Where the stream runs blue.

Over in the meadow,
In a hole in a tree,
Lived a mother-bluebird
And her bluebirds three.
"Sing!" said the mother;
"We sing," said the three:
So they sang and were glad,
In the hole in the tree.

Over in the meadow,
In the reeds on the shore,
Lived a mother-muskrat
And her little ratties four.
"Dive!" said the mother;
"We dive," said the four:
So they dived and they burrowed,
In the reeds on the shore.

Over in the meadow,
In a snug beehive,

Lived a mother-honey-bee
  And her little honeys five.
"Buzz!" said the mother;
  "We buzz," said the five;
So they buzzed and they hummed,
  In the snug beehive.

Over in the meadow,
  In a nest built of sticks,
Lived a black mother-crow
  And her little crows six;
"Caw!" said the mother;
  "We caw," said the six:
So they cawed and they called,
  In their nest built of sticks.

Over in the meadow,
  Where the grass is so even,
Lived a gay mother-cricket
  And her little crickets seven.
"Chirp!" said the mother;
  "We chirp," said the seven:
So they chirped cheery notes
  In the grass soft and even.

Over in the meadow
  By the old mossy gate,
Lived a brown mother-lizard
  And her little lizards eight.
"Bask!" said the mother;
  "We bask," said the eight;
So they basked in the sun,
  On the old mossy gate.

Over in the meadow,
  Where the clear pools shine,
Lived a green mother-frog
  And her little froggies nine.
"Croak!" said the mother;
  "We croak," said the nine;
So they croaked and they plashed
  Where the clear pools shine.

Over in the meadow,
  In a sly little den,
Lived a gray mother-spider
  And her little spiders ten.
"Spin!" said the mother;
  "We spin," said the ten;
So they spun lace webs,
  In their sly little den.

— OLIVE A. WADSWORTH.

OLD GAELIC LULLABY

HUSH! the waves are rolling in,
  White with foam, white with foam;
Father toils amid the din;
  But baby sleeps at home.

Hush! the winds roar hoarse and deep —
  On they come, on they come!
Brother seeks the wandering sheep;
  But baby sleeps at home.

Hush! the rain sweeps o'er the knowes,
  Where they roam, where they roam;

Sister goes to seek the cows;
But baby sleeps at home.

LITTLE BIRDIE

WHAT does little birdie say
In her nest at peep of day?
"Let me fly," says little birdie,
"Mother, let me fly away."
Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger.
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say,
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
"Let me rise and fly away."
Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger.
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby too shall fly away.

—ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

THE BABY

WHERE did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the everywhere into the here.
Where did you get your eyes so blue?
Out of the sky as I came through.

What makes the light in them sparkle and spin?
Some of the starry spikes left in.

Where did you get that little tear?
  I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth and high?
  A soft hand stroked it as I went by.
What makes your cheek like a warm, white rose?
  Something better than any one knows.

Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?
  Three angels gave me at once a kiss.
Where did you get that pearly ear?
  God spoke, and it came out to hear.

Where did you get those arms and hands?
  Love made itself into hooks and bands.
Feet, whence did you come, you darling things?
  From the same box as the cherub's wings.

How did they all just come to be you?
  God thought about me, and so I grew.
But how did you come to us, you dear?
  God thought of you, and so I am here.

— GEORGE MACDONALD.

THE GOLDEN RULE

BE you to others kind and true,
As you'd have others be to you.

— THE NEW ENGLAND PRIMER.

ROBIN REDBREAST

GOOD-BY, good-by to summer!
  For summer's nearly done;

The garden smiling faintly,
  Cool breezes in the sun.
Our thrushes now are silent,
  Our swallows flown away, —
But Robin's here with coat of brown,
  And ruddy breast-knot gay.
    Robin, Robin Redbreast,
      O Robin dear!
    Robin sings so sweetly
      In the falling of the year.

Bright yellow, red, and orange,
  The leaves come down in hosts;
The trees are Indian princes,
  But soon they'll turn to ghosts;
The leathery pears and apples
  Hang russet on the bough;
It's autumn, autumn, autumn late,
  'Twill soon be winter now.
    Robin, Robin Redbreast,
      O Robin dear!
    And what will this poor Robin do?
      For pinching days are near.

The fireside for the cricket,
  The wheat stack for the mouse,
When trembling night winds whistle
  And moan all round the house.
The frosty ways like iron,
  The branches plumed with snow, —
Alas! in winter dead and dark,
  Where can poor Robin go?
    Robin, Robin Redbreast,
      O Robin dear!

And a crumb of bread for Robin,
His little heart to cheer!

— WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

CHILD'S THOUGHT OF A STAR

TWINKLE, twinkle, little star;
How I wonder what you are!
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky!

When the glorious sun is set,
When the grass with dew is wet,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle all the night.

In the dark blue sky you keep,
And often through my curtains peep;
For you never shut your eye
Till the sun is in the sky.

As your bright and tiny spark
Lights the traveler in the dark,
Though I know not what you are,
Twinkle, twinkle, little star.

— JANE TAYLOR.

NONSENSE ALPHABET

A WAS an ant who seldom stood still,
And who made a nice house in the side of a hill.
Nice little ant!

B was a book with a binding of blue,
And pictures and stories for me and for you.
Nice little book!

C was a cat who ran after a rat;
But his courage did fail when she seized on his tail.
Crafty old cat!

D was a duck with spots on his back,
Who lived in the water and always said, "Quack!"
Dear little duck!

E was an elephant stately and wise;
He had tusks and a trunk and two queer little eyes.
Oh, what funny small eyes!

F was a fish who was caught in a net;
But he got out again, and is quite alive yet.
Lively young fish!

G was a goat who was spotted with brown:
When he did not lie still he walked up and down.
Good little goat!

H was a hat which was all on one side;
Its crown was too high and its brim was too wide,
Oh, what a hat!

I was some ice so white and so nice,
But which nobody tasted, and so it was wasted.
All that good ice!

J was a jackdaw who hopped up and down
In the principal street of a neighboring town.
All through the town!

K was a kite which flew out of sight,
Above houses so high, quite into the sky.
Fly, away kite!

L was a light which burned all the night
And lighted the gloom of a very dark room.
Useful nice light!

M was a mill which stood on a hill,
And turned round and round with a loud humming sound.
Useful old mill!

N was a net which was thrown in the sea,
To catch fish for dinner for you and for me!
Nice little net!

O was an orange so yellow and round:
When it fell off the tree, it fell down to the ground.
Down to the ground!

P was a pig who was not very big;
But his tail was too curly and that made him surly.
Cross little pig!

Q was a quail with a very short tail;
And he fed upon corn in the evening and morn.
Quaint little quail!

R was a rabbit who had a bad habit
Of eating the flowers in gardens and bowers.
Naughty fat rabbit!

S was the sugar-tongs, nippity-nee,
To take up the sugar to put in our tea.
Nippity-nee!

T was a tortoise all yellow and black:
He walked slowly away, and he never came back.
Torty never came back!

U was an urn all polished and bright,
And full of hot water at noon and at night.
Useful old urn!

V was a villa which stood on a hill,
By the side of a river and close to a mill.
Nice little villa!

W was a whale with a very long tail,
Whose movements were frantic across the Atlantic.
Monstrous old whale!

X was King Xerxes who, more than all Turks is
Renowned for his fashion of fury and passion.
Angry old Xerxes!

Y was a yew, which flourished and grew
By a quiet abode near the side of a road.
Dark little yew!

Z was some zinc, so shiny and bright,
Which caused you to wink in the sun's merry light.
Beautiful zinc!

— EDWARD LEAR

SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE

SING a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of rye;
Four-and-twenty blackbirds

Baked in a pie;
When the pie was opened,
The birds began to sing;
Was not that a dainty dish
To set before the King?

The King was in his counting-house,
Counting out his money;
The Queen was in the parlor,
Eating bread and honey;
The maid was in the garden,
Hanging out the clothes,
When up came a blackbird
And nipped off her nose.

I SAW A SHIP A-SAILING

I SAW a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing on the sea;
And, oh! it was all laden
With pretty things for thee!

There were comfits in the cabin,
And apples in the hold;
The sails were made of silk
And the masts were made of gold.

The four-and-twenty sailors
That stood between the decks,
Were four-and-twenty white mice,
With chains about their necks.

The captain was a duck,
With a packet on his back;
And when the ship began to move,
The captain said, "Quack! quack!"

I HAVE A LITTLE SISTER

I HAVE a little sister, they call her Peep, Peep;
She wades the waters deep, deep, deep;
She climbs the mountains high, high, high;
My poor little sister, she has but one eye!

[A Star.]

PETER PIPER

PETER PIPER picked a peck of pickled peppers,
A peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked;
If Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers,
Where's the peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked?

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT

THIS is the house that Jack built.

This is the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the dog,
That worried the cat, etc.

This is the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog, etc.

This is the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn, etc.

This is the man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn, etc.

This is the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tattered and torn, etc.

This is the cock that crowed in the morn,
That waked the priest all shaven and shorn, etc.

This is the farmer sowing his corn,
That kept the cock that crowed in the morn, etc.

LITTLE NANCY ETTICOAT

LITTLE Nancy Etticoat
In a white petticoat
And a red rose.
The longer she stands,
The shorter she grows. [A Candle.]

THIRTY WHITE HORSES

THIRTY white horses upon a red hill,
Now they tramp, now they champ, now they stand still.
[Teeth and Gums.]

AS I WENT THROUGH THE GARDEN GAP

As I went through the garden gap,
Whom should I meet but Dick Red-cap!
A stick in his hand, a stone in his throat, —
If you'll tell me this riddle, I'll give you a groat.
[A Cherry.]

GRADE 2 A

THE SWING

How do you like to go up in a swing,
  Up in the air so blue?
Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing
  Ever a child can do!

Up in the air and over the wall,
  Till I can see so wide,
Rivers and trees and cattle and all
  Over the country side —

Till I look down on the garden green,
  Down on the roof so brown —
Up in the air I go flying again,
  Up in the air and down!

— ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

BED IN SUMMER

In winter I get up at night
  And dress by yellow candle-light,
In summer, quite the other way,
  I have to go to bed by day.

I have to go to bed and see
  The birds still hopping on the tree,
Or hear the grown-up people's feet
  Still going past me in the street.

And does it not seem hard to you,
  When all the sky is clear and blue,
And I should like so much to play,
  To have to go to bed by day?

— Robert Louis Stevenson.

WHO STOLE THE BIRD'S NEST

"To-whit, to-whit, to-whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"

"Not I," said the cow; "moo-oo!
Such a thing I'd never do.
I gave you a wisp of hay,
But didn't take your nest away.
Not I," said the cow; "moo-oo!
Such a thing I'd never do!"

"Bob-o-link! bob-o-link!
Now what do you think?

Who stole a nest away
From the plum-tree to-day?"

"Not I," said the dog; "bow-wow!
I wouldn't be so mean, anyhow.
I gave the hairs the nest to make,
But the nest I did not take.
Not I," said the dog; "bow-wow!
I wouldn't be so mean, anyhow!"

* * * * *

"Caw, caw!" cried the crow;
"I should like to know
What thief took away
A bird's nest to-day?"

"Cluck, cluck!" said the hen;
"Don't ask me again;
Why, I haven't a chick
Would do such a trick!
We each gave her a feather
And she wove them together.
I'd scorn to intrude
On her and her brood.
Cluck, cluck!" said the hen;
"Don't ask me again."

"Chirr-a-whirr! chirr-a-whirr!
All the birds make a stir,
Let us find out his name,
And all cry, 'For shame!'"

"I would not rob a bird,"
Said little Mary Green;

"I think I never heard
Of anything so mean."

"It is very cruel too,"
Said little Alice Neal;
"I wonder if he knew
How sad the bird would feel!"

A little boy hung down his head,
And went and hid behind the bed;
For he stole that pretty nest,
From poor little yellow-breast;
And he felt so full of shame,
He didn't like to tell his name.

— LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

DAISIES

AT evening when I go to bed
I see the stars shine overhead;
They are the little daisies white
That dot the meadow of the night.

And often while I'm dreaming so,
Across the sky the moon will go;
It is a lady, sweet and fair,
Who comes to gather daisies there.

For, when at morning I arise,
There's not a star left in the skies;
She's picked them all and dropped them down
Into the meadows of the town.

— FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

SEVEN TIMES ONE

THERE'S no dew left on the daisies and clover,
  There's no rain left in heaven:
I've said my "seven times" over and over —
  Seven times one are seven.
I am old! so old, I can write a letter;
  My birthday lessons are done;
The lambs play always, they know no better;
  They are only one times one.

O moon! in the night I have seen you sailing,
  And shining so round and low;
You were bright, ah, bright! but your light is failing;
  You are nothing now but a bow.
You moon! have you done something wrong in heaven.
  That God has hidden your face?
I hope, if you have, you will soon be forgiven,
  And shine again in your place.

O velvet bee, you're a dusty fellow,
  You've powdered your legs with gold!
O brave marshmary buds, rich and yellow,
  Give me your money to hold!
O columbine, open your folded wrapper
  Where two twin turtle-doves dwell!
O cuckoo-pint, toll me the purple clapper
  That hangs in your clear, green bell;

And show me your nest with the young ones in it —
  I will not steal them away;
I am old! you may trust me, linnet, linnet —
  I am seven times one to-day.

— JEAN INGELOW.

THE ROCK-A-BY LADY

THE Rock-a-by Lady from Hush-a-by Street
  Comes stealing, comes creeping,
The poppies they hang from her head to her feet,
And each hath a dream that is tiny and fleet —
She bringeth her poppies to you, my Sweet,
  When she findeth you sleeping!

There is one little dream of a beautiful drum —
  "Rub-a-dub," it goeth;
There is one little dream of a big sugar plum,
And lo! thick and fast the other dreams come,
Of pop-guns that bang, and tin tops that hum,
  And a trumpet that bloweth!

The dollies peep out of those wee little dreams,
  With laughter and singing;
And boats go a-floating on silvery streams,
And the stars peek-a-boo, with their own misty gleams,
And up, up, and up, where the Mother Moon beams
  The fairies go winging!

Would you dream all these dreams, that are tiny and fleet?
  They come to you sleeping;
So shut the two eyes that are weary, my Sweet,
For the Rock-a-by Lady from the Hush-a-by Street,
  Comes stealing, comes creeping.

— EUGENE FIELD.

From "Poems of Childhood," by Eugene Field. Published by Chas. Scribner's Sons.

ALL THINGS BRIGHT AND BEAUTIFUL

ALL things bright and beautiful,
  All creatures great and small,

All things wise and wonderful,
  The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,
  Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colors,
  He made their tiny wings.

The rich man in his castle,
  The poor man at his gate,
God made them high or lowly,
  And ordered their estate.

The purple-headed mountain,
  The river running by,
The sunset and the morning,
  That brightens up the sky; —

The cold wind in the winter,
  The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden, —
  He made them every one;

The tall trees in the greenwood,
  The meadows where we play,
The rushes by the water
  We gather ever day; —

He gave us eyes to see them,
  And lips that we might tell,
How great is God Almighty,
  Who has made all things well.

— MRS. CECIL FRANCIS ALEXANDER.

GRADE 2 B

DON'T KILL THE BIRDS

DON'T kill the birds, the pretty birds,
  That sing about your door;
Soon as the joyous spring has come,
  And chilling storms are o'er,
The little birds, how sweet they sing!
  Oh! let them joyous live;
And never seek to take the life
  That you cannot give.

Don't kill the birds, the pretty birds,
  That play among the trees;
'Twould make the earth a cheerless place,
  Should we dispense with these.
The little birds, how fond they play!
  Do not disturb their sport;
But let them warble forth their songs,
  Till winter cuts them short.

Don't kill the birds, the happy birds,
  That bless the fields and grove;
So innocent to look upon,
  They claim our warmest love.
The happy birds, the tuneful birds,
  How pleasant 'tis to see!
No spot can be a cheerless place
  Where'er their presence be.

— COLESWORTHY.

ARIEL'S SONG

WHERE the bee sucks, there suck I:
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry:
On the bat's back I do fly,
After summer merrily:
  Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
  Under the blossom that hangs on the bough!

— WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (*The Tempest*).

MY SHADOW

I HAVE a little shadow that goes in and out with me,
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see.
He is very, very like me from heels up to the head;
And I see him jump before me, when I jump into my bed.

The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to grow —
Not at all like proper children, which is always very slow;
For he sometimes shoots up taller like an india-rubber ball,
And he sometimes gets so little that there is none of him at all.

He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to play,
And can only make a fool of me in every sort of way.
He stays so close beside me, he's a coward you can see;
I'd think shame to stick to nursie as that shadow sticks to me!

One morning, very early, before the sun was up,
I rose and found the shining dew on every buttercup;
But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepy-head,
Had stayed at home behind me and was fast asleep in bed.

— ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

A DUTCH LULLABY

WYNKEN, Blynken, and Nod one night
  Sailed off in a wooden shoe —
Sailed on a river of crystal light,
  Into a sea of dew.
"Where are you going, and what do you wish?"
  The old moon asked the three.
"We have come to fish for the herring fish
  That live in this beautiful sea;
  Nets of silver and gold have we!"
        Said Wynken,
        Blynken,
        And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song,
  As they rocked in the wooden shoe,
And the wind that sped them all night long,
  Ruffled the waves of dew.
The little stars were the herring fish
  That lived in that beautiful sea —
"Now cast your nets wherever you wish —
  Never afeard are we;"
  So cried the stars to the fishermen three;
        Wynken,
        Blynken,
        And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
  To the stars in the twinkling foam —
Then down from the skies came the wooden shoe,
  Bringing the fishermen home;
'Twas all so pretty a sail it seemed
  As if it could not be,

And some folks thought 'twas a dream they'd dreamed
Of sailing that beautiful sea —
But I shall name you the fishermen three;
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head;
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trundle-bed.
So shut your eyes while mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock in the misty sea,
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

— EUGENE FIELD.

From "Poems of Childhood," by Eugene Field. Published by Chas. Scribner's Sons.

WINDY NIGHTS

WHENEVER the moon and stars are set,
Whenever the wind is high,
All night long in the dark and wet,
A man goes riding by.
Late in the night when the fires are out,
Why does he gallop and gallop about?

Whenever the trees are crying aloud,
And ships are tossed at sea,

By on the highway, low and loud,
By at the gallop goes he.
By at the gallop he goes, and then
By he comes back at the gallop again.

— ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

LADY MOON

LADY MOON, Lady Moon, where are you roving?
Over the sea.
Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving?
All that love me.

Are you not tired with rolling and never
Resting to sleep?
Why look so pale and so sad, as forever
Wishing to weep?

Ask me not this, little child, if you love me;
You are too bold;
I must obey my dear Father above me,
And do as I'm told.

Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are you roving?
Over the sea.
Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving?
All that love me.

— LORD HOUGHTON (Richard Monckton Milnes).

STOP, STOP, PRETTY WATER

"STOP, stop, pretty water!"
Said Mary, one day,

To a frolicsome brook
That was running away.

"You run on so fast!
I wish you would stay;
My boat and my flowers
You will carry away.

"But I will run after;
Mother says that I may;
For I would know where
You are running away."

So Mary ran on;
But I have heard say,
That she never could find
Where the brook ran away.

— ELIZA LEE FOLLEN.

THE LAND OF STORY BOOKS

AT evening when the lamp is lit,
  Around the fire my parents sit;
They sit at home, and talk and sing,
  And do not play at anything.

Now, with my little gun, I crawl
  All in the dark along the wall,
And follow round the forest track
  Away behind the sofa back.

There, in the night, where none can spy,
  All in my hunter's camp I lie,
And play at books that I have read
  Till it is time to go to bed.

These are the hills, these are the woods,
  These are my starry solitudes;
And there the river by whose brink
  The roaring lions come to drink.

I see the others far away,
  As if in fire-lit camp they lay,
And I, like to an Indian scout,
  Around their party prowled about.

— ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

THANKSGIVING DAY

OVER the river and through the wood,
To grandfather's house we go;
  The horse knows the way
  To carry the sleigh
Through the white and drifted snow.

Over the river and through the wood —
Oh, how the wind does blow!
  It stings the toes
  And bites the nose,
As over the ground we go.

Over the river and through the wood,
To have a first-rate play;

Hear the bells ring,
"Ting-a-ling-ding!"
Hurrah for Thanksgiving Day!

Over the river and through the wood,
Trot fast, my dapple-gray!
Spring over the ground,
Like a hunting hound!
For this is Thanksgiving Day.

Over the river and through the wood,
And straight through the barn-yard gate,
We seem to go
Extremely slow —
It is so hard to wait!

Over the river and through the wood —
Now grandmother's cap I spy!
Hurrah for the fun!
Is the pudding done?
Hurrah for the pumpkin pie!

— LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

GRADE 3 A

I LIVE FOR THOSE WHO LOVE ME

I LIVE for those who love me, whose hearts are kind and true,
For the heaven that smiles above me, and awaits my spirit too;
For all human ties that bind me, for the task by God assigned me;
For the bright hopes yet to find me, and the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story who suffered for my sake;
To emulate their glory and follow in their wake:
Bards, patriots, martyrs, sages, the noble of all ages,
Whose deeds crowd History's pages, and Time's great volume make.

I live to hold communion with all that is divine,
To feel there is a union 'twixt Nature's heart and mine;
To profit by affliction, reap truth from fields of fiction,
Grow wiser from conviction, and fulfill God's great design.

* * * * * * *

I live for those who love me, for those who know me true;
For the heaven that smiles above me, and awaits my spirit too;
For the cause that lacks assistance, for the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance, and the good that I can do.

— G. LINNÆUS BANKS.

THE BROWN THRUSH

THERE'S a merry brown thrush sitting up in a tree.
He's singing to me! he's singing to me!
And what does he say, little girl, little boy?
"Oh! the world's running over with joy!
Don't you hear? Don't you see?
Hush! look in this tree,
I'm as happy as happy can be."

And the brown thrush keeps singing, "A nest do you see,
And five eggs are hid in the big cherry tree?
Don't meddle, don't touch, little girl, little boy,
Or the world will lose some of its joy!

Now I'm glad! now I'm free!
And I always shall be,
If you never bring sorrow to me."

So the merry brown thrush sings away in the tree,
To you and to me, to you and to me;
And he sings all the day, little girl, little boy;
"Oh, the world's running over with joy!
But long it won't be —
Don't you know? don't you see?
Unless we're as good as we ever should be."

— LUCY LARCOM.

THE TREE

GREEN stood the Tree, with its leaves tender-bright.
"Shall I take them?" said Frost, as he breathed thro' the night.
"Oh! pray let them be,
Till my blossoms you see!"
Begged the Tree, as she shivered and shook in affright.

Sweet sang the birds the fair blossoms among.
"Shall I take them?" said Wind, as he swayed them and swung.
"Oh! pray let them be,
Till my berries you see!"
Begged the Tree, as its branches all quivering hung.

Bright grew the berries beneath the sun's heat.
"Shall I take them?" said Lassie, so young and so sweet.
"Ah! take them, I crave,
Take all that I have!"
Begged the Tree, as it bent its full boughs to her feet.

— BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON.

WISHING

RING-TING! I wish I were a Primrose,
A bright yellow Primrose, blowing in the spring!
  The stooping bough above me,
  The wandering bee to love me,
The fern and moss to creep across,
  And the Elm-tree for our king!

Nay, — stay! I wish I were an Elm-tree,
A great lofty Elm-tree, with green leaves gay!
  The winds would set them dancing,
  The sun and moonshine glance in,
And birds would house among the boughs,
  And sweetly sing.

Oh — no! I wish I were a Robin, —
A Robin, or a little Wren, everywhere to go,
  Through forest, field, or garden,
  And ask no leave or pardon,
Till winter comes with icy thumbs
  To ruffle up our wing!

Well, — tell! where should I fly to,
Where go sleep in the dark wood or dell?
  Before the day was over,
  Home must come the rover,
For mother's kiss, — sweeter this
  Than any other thing.

— WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

THE OWL AND THE PUSSY CAT

THE Owl and the Pussy Cat went to sea
  In a beautiful pea-green boat.

They took some honey, and plenty of money
  Wrapped up in a five-pound note.
The Owl looked up to the moon above,
  And sang to a small guitar,
"Oh, lovely Pussy! O Pussy, my love!
  What a beautiful Pussy you are, — you are;
  What a beautiful Pussy you are!"

Pussy said to the Owl, "You elegant fowl!
  How wonderful sweet you sing!
Oh, let us be married, — too long we have tarried, —
  But what shall we do for a ring?"
They sailed away for a year and a day
  To the land where the Bong-tree grows,
And there in a wood, a piggy-wig stood
  With a ring in the end of his nose, — his nose;
  With a ring in the end of his nose.

"Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling
  Your ring?" Said the piggy, "I will."
So they took it away, and were married next day
  By the turkey who lives on the hill.
They dined upon mince and slices of quince,
  Which they ate with a runcible spoon,
And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,
  They danced by the light of the moon, — the moon;
  They danced by the light of the moon.

— EDWARD LEAR.

THE VIOLET

DOWN in a green and shady bed
  A modest violet grew,

Its stalk was bent, it hung its head,
  As if to hide from view.

And yet it was a lovely flower,
  Its colors bright and fair;
It might have graced a rosy bower
  Instead of hiding there.

Yet there it was content to bloom
  In modest tints arrayed;
And there diffused its sweet perfume
  Within the silent shade.

Then let me to the valley go,
  This pretty flower to see,
That I may also learn to grow
  In sweet humility.

—JANE TAYLOR.

HIAWATHA'S CHILDHOOD

AT the door on summer evenings,
Sat the little Hiawatha;
Heard the whispering of the pine-trees,
Heard the lapping of the water,
Sounds of music, words of wonder;
"Minne-wawa!" said the pine-trees,
"Mudway-aushka!" said the water.
  Saw the fire-fly, Wah-wah-taysee,
Flitting through the dusk of evening,
With the twinkle of its candle
Lighting up the brakes and bushes.
And he sang the song of children,

Sang the song Nokomis taught him:
"Wah-wah-taysee, little fire-fly,
Little, flitting, white-fire insect,
Little, dancing, white-fire creature,
Light me with your little candle,
Ere upon my bed I lay me,
Ere in sleep I close my eyelids!"
Saw the moon rise from the water,
Rippling, rounding from the water,
Saw the flecks and shadows on it,
Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered,
"Once a warrior, very angry,
Seized his grandmother and threw her
Up into the sky at midnight;
Right against the moon he threw her;
'Tis her body that you see there."
Saw the rainbow in the heaven,
In the eastern sky the rainbow,
Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:
"'Tis the heaven of flowers you see there:
All the wild-flowers of the forest,
All the lilies of the prairie,
When on earth they fade and perish
Blossom in that heaven above us."

* * * * *

Then the little Hiawatha
Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How they built their nests in summer,
Where they hid themselves in winter,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Chickens."

Of all beasts he learned the language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How the beavers built their lodges,
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
Why the rabbit was so timid,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Brothers."

HIAWATHA'S SAILING

"GIVE me of your bark, O Birch Tree!
Of your yellow bark, O Birch Tree!
Growing by the rushing river,
Tall and stately in the valley!
I a light canoe will build me,
Build a swift Cheemaun for sailing,
That shall float upon the river,
Like a yellow leaf in autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily!
Lay aside your cloak, O Birch Tree!
Lay aside your white-skin wrapper,
For the summer time is coming,
And the sun is warm in heaven,
And you need no white-skin wrapper!"
Thus aloud cried Hiawatha
In the solitary forest,
By the rushing Taquamenaw,
When the birds were singing gayly,
In the Moon of Leaves were singing.
And the Sun, from sleep awaking,
Started up and said, "Behold me!
Geezis, the great Sun, behold me!"

And the tree with all its branches
Rustled in the breeze of morning,
Saying, with a sigh of patience,
"Take my cloak, O Hiawatha!"
With his knife the tree he girdled,
Just beneath its lowest branches,
Just above the roots, he cut it,
Till the sap came oozing outward;
Down the trunk, from top to bottom,
Sheer he cleft the bark asunder,
With a wooden wedge he raised it,
Stripped it from the trunk unbroken.

* * * * *

Thus the Birch Canoe was builded,
In the valley by the river,
In the bosom of the forest;
And the forest's life was in it,
All its mystery and its magic,
All the lightness of the birch tree,
All the toughness of the cedar,
All the larch's supple sinews;
And it floated on the river
Like a yellow leaf in autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily.

— HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

GRADE 3 B

THE WONDERFUL WORLD

GREAT, wide, wonderful, beautiful World,
With the wonderful water about you curled

And the wonderful grass upon your breast —
World, you are beautifully dressed!

The wonderful air is over me,
And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree;
It walks on the water and whirls the mills,
And talks to itself on the tops of the hills.

You friendly Earth, how far do you go,
With wheat fields that nod, and rivers that flow,
And cities and gardens, and oceans and isles,
And people upon you for thousands of miles?

Oh! you are so great and I am so small
I hardly can think of you, World, at all;
And yet, when I said my prayers to-day
My mother kissed me, and said, quite gay,

"If the wonderful World is great to you,
And great to father and mother, too,
You are more than the Earth, though you are such a dot!
You can love and think, and the Earth cannot!"

— WILLIAM BRIGHTY RANDS.

MARJORIE'S ALMANAC

ROBINS in the tree top,
  Blossoms in the grass,
Green things a-growing
  Everywhere you pass;
Sudden little breezes,
  Showers of silver dew,
Black bough and bent twig
  Budding out anew;

Pine tree and willow tree,
  Fringéd elm, and larch, —
Don't you think that May-time's
  Pleasanter than March?

Apples in the orchard
  Mellowing one by one;
Strawberries upturning
  Soft cheeks to the sun;
Roses faint with sweetness,
  Lilies fair of face,
Drowsy scents and murmurs
  Haunting every place;
Lengths of golden sunshine,
  Moonlight bright as day, —
Don't you think that summer's
  Pleasanter than May?

Roger in the corn-patch
  Whistling negro songs;
Pussy by the hearthside
  Romping with the tongs;
Chestnuts in the ashes,
  Bursting through the rind;
Red leaf and gold leaf
  Rustling down the wind;
Mother "doin' peaches"
  All the afternoon, —
Don't you think that autumn's
  Pleasanter than June?

Little fairy snow-flakes
  Dancing in the flue;
Old Mr. Santa Claus,
  What is keeping you?

Twilight and firelight
  Shadows come and go;
Merry chime of sleigh bells
  Tinkling through the snow;
Mother knitting stockings
  (Pussy's got the ball),—
Don't you think that winter's
  Pleasanter than all?

— THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS

'TWAS the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;
And Mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap,
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon, on the breast of the new-fallen snow,
Gave a luster of midday to objects below;
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name:

"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and Vixen!
On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donder and Blitzen! —
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall!
Now, dash away, dash away, dash away, all!"
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
So, up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys — and St. Nicholas, too.
And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.
His eyes how they twinkled! his dimples how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke, it encircled his head like a wreath;
He had a broad face and a little round belly
That shook, when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly.
He was chubby and plump — a right jolly old elf;
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself;
A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle;

But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good night!"

— CLEMENT C. MOORE.

THE OWL

WHEN the cats run home and the light is come,
  And dew is cold upon the ground,
And the far-off stream is dumb,
  And the whirring sail goes round,
  And the whirring sail goes round,
    Alone and warming his five wits,
    The white owl in the belfry sits.

When merry milk-maids click the latch
  And rarely smells the new-mown hay,
And the cock hath sung beneath the thatch
  Twice or thrice his roundelay,
  Twice or thrice his roundelay,
    Alone and warming his five wits,
    The white owl in the belfry sits.

— ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER

WE were crowded in the cabin,
  Not a soul would dare to sleep,—
It was midnight on the waters,
  And a storm was on the deep.

'Tis is a fearful thing in winter
  To be shattered in the blast,

And to hear the rattling trumpet
  Thunder, "Cut away the mast!"

So we shuddered there in silence, —
  For the stoutest held his breath,
While the hungry sea was roaring,
  And the breakers talked with Death.

As thus we sat in darkness,
  Each one busy in his prayers, —
"We are lost!" the captain shouted,
  As he staggered down the stairs.

But his little daughter whispered,
  As she took his icy hand,
"Is not God upon the Ocean,
  Just the same as on the land?"

Then we kissed the little maiden,
  And we spoke in better cheer;
And we anchored safe in harbor
  When the morn was shining clear.

— JAMES T. FIELDS.

SWEET AND LOW

SWEET and low, sweet and low,
  Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
  Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
  Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
  Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
  Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest, —
Silver sails all out of the west
  Under the silver moon:
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep!

— ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

GRADE 4 A

THE NIGHT WIND

HAVE you ever heard the wind go "Yooooo"?
  'Tis a pitiful sound to hear!
It seems to chill you through and through
  With a strange and speechless fear.
'Tis the voice of the night that broods outside
  When folk should be asleep,
And many and many's the time I've cried
To the darkness brooding far and wide
  Over the land and the deep:
"Whom do you want, O lonely night,
  That you wail the long hours through?"
And the night would say in its ghostly way:
  "Yoooooooo!
  Yoooooooo!
  Yoooooooo!"

My mother told me long ago
  (When I was a little lad)

That when the night went wailing so,
  Somebody had been bad;
And then, when I was snug in bed,
  Whither I had been sent,
With the blankets pulled up round my head,
I'd think of what my mother'd said,
  And wonder what boy she meant!
And "Who's been bad to-day?" I'd ask
  Of the wind that hoarsely blew,
And the voice would say in its meaningful way:
    "Yooooooo!
      Yooooooo!
      Yooooooo!"

That this was true I must allow —
  You'll not believe it, though!
Yes, though I'm quite a model now,
  I was not always so.
And if you doubt what things I say,
  Suppose you make the test;
Suppose, when you've been bad some day
And up to bed are sent away
  From mother and the rest —
Suppose you ask, "Who has been bad?"
  And then you'll hear what's true;
For the wind will moan in its ruefulest tone:
    "Yooooooo!
      Yooooooo!
      Yooooooo!"

— EUGENE FIELD.

From "Poems of Childhood," by Eugene Field, published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

BETWEEN the dark and the daylight,
  When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
  That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
  The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
  And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
  Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice and laughing Allegra,
  And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence;
  Yet I know by their merry eyes,
They are plotting and planning together
  To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
  A sudden raid from the hall!
By three doors left unguarded
  They enter my castle wall!

They climb up into my turret
  O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape, they surround me;
  They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
  Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
  In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine.

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
  Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old mustache as I am
  Is not a match for you all?

I have you fast in my fortress,
  And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeons
  In the round tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,
  Yes, forever and a day,
Till the wall shall crumble to ruin,
  And molder in dust away.

— HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

JACK FROST

THE Frost looked forth on a still, clear night,
And whispered, "Now, I shall be out of sight;
So, through the valley, and over the height,
  In silence I'll take my way.
I will not go on like that blustering train,
The wind, and the snow, the hail and the rain,
That makes such a bustle and noise in vain;
  But I'll be as busy as they!"

So he flew to the mountain, and powdered its crest,
He lit on the trees, and their boughs he dressed
With diamonds and pearls; and over the breast
  Of the quivering lake, he spread
A coat of mail, that it need not fear

The glittering point of many a spear
Which he flung on its margin, far and near,
  Where a rock could rear its head;

He went to the window of those who slept,
And over each pane like a fairy crept:
Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepped,
  By the morning light were seen
Most beautiful things! — there were flowers and trees,
There were bevies of birds, and swarms of bees;
There were cities, and temples, and towers; and these
  All pictured in silvery sheen!

But he did one thing that was hardly fair;
He peeped in the cupboard, and finding there
That all had forgotten for him to prepare,
  "Now, just to set them a-thinking,
I'll bite this basket of fruit," said he,
"This costly pitcher I'll burst in three!
And the glass of water they've left for me,
  Shall 'tchick,' to tell them I'm drinking."

— HANNAH GOULD.

ROBERT OF LINCOLN

MERRILY swinging on brier and weed,
  Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain side or mead,
  Robert of Lincoln is telling his name:
    "Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
    Spink, spank, spink,
Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers.
    Chee, chee, chee."

Robert of Lincoln is gayly dressed,
  Wearing a bright, black wedding coat;
White are his shoulders and white his crest.
  Hear him call in his merry note:
    "Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
    Spink, spank, spink,
Look what a nice new coat is mine;
Sure there was never a bird so fine.
    Chee, chee, chee."

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
  Pretty and quaint, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
  Broods in the grass while her husband sings:
    "Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
    Spink, spank, spink,
Brood, kind creature, you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.
    Chee, chee, chee."

* * * * * *

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
  Flecked with purple, a pretty sight,
There as the mother sits all day,
  Robert is singing with all his might:
    "Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
    Spink, spank, spink,
Nice good wife that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about.
    Chee, chee, chee."

Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
  Six wide mouths are opened for food;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
  Gathering food for the hungry brood,

"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
Chee, chee, chee."

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work, and silent with care;
Off is his holiday garment laid,
Half forgotten that merry air:
"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
Nobody knows but my mate and I,
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
Chee, chee, chee."

Summer wanes; the children are grown;
Fun and frolic no more he knows;
Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone,
Off he flies and we sing as he goes:
"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln, come back again,
Chee, chee, chee."

— WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

"HE PRAYETH BEST"

HE prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.
He prayeth best who loveth best

All things both great and small;
For the dear God Who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

— SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS

IT was the schooner Hesperus,
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
With his pipe in his mouth,
And watch'd how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now west, now south.

Then up and spake an old sailor,
Had sailed the Spanish Main,
"I pray thee put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night, the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see!"
The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the northeast;

The snow fell hissing in the brine,
  And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain,
  The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused, like a frightened steed,
  Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my little daughter,
  And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale
  That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat
  Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
  And bound her to the mast.

"O father! I hear the church bells ring,
  Oh, say, what may it be?"
"'Tis a fog-bell, on a rock-bound coast!" —
  And he steered for the open sea.

"O father! I hear the sound of guns,
  Oh, say, what may it be?"
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
  In such an angry sea!"

"O father! I see a gleaming light,
  Oh, say, what may it be?"
But the father answered never a word,
  A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
  With his face turned to the skies,

The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
  On his fixed and glassy eyes.

* * * * * *

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
  Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
  Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

* * * * * *

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
  Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they gored her sides
  Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
  With the masts went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank,
  Ho! Ho! the breakers roared!

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach
  A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair
  Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
  The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair like the brown sea-weed
  On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus
  In the midnight and the snow!
Christ save us all from a death like this,
  On the reef of Norman's Woe!

— HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

GRADE 4 B

THE FOUNTAIN

INTO the sunshine,
  Full of the light,
Leaping and flashing
  From morn till night;

Into the moonlight,
  Whiter than snow,
Waving so flower-like
  When the winds blow;

Into the starlight,
  Rushing in spray,
Happy at midnight,
  Happy by day;

Ever in motion,
  Blithsome and cheery,
Still climbing heavenward,
  Never aweary; —

Glad of all weathers
  Still seeming best,
Upward or downward,
  Motion thy rest;

Full of a nature
  Nothing can tame,
Changed every moment,
  Ever the same;

Ceaseless aspiring,
  Ceaseless content,

Darkness or sunshine
  Thy element;

Glorious fountain,
  Let my heart be,
Fresh, changeful, constant,
  Upward, like thee!

— JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

SEPTEMBER

THE golden-rod is yellow,
The corn is turning brown,
The trees and apple orchards
With fruit are bending down.

The gentian's bluest fringes
Are curling in the sun,
In dusty pods the milkweed
Its hidden silk has spun.

The sedges flaunt their harvest,
In every meadow nook,
Asters by the brook-side
Make asters in the brook.

From dewy lanes at morning
The grapes' sweet odors rise,
At noon the roads all flutter
With yellow butterflies.

By all these lovely tokens,
September days are here,

With summer's best of weather,
And autumn's best of cheer.

— HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

UNDER a spreading chestnut-tree
  The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
  With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
  Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
  His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
  He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
  For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night
  You can hear his bellows blow,
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
  With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
  When the evening sun is low.

And the children coming home from school,
  Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
  And hear the bellows roar,

And catch the burning sparks that fly
  Like chaff from a threshing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
  And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
  He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
  And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
  Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
  How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
  A tear out of his eyes.

Tolling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
  Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begun
  Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done
  Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
  For the lesson thou hast taught;
Thus at the flaming forge of life
  Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
  Each burning deed and thought!

— HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

A FABLE

THE mountain and the squirrel
Had a quarrel,
And the former called the latter "Little Prig";
Bun replied,
"You are doubtless very big,
But all sorts of things and weather
Must be taken in together
To make up a year
And a sphere.
And I think it no disgrace
To occupy my place:
If I'm not so large as you,
You are not so small as I,
And not half so spry.
I'll not deny you make
A very pretty squirrel track;
Talents differ; all is well and wisely put;
If I cannot carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut."

— RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

THE BAREFOOT BOY

BLESSINGS on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lips, redder still,
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace:

From my heart I give thee joy;
I was once a barefoot boy!

* * * * *

Oh for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules;
Knowledge (never learned of schools).
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl, and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood,
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground-mole sinks his well;
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the ground-nut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine;
Of the black wasp's cunning way, —
Mason of his walls of clay, —
And the architectural plans
Of gray hornet artizans! —
For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks;
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy, —
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

* * * * *

Cheerily, then, my little man,
Live and laugh, as boyhood can,
Though the flinty slopes be hard,

Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew;
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat;
All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison-cells of pride,
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's for work be shod,
Made to tread the mills of toil
Up and down in ceaseless moil;
Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground, —
Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
Ah! that thou couldst know thy joy,
Ere it passes, Barefoot Boy!

—JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

GRADE 5 A

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS

THE breaking waves dashed high
  On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
  Their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark
  The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
  On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came,
Not with the roll of the stirring drums
And the trumpet that speaks of fame.

* * * * * *

Not as the flying come,
In silence, and in fear; —
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amid the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthems of the free!

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam;
And the rocking pine of the forest roared, —
This was their welcome home!

* * * * *

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas; the spoils of war? —
They sought a faith's pure shrine.

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod;
They have left unstained what there they found —
Freedom to worship God.

— FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

THE DAY IS DONE

THE day is done, and the darkness
  Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
  From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
  Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me
  That my soul cannot resist:

A feeling of sadness and longing,
  That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
  As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,
  Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling
  And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
  Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
  Through the corridors of Time.

* * * * *

Read from some humble poet,
  Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
  Or tears from the eyelids start;

* * * * *

Such songs have power to quiet
  The restless pulse of care,

And come like the benediction
  That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
  The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
  The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
  And the cares that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
  And as silently steal away.

— HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

SONG

UNDER the greenwood tree
  Who loves to lie with me,
  And turn his merry note
  Unto the sweet bird's throat —
Come hither, come hither, come hither!
        Here shall he see
        No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

  Who doth ambition shun
  And loves to live i' the sun,
  Seeking the food he eats,
  And pleased with what he gets —
Come hither, come hither, come hither!
        Here shall he see
        No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

— WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (*As You Like It*).

A SEA DIRGE

FULL fathom five thy father lies;
  Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes;
  Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
  Into something rich and strange.
Sea nymphs hourly ring his knell:
  Hark, now I hear them, —
    Ding, dong, bell.
    — WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (*The Tempest*).

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE!

WOODMAN, spare that tree!
  Touch not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
  And I'll protect it now.
'Twas my forefather's hand
  That placed it near his cot;
There, woodman, let it stand,
  Thy ax shall harm it not!

That old familiar tree,
  Whose glory and renown,
Are spread o'er land and sea —
  And would'st thou hew it down?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
  Cut not its earth-bound ties;
Oh, spare that aged oak,
  Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy,
  I sought its grateful shade;
In all their gushing joy,
  Here, too, my sisters played;
My mother kissed me here;
  My father pressed my hand —
Forgive this foolish tear,
  But let the old oak stand!

My heart-strings round thee cling,
  Close as thy bark, old friend!
Here shall the wild bird sing,
  And still thy branches bend.
Old tree! the storm still brave!
  And, woodman, leave the spot;
While I've a hand to save,
  Thy ax shall harm it not.

— GEORGE P. MORRIS.

THE GLADNESS OF NATURE

Is this the time to be cloudy and sad,
  When our mother Nature laughs around, —
When even the deep blue heavens look glad,
  And gladness breathes from the blossoming ground?

There are notes of joy from the hang-bird and wren,
  And the gossip of swallows through all the sky;
The ground squirrel gayly chirps by his den,
  And the wilding-bee hums merrily by.

The clouds are at play in the azure space,
  And their shadows at play on the bright green vale,

And here they stretch to the frolic chase,
  And there they roll on the easy gale.

There's a dance of leaves in that aspen bower,
  There's a titter of winds in that beechen tree,
There's a smile on the fruit, and a smile on the flower,
  And a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea.

And look on the broad-faced sun, how he smiles
  On the dewy earth that smiles in his ray,
On the leaping waters and gay young isles, —
  Ay, look, and he'll smile thy gloom away!

— WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

EXCELSIOR

THE shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye beneath,
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath;
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright,
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Excelsior!

"Try not the Pass!" the old man said;
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead;
The roaring torrent is deep and wide."
And loud the clarion voice replied,
Excelsior!

"Oh, stay," the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered, with a sigh,
Excelsior!

"Beware the pine-tree's withered branch!
Beware the awful avalanche,"
This was the peasant's last good-night.
A voice replied, far up the height,
Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of St. Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior!

A traveler, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

There in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful he lay;
And from the sky, serene and far
A voice fell like a falling star,
Excelsior!

— HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

THE ARROW AND THE SONG

I SHOT an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak,
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

— HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

GRADE 5 B

THE WORLD WANTS MEN

THE world wants men, large-hearted, manly men,
Men who shall join its chorus and prolong
The song of labor and the song of love.

The time wants scholars, scholars who shall shape
The doubtful destiny of dubious years
And land the ark that bears our country's good
Safe on some peaceful Ararat at last.

The age wants heroes, heroes who shall dare
To struggle in the solid ranks of truth;
To clutch the monster error by the throat;

To bear opinion to a loftier seat;
To plot the era of oppression out
  And lead a universal freedom in.

  And Heaven wants souls; fresh and capacious souls
To taste its rapture and expand like flowers
Beneath the glory of the central Sun.
It wants fresh souls — not lean and shriveled ones —
  It wants fresh souls, my brother, give it thine.

  If thou indeed wilt be a hero and wilt strive
To help thy fellow and exalt thyself,
Thy feet at last shall stand on jasper floors,
Thy heart shall seem a thousand hearts,
Each single heart with myriad raptures filled,
Whilst thou shalt sit with princes and with kings,
  Rich in the jewel of a ransomed soul.

— ANON.

ALADDIN

WHEN I was a beggarly boy,
  And lived in a cellar damp,
I had not a friend nor a toy,
  But I had Aladdin's lamp;
When I could not sleep for the cold,
  I had fire enough in my brain,
And builded with roofs of gold,
  My beautiful castles in Spain!

Since then I have toiled day and night,
  I've had money and power good store,
But I'd give all my lamps of silver bright,
  For the one that is mine no more;

Take, Fortune, whatever you choose,
  You gave, and may snatch again;
I have nothing 'twould pain me to lose,
  For I own no more castles in Spain.

— JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

A PSALM OF LIFE

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
"Life is but an empty dream!"
For the soul is dead that slumbers
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act — act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

— HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN

THOU blossom bright with autumn dew,
And colored with heaven's own blue,
That openest, when the quiet light
Succeeds the keen and frosty night.

Thou comest not when violets lean
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,
Or columbines, in purple dressed,
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.

Thou waitest late and com'st alone,
When woods are bare and birds are flown,
And frosts and shortening days portend
The aged year is near his end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
Look through its fringes to the sky,
Blue — blue — as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see
The hour of death draw near to me,
Hope, blossoming within my heart,
May look to heaven as I depart.

— WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THE PLANTING OF THE APPLE-TREE

COME, let us plant the apple-tree.
Cleave the tough greensward with the spade;
Wide let its hollow bed be made;
There gently lay the roots, and there
Sift the dark mold with kindly care,
And press it o'er them tenderly,
As, round the sleeping infant's feet,
We softly fold the cradle-sheet;
So plant we the apple-tree.

What plant we in the apple-tree?
Buds, which the breath of summer days
Shall lengthen into leafy sprays;
Boughs where the thrush, with crimson breast,
Shall haunt and sing and hide her nest;
We plant upon the sunny lea,

A shadow for the noontide hour,
A shelter from the summer shower,
When we plant the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree?
Sweets for a hundred flowery springs
To load the May-wind's restless wings,
When, from the orchard row, he pours
Its fragrance through the open doors;
A world of blossoms for the bee,
Flowers for the sick girl's silent room,
For the glad infant sprigs of bloom,
We plant with the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree?
Fruits that shall swell in sunny June,
And redden in the August noon,
And drop, when gentle airs come by,
That fan the blue September sky,
While children come, with cries of glee,
And seek them where the fragrant grass
Betrays their bed to those who pass,
At the foot of the apple-tree.

And when above this apple-tree,
The winter stars are quivering bright,
And winds go howling through the night,
Girls, whose young eyes o'erflow with mirth,
Shall peel its fruit by cottage hearth,
And guests in prouder homes shall see,
Heaped with the grape of Cintra's vine,
And golden orange of the line,
The fruit of the apple-tree.

The fruitage of this apple-tree
Winds and our flag of stripe and star
Shall bear to coasts that lie afar,
Where men shall wonder at the view,
And ask in what fair groves they grew;
And sojourners beyond the sea
Shall think of childhood's careless day,
And long, long hours of summer play,
In the shade of the apple-tree.

* * * * *

"Who planted this old apple-tree?"
The children of that distant day
Thus to some aged man shall say;
And, gazing on its mossy stem,
The gray-haired man shall answer them:
"A poet of the land was he,
Born in the rude by good old times;
'Tis said he made some quaint old rhymes,
On planting the apple-tree."

— WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE

UP from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,

Fair as a garden of the Lord
  To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,

On that pleasant morn of the early fall,
  When Lee marched over the mountain wall, —

Over the mountains winding down,
  Horse and foot, into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
  Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind: the sun
  Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
  Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
  She took up the flag the men hauled down;

In her attic window the staff she set,
  To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
  Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right
  He glanced; the old flag met his sight.

"Halt!" — the dust-brown ranks stood fast.
  "Fire!" — out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash;
  It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick as it fell, from the broken staff
  Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf,

She leaned far out on the window-sill,
  And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
  But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
  Over the face of the leader came;

The nobler nature within him stirred
  To life at that woman's deed and word:

"Who touches a hair of yon gray head
  Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

All day long through Frederick street
  Sounded the tread of marching feet:

All day long that free flag tost
  Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell,
  On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light
  Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
  And the rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her! and let a tear
  Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

* * * * * *

— JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

TO-DAY

So here hath been dawning
  Another blue day:
Think, wilt thou let it
  Slip useless away?

Out of eternity
  This new day was born;
Into Eternity
  At night will return.

Behold it aforetime
  No eye ever did;
So soon it forever
  From all eyes is hid.

Here hath been dawning
  Another blue day:
Think, wilt thou let it
  Slip useless away?

— THOMAS CARLYLE.

GRADE 6 A

ORPHEUS WITH HIS LUTE

ORPHEUS with his lute made trees,
And the mountain tops that freeze,
  Bow themselves, when he did sing:

To his music plants and flowers
Ever sprung, as sun and showers
  There had made a lasting spring.

Everything that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
  Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart
  Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.
— SHAKESPEARE (*King Henry VIII*).

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen:
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and forever grew still!

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal!
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

— GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON.

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT

Is there, for honest poverty
  That hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward slave, we pass him by,
  We dare be poor for a' that.
    For a' that, and a' that,
      Our toils obscure, and a' that,
    The rank is but the guinea stamp,
      The man's the gowd for a' that!

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
  Wear hodden-gray, and a' that;
Give fools their silks, and knaves their wine, —
  A man's a man for a' that.
    For a' that and a' that,
      Their tinsel show, and a' that;
    The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
      Is king o' men for a' that!

* * * * *

A prince can mak' a belted knight,
  A marquis, duke, and a' that;

But an honest man's aboon his might,
  Gude faith he mauna fa' that!
    For a' that and a' that,
      Their dignities and a' that,
    The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
      Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
  As come it will for a' that,
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
  May bear the 'gree and a' that.
    For a' that, and a' that,
      It's coming yet, for a' that,
    When man to man, the world o'er,
      Shall brothers be, for a' that.

— ROBERT BURNS.

THE MINSTREL-BOY

THE Minstrel-boy to the war is gone,
  In the ranks of death you'll find him,
His father's sword he has girded on,
  And his wild harp slung behind him.
"Land of song!" said the warrior-bard,
  "Though all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
  One faithful harp shall praise thee!"

The Minstrel fell! — but the foeman's chain
  Could not bring his proud soul under;
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
  For he tore its chords asunder,
And said, "No chains shall sully thee,
  Thou soul of love and bravery!

Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
They shall never sound in slavery!"

— THOMAS MOORE.

ABOU BEN ADHEM

ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold; —
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the Presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" — The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel — Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still, and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And lo, Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!

— LEIGH HUNT.

THE FIRST SNOWFALL

THE snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock
  Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm-tree
  Was ridged inch deep with pearl.

From sheds new-roofed with Carrara
  Came Chanticleer's muffled crow,
The stiff rails softened to swan's down,
  And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched at the window
  The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snow-birds,
  Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn,
  Where a little headstone stood;
How the flakes were folding it gently,
  As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,
  Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"
And I told of the good All-father
  Who cares for us here below.

Again I looked at the snowfall,
  And thought of the leaden sky
That arched o'er our first great sorrow,
  When that mound was heaped so high.

I remembered the gradual patience
  That fell from that cloud like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
  The scar that renewed our woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
"The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the merciful Father
Alone can make it fall!"

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her;
And she, kissing back, could not know
That *my* kiss was given to her sister,
Folded close under deepening snow.

— JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

NOBILITY

TRUE worth is in being, not seeming,
In doing each day, as it goes by,
Some little good — not in the dreaming
Of great things to do by and by.
For whatever men say in blindness,
And spite of the fancies of youth,
There's nothing so kingly as kindness
And nothing so royal as truth.

We get back our mete, as we measure,
We cannot do wrong and feel right,
Nor can we give pain and gain pleasure,
For justice avenges each slight.
The air for the wing of the sparrow,
The bush for the robin and wren,
But always the path that is narrow
And straight for the children of men.

'Tis not in the pages of story
The heart of its ills to beguile,
Though he who makes courtship to glory

Gives all that he hath for her smile.
For when from her heights he hath won her,
Alas! it is only to prove
That nothing's so sacred as honor,
And nothing's so loyal as love.

We cannot make bargains for blisses,
Nor catch them like fishes in nets,
And sometimes the thing our life misses,
Helps more than the thing which it gets.
For good lieth not in pursuing
Nor gaining of great nor of small,
But just in the doing and doing
As we would be done by, by all.

Through envy, through malice, through hating
Against the world early and late,
No jot of our courage abating, —
Our part is to work and to wait.
And slight is the sting of his trouble
Whose winnings are less than his worth,
For he who is honest is noble
Whatever his fortune or birth.

— ALICE CARY.

SHERIDAN'S RIDE

UP from the South at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste, to the chieftain's door
The terrible grumble, and rumble and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar;
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold,
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
  And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good, broad highway leading down;
And there, through the flush of the morning light,
A steed as black as the steeds of night,
Was seen to pass, as with eagle flight;
As if he knew the terrible need,
He stretched away with his utmost speed;
Hills rose and fell, — but his heart was gay,
  With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

* * * * * *

Under his spurning feet the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind
Like an ocean flying before the wind,
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace fire,
Swept on, with his wild eyes full of ire;
But lo! he is nearing his heart's desire;
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
  With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the General saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops;
What was done? — what to do? — a glance told him both,
Then striking his spurs, with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the line 'mid a storm of huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there, because

The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger was gray;
By the flash of his eye and the red nostril's play,
He seemed to the whole great army to say:
"I've brought you Sheridan all the way,
From Winchester, down to save the day!"

Hurrah! hurrah for Sheridan!
Hurrah! hurrah for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high,
Under the dome of the Union sky —
The American soldiers' Temple of Fame —
There with the glorious general's name,
Be it said, in letters both bold and bright,
"Here is the steed that saved the day,
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
From Winchester, twenty miles away!"

— THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

SONG OF MARION'S MEN

OUR band is few but true and tried,
Our leader frank and bold;
The British soldier trembles
When Marion's name is told.
Our fortress is the good greenwood,
Our tent the cypress-tree;
We know the forest round us,
As seamen know the sea.
We know its walls of thorny vines,
Its glades of reedy grass,
Its safe and silent islands
Within the dark morass.

Woe to the English soldiery
  That little dread us near!
On them shall light at midnight
  A strange and sudden fear;
When, waking to their tents on fire,
  They grasp their arms in vain,
And they who stand to face us
  Are beat to earth again;
And they who fly in terror deem
  A might host behind,
And hear the tramp of thousands
  Upon the hollow wind.

Then sweet the hour that brings release
  From danger and from toil;
We talk the battle over,
  And share the battle's spoil.
The woodland rings with laugh and shout,
  As if a hunt were up,
And woodland flowers are gathered,
  To crown the soldiers' cup.
With merry songs we mock the wind
  That in the pinetop grieves,
And slumber long and sweetly
  On the beds of oaken leaves.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon
  The band that Marion leads —
The glitter of their rifles,
  The scampering of their steeds.
'Tis life to guide the fiery barb
  Across the moonlight plain;
'Tis life to feel the night-wind
  That lifts his tossing mane.

A moment in the British camp —
  A moment — and away
Back to the pathless forest,
  Before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad Santee,
  Grave men with hoary hairs;
Their hearts are all with Marion,
  For Marion are their prayers.
And lovely ladies greet our band
  With kindliest welcoming,
With smiles like those of summer,
  And tears like those of spring.
For them we wear these trusty arms,
  And lay them down no more
Till we have driven the Briton,
  Forever, from our shore.

— WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

GRADE 6 B

THE SPACIOUS FIRMAMENT

THE Spacious Firmament on high,
  With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
  Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
  Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
  The work of an almighty hand.
Soon as the evening shades prevail,
  The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,

And nightly to the listening earth
  Repeats the story of her birth;
While all the stars that round her burn,
  And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
  And spread the truth from pole to pole.
What though, in solemn silence, all
  Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice, nor sound,
  Amid their radiant orbs be found?
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
  And utter forth a glorious voice;
Forever singing as they shine,
  "The hand that made us is divine."

—ADDISON.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE

NOT a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
  As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
  O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
  The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
  And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
  Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest
  With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
  And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
  And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought as we hollowed his narrow bed,
  And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
  And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
  And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him, —
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
  In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
  When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
  That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
  From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone —
  But we left him alone with his glory.

— CHARLES WOLFE.

THE BUILDERS

ALL are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time;
  Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

  Nothing useless is, or low;
Each thing in its place is best;

And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.

* * * *

In the elder days of Art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part;
For the Gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen;
Make the house, where Gods may dwell,
Beautiful, entire, and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete
Standing in these walls of time,
Broken stairways, where the feet
Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base;
And ascending and secure
Shall to-morrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain
To those turrets, where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain,
And one boundless reach of sky.

— HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

OLD IRONSIDES

AY, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,

And many an eye has danced to see
  That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle shout,
  And burst the cannon's roar; —
The meteor of the ocean air
  Shall sweep the clouds no more!

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
  Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood
  And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
  Or know the conquered knee; —
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
  The eagle of the sea!

Oh, better that her shattered hulk
  Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunder shook the mighty deep,
  And there should be her grave;
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
  Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms, —
  The lightning and the gale!

— OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

ONE BY ONE

ONE by one the sands are flowing,
  One by one the moments fall;
Some are coming, some are going;
  Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee,
  Let thy whole strength go to each;
Let no further dreams elate thee,
  Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one (bright gifts from Heaven),
  Joys are sent thee here below;
Take them readily when given,
  Ready, too, to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee,
  Do not fear an arméd band;
One will fade as others greet thee;
  Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow;
  See how small each moment's pain;
God will help thee for to-morrow,
  So each day begin again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly
  Has its task to do or bear;
Luminous the crown, and holy,
  When each gem is set with care.

Do not linger with regretting,
  Or for passing hours despond;
Nor, the daily toil forgetting,
  Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's token
  Reaching heaven; but one by one
Take them, lest the chain be broken
  Ere the pilgrimage be done.

— ADELAIDE PROCTER.

"BREATHES THERE THE MAN"

BREATHES there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
  This is my own — my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
  From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim, —
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentered all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

— SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

BY the flow of the inland river,
  Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave grass quiver,
  Asleep are the ranks of the dead;
Under the sod and the dew,
  Waiting the judgment day;
Under the one, the Blue,
  Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
  Those in the gloom of defeat;

All with the battle blood gory,
  In the dusk of eternity meet;
Under the sod and the dew,
  Waiting the judgment day;
Under the laurel, the Blue,
  Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours,
  The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers
  Alike for the friend and the foe;
Under the sod and the dew,
  Waiting the judgment day;
Under the roses, the Blue,
  Under the lilies, the Gray.

So with an equal splendor
  The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
  On the blossoms blooming for all:
Under the sod and the dew,
  Waiting the judgment day;
Broidered with gold, the Blue,
  Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
  On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
  The cooling drip of the rain;
Under the sod and the dew,
  Waiting the judgment day;
Wet with the rain, the Blue,
  Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
  The generous deed was done;
In the storm of the years that are fading
  No braver battle was won;
Under the sod and the dew,
  Waiting the judgment day,
Under the blossoms, the Blue,
  Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war cry sever,
  Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever,
  When they laurel the graves of our dead:
Under the sod and the dew,
  Waiting the judgment day;
Love and tears for the Blue;
  Tears and love for the Gray.

— FRANCIS MILES FINCH.

THE WHITE-FOOTED DEER

IT was a hundred years ago,
When, by the woodland ways,
The traveler saw the wild deer drink,
Or crop the birchen sprays.

Beneath a hill, whose rocky side
O'erbrowed a grassy mead,
And fenced a cottage from the wind,
A deer was wont to feed.

She only came when on the cliffs
The evening moonlight lay,

And no man knew the secret haunts
In which she walked by day.

White were her feet, her forehead showed
A spot of silvery white,
That seemed to glimmer like a star
In autumn's hazy night.

* * * * *

The cottage dame forbade her son
To aim the rifle here,
"It were a sin," she said, "to harm
Or fright that friendly deer.

"This spot has been my pleasant home
Ten peaceful years and more,
At even, when the moonlight shines,
She feeds before our door.

"The red men say that here she walked
A thousand moons ago,
They never raise the war-whoop here,
And never twang the bow.

"I love to watch her as she feeds,
And think that all is well
While such a gentle creature haunts
The place in which we dwell."

The youth obeyed, and sought for game
In forests far away,
Where deep in silence and in moss,
The ancient woodland lay.

But once, in autumn's golden time
He ranged the wild in vain,

Nor roused the pheasant nor the deer,
And wandered home again.

The crescent moon and crimson eve
Shone with a mingling light,
The deer, upon the grassy mead,
Was feeding full in sight.

He raised the rifle to his eye,
And from the cliffs around
A sudden echo, shrill and sharp,
Gave back its deadly sound.

Away, into the neighboring wood,
The startled creature flew,
And crimson drops at morning lay
Amid the glimmering dew.

Next evening shone the waxing moon
As brightly as before,
The deer upon the grassy mead
Was seen again no more.

But ere that crescent moon was old,
By night the red men came,
And burnt the cottage to the ground,
And slew the youth and dame.

Now woods have overgrown the mead,
And hid the cliffs from sight,
There shrieks the hovering hawk at noon,
And prowls the fox at night.

— WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THE FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY OF AGASSIZ

It was fifty years ago,
  In the pleasant month of May,
In the beautiful Pays de Vaud,
  A child in its cradle lay.

And Nature, the old nurse, took
  The child upon her knee,
Saying, "Here is a story book
  Thy Father has written for thee.

"Come, wander with me," she said,
  "Into regions yet untrod:
And read what is still unread
  In the manuscripts of God."

And he wandered away and away
  With Nature, the dear old nurse,
Who sang to him night and day
  The rhymes of the universe.

And whenever the way seemed long,
  Or his heart began to fail,
She would sing a wonderful song,
  Or tell a marvelous tale.

So she keeps him still a child,
  And will not let him go,
Though at times his heart beats wild
  For the beautiful Pays de Vaud;

Though at times he hears in his dreams
  The Ranz des Vaches of old,
And the rush of mountain streams
  From glaciers clear and cold;

And the mother at home says, "Hark!
For his voice I listen and yearn:
It is growing late and dark,
And my boy does not return."

—HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

TO A WATERFOWL

WHITHER 'midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly seen against the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocky billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean-side?

There is a power whose care
Teachest thy way along that pathless coast, —
The desert and illimitable air, —
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,

And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
  Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

  Thou'rt gone; the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
  And shall not soon depart.

  He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
  Will lead my steps aright.

— WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THE YEAR'S AT THE SPRING

THE year's at the spring;
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His heaven —
All's right with the world!

— ROBERT BROWNING.

IT IS NOT GROWING LIKE A TREE

IT is not growing like a tree
  In bulk, doth make Man better be;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere:

A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night —
It was a plant and flower of Light.
In small proportions we just beauties see;
And in short measures life may perfect be.

— BEN JONSON.

DAYBREAK

A WIND came up out of the sea,
And said, "O mists, make room for me."

It hailed the ships, and cried, "Sail on,
Ye mariners, the night is gone."

And hurried landward far away,
Crying, "Awake! it is the day."

It said unto the forest, "Shout!
Hang all your leafy banners out!"

It touched the wood-bird's folded wing,
And said, "O bird, awake and sing."

And o'er the farms, "O chanticleer,
Your clarion blow; the day is near."

It whispered to the fields of corn,
"Bow down, and hail the coming morn."

It shouted through the belfry tower,
"Awake, O bell! proclaim the hour."

It crossed the churchyard with a sigh,
And said, "Not yet! in quiet lie."

— HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

BANNOCKBURN

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,
Welcome to your gory bed
Or to victorie!

Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle lower;
See approach proud Edward's power —
Chains and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Free-man stand, or free-man fa'?
Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Let us do, or die!

— Robert Burns.

Grade 7 B

THANATOPSIS

* * * * * *

All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom — Take the wings
Of morning — pierce the Barcan wilderness,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,
Save his own dashings — yet the dead are there:
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep — the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest, — and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh,
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glides away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
The speechless babe, and the gray-headed man —
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
By those, who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take

His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

— WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

HALF a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
  Rode the six hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said:
Into the valley of Death
  Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismayed?
Not tho' the soldier knew
  Some one had blundered:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die:
Into the valley of Death,
  Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,

Cannon in front of them
  Volleyed and thundered;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
  Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabres bare,
Flashed as they turn'd in air,
Sab'ring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
  All the world wondered:
Plunged in the battery-smoke
Right through the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the sabre-stroke
Shattered and sundered.
Then they rode back, but not,
  Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
  Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came thro' the jaws of Death,
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
  Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!

All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred!

— ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

HOHENLINDEN

ON Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow;
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat, at dead of night
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neighed
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven;
Then rushed the steed to battle driven;
And louder than the bolts of Heaven
Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet those fires shall glow
On Linden's hills of stained snow;
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn; but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun,
  Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
  And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part, where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
  Shall be a soldier's sepulcher.

— THOMAS CAMPBELL.

GOOD NAME IN MAN AND WOMAN

GOOD name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls;
Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

— WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (*Othello*).

FAREWELL! A LONG FAREWELL TO ALL MY GREATNESS!

FAREWELL! a long farewell to all my greatness!
This is the state of man; to-day he puts forth

The tender leaves of hopes; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me, and now has left me
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye:
I feel my heart new opened. Oh, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on prince's favors!
There is betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have:
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to rise again.

— WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (*Henry VIII*).

THE BUGLE SONG

THE splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story:
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer; farther going!

O sweet and far from cliff and scaur,
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

— ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO

THERE was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

No:
Did ye not hear it? — 'Twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet.

But hark! That heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! arm! it is — it is — the cannon's opening roar!

* * * * * * *

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated: who could guess
If evermore should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste; the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder, peal on peal, afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldiers ere the morning star;
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with pale lips — "The foe! they come! they come!"

* * * * * * *

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
The morn, the marshaling in arms, — the day
Battle's magnificently-stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent
The earth is covered thick with other clay,

Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse, — friend, foe, — in one red burial blent!

* * * * * * *

— GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON.

GRADE 8 A

THE SHIP OF STATE

THOU, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity, with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee, —
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee, — are all with thee!

— HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

MERCY

THE quality of mercy is not strained, —
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath; it is twice blessed, —
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
The thronéd monarch better than his crown;
His scepter shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptered sway, —
It is enthronéd in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God Himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this, —
That in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation; we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (*Merchant of Venice*).

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

THIS is the ship of pearl, which poets feign
  Sails the unshadowed main, —
  The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings,
  And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
  Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
  And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
  Before thee lies revealed, —
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
  That spread his lustrous coil;
  Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft steps its shining archway through,
  Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
  Child of the wandering sea,
  Cast from her lap, forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathéd horn!
  While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings: —

Build thee more stately mansions, O my Soul,
  As the swift seasons roll!
  Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
  Till thou at length are free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea.

— OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

MY HEART LEAPS UP

My heart leaps up when I behold
  A rainbow in the sky:
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old,
        Or let me die!
The child is father of the man:
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

— William Wordsworth.

THE BROOK

I come from haunts of coot and hern:
  I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
  To bicker down a valley;

By thirty hills I hurry down,
  Or lisp between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
  And half a hundred bridges.

* * * * *

I chatter over stony ways
  In little sharps and trebles;
I bubble into eddying bays,
  I babble on the pebbles;

With many a curve my banks I fret
  By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
  With willow-weed and mallow;

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
  To join the brimming river;
For men may come, and men may go,
  But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,
  With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
  And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake
  Upon me as I travel,
With many a silvery waterbreak
  Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow
  To join the brimming river;
For men may come, and men may go,
  But I go on forever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
  I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
  That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
  Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeams dance
  Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
  In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars,
  I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow
  To join the brimming river;
For men may come, and men may go,
  But I go on forever.

— ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

SOUND THE LOUD TIMBREL

SOUND the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah has triumphed — His people are free.
Sing, for the pride of the tyrant is broken,
  His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave,
How vain was their boasting! the Lord hath but spoken,
  And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah has triumphed — His people are free.

Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the Lord,
His word was our arrow, His breath was our sword!
Who shall return to tell Egypt the story,
  Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride?
For the Lord hath looked out from His pillar of glory,
  And all her brave thousands are dashed in the tide.
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah has triumphed — His people are free.

— THOMAS MOORE.

I WANDERED LONELY AS A CLOUD

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,

A host of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a day:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:
A Poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company:
I gazed — and gazed — but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

— WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

CONCORD HYMN

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
  Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
  And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
  Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
  Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
  We set to-day a votive stone;
That memory may their deed redeem,
  When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit who made those freemen dare
  To die, and leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
  The shaft we raise to them and thee.

— RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

OPPORTUNITY

THIS I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream:
There spread a cloud of dust along a plain
And underneath the cloud, or in it, raged
A furious battle; and men yelled, and
Swords shocked upon swords and shields.
A prince's banner wavered, then staggered
Backward, hemmed by foes.
A craven hung along the battle's edge,
And thought: "Had I a sword of keener steel —
That blue blade that the king's son bears — but this
Blunt thing!" He snapt and flung it from his hand,
And lowering, crept away and left the field.
Then came the King's son, wounded,
Sore bestead, and weaponless; and saw
The broken swordhilt buried in the dry
And trodden sand; and ran and

Snatched it, and with battle shout
Lifted afresh, he hewed his enemy down
And saved a great cause on that heroic day.

— EDWARD ROWLAND SILL.

WARREN'S ADDRESS

STAND! the ground's your own, my braves!
Will ye give it up to slaves?
Will ye look for greener graves?
  Hope ye mercy still?
What's the mercy despots feel?
Hear it in that battle-peal!
Read it on yon bristling steel!
  Ask it, — ye who will.

Fear ye foes who kill for hire?
Will ye to your *homes* retire?
Look behind you! they're a-fire!
  And, before you, see
Who have done it! — From the vale
On they come! — And will ye quail? —
Leaden rain and iron hail
  Let their welcome be!

In the God of battles trust!
Die we may, — and die we must; —
But, Oh, where can dust to dust
  Be consigned so well,
As where Heaven its dews shall shed
On the martyred patriot's bed,
And the rocks shall raise their head,
  Of his deeds to tell!

— JOHN PIERPONT.

FIRST BUNKER HILL MONUMENT ORATION

LET it not be supposed that our object is to perpetuate national hostility, or even to cherish a mere military spirit. It is higher, purer, nobler. We consecrate our work to the spirit of national independence, and we wish that the light of peace may rest upon it forever. We rear a memorial of our conviction of that unmeasurable benefit which has been conferred on our own land, and of the happy influences which have been produced, by the same events, on the general interests of mankind. We come, as Americans, to mark a spot which must ever be dear to us and our posterity. We wish that whoever, in all coming time, shall turn his eye hither, may behold that the place is not undistinguished where the first great battle of the Revolution was fought. We wish that this structure may proclaim the magnitude and importance of that event to every class and every age. We wish that infancy may learn the purpose of its erection from maternal lips, and that weary and withered age may behold it and be solaced by the recollections which it suggests. We wish that labor may look up here, and be proud in the midst of its toil. We wish that in those days of disaster, which as they come upon all nations, must be expected to come upon us, also, desponding patriotism may turn its eyes hitherward, and be assured that the foundations of our national power are still strong. We wish that this column, rising towards heaven among the pointed spires of so many temples dedicated to God, may contribute also to produce in all minds a pious feeling of dependence and gratitude. We wish, finally, that the last object to the sight of him who leaves his native shore, and the first to gladden him who revisits it, may be something which shall remind him of the liberty and the glory of his country. Let it rise! let it rise, till it meets the sun in his coming; let the earliest light of the morning gild it, and parting day linger and play on its summit.

— DANIEL WEBSTER (*Selected*).

FIRST BUNKER HILL ORATION

LET us thank God that we live in an age when something has influence besides the bayonet, and when the sternest authority does not venture to encounter the scorching power of public reproach. Any attempt of the kind should be met by one universal burst of indignation; the air of the civilized world ought to be made too warm to be comfortably breathed by any one who would hazard it.

If the true spark of religious and civil liberty be kindled, it will burn. Human agency cannot extinguish it. Like the earth's central fire, it may be smothered for a time; the ocean may overwhelm it; mountains may press it down; but its inherent and unconquerable force will heave both the ocean and the land, and at some time or other, in some place or other, the volcano will break out and flame up to heaven.

— DANIEL WEBSTER (*Selected*).

FIRST BUNKER HILL ORATION

WE can win no laurels in a war for independence. Earlier and worthier hands have gathered them all. Nor are there places for us by the side of Solon, and Alfred, and other founders of States. Our fathers have filled them. But there remains to us a great duty of defence and preservation; and there is opened to us, also, a noble pursuit, to which the spirit of the times strongly invites us. Our proper business is improvement. Let our age be the age of improvement. In a day of peace, let us advance the arts of peace and the works of peace. Let us develop the resources of our land, call forth its powers, build up its institutions, promote all its great interests, and see whether we also, in our day and generation, may not perform something worthy to be remembered.

Let our object be our country, our whole country, and nothing

but our country. And, by the blessing of God, may that country itself become a vast and splendid monument not of oppression and terror, but of Wisdom, of Peace, and of Liberty, upon which the world may gaze with admiration forever!

— DANIEL WEBSTER (*Selected*).

POLONIUS' ADVICE TO HIS SON

GIVE thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportioned thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatched, unfledged comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but being in,
Bear't that the opposéd may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice:
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.
Neither a borrower nor a lender be:
For loan oft loses both itself and friend;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all, — to thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

— WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (*Hamlet*).

GRADE 8 B

LIBERTY AND UNION

WHEN my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken, dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on states dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in all their original luster, not a stripe erased or polluted, not a single star obscured; bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as, *What is all this worth?* nor those other words of delusion and folly, *Liberty first and Union afterwards;* but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind of the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart, — *Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!*

— DANIEL WEBSTER (*Reply to Hayne*).

THE SKYLARK

HAIL to thee, blithe Spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from Heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest

Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are bright'ning,
Thou dost float and run,
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight,
Like a star of heaven
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, — but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

* * * * * * *

Teach us, Sprite or Bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine;
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

* * * * * * *

Waking or asleep
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream —
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow
The world should listen then — as I am listening now.

— PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain

Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
  Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew tree's shade,
  Where heaves the turf in many a moldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
  The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
  The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
  No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
  Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
  Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
  Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
  How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
  Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
  The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
  And all that beauty, all that wealth, e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour: —
  The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye Proud, impute to these the fault
  If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,

Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
  The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
  Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
  Or flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
  Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,
  Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre:

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page
  Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
  And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
  The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
  And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

* * * * * *

— THOMAS GRAY.

A FOREST HYMN

THE groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above him, — ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems; in the darkling wood,
Amid the cool and silence, he knelt down

And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication.

* * * * * *

Ah, why
Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect
God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore
Only among the crowd, and under roofs
That our frail hands have raised? Let me, at least
Here, in the shadow of this aged wood,
Offer one hymn, — thrice happy, if it find
Acceptance in His ear.
Father, Thy hand
Hath reared these venerable columns; Thou
Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down
Upon the naked earth, and, forthwith, rose
All these fair ranks of trees. They, in Thy sun,
Budded, and shook their green leaves in Thy breeze,
And shot toward heaven. The century-living crow,
Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died
Among their branches, till at last, they stood,
As now they stand, massy, and tall, and dark,
Fit shrine for humble worshiper to hold
Communion with his Maker.

* * * * * *

My heart is awed within me when I think
Of the great miracle that still goes on,
In silence, round me — the perpetual work
Of Thy creation, finished, yet renewed
Forever. Written on Thy works I read
The lesson of Thy own eternity.
Lo! all grow old and die — but see again,
How on the faltering footsteps of decay
Youth presses — ever gay and beautiful youth
In all its beautiful forms. These lofty trees

Wave not less proudly that their ancestors
Molder beneath them. Oh! there is not lost
One of earth's charms!

* * * * * *

O God! when Thou
Dost scare the world with tempests, set on fire
The heavens with falling thunderbolts, or fill,
With all the waters of the firmament,
The swift, dark whirlwind, that uproots the woods
And drowns the villages; when, at Thy call,
Uprises the great deep, and throws himself
Upon the continent, and overwhelms
Its cities, — who forgets not, at the sight
Of these tremendous tokens of Thy power,
His pride, and lays his strifes and follies by?
Oh! from these sterner aspects of Thy face
Spare me and mine, nor let us need the wrath
Of the mad, unchainéd elements to teach
Who rules them. Be it ours to meditate,
In these calm shades, Thy milder majesty,
And to the beautiful order of Thy works
Learn to conform the order of our lives.

— WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

COMMEMORATION ODE

(PART VI)

SUCH was he, our Martyr-Chief,
Whom late the Nation he had led,
With ashes on her head,
Wept with the passion of an angry grief:
Forgive me, if from present things I turn

To speak what in my heart will beat and burn,
And hang my wreath on his world-honored urn.
  Nature, they say, doth dote,
  And cannot make a man
  Save on some worn-out plan,
  Repeating us by rote:
For him her Old World molds aside she threw,
And, choosing sweet clay from the breast
  Of the unexhausted West,
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.
  How beautiful to see.
Once more a shepherd of mankind indeed,
Who loved his charge, but never loved to lead;
One whose meek flock the people joyed to be,
  Not lured by any cheat of birth,
  But by his clear-grained human worth,
And brave old wisdom of sincerity!
  They knew that outward grace is dust;
  They could not choose but trust
In that sure-footed mind's unfaltering skill,
  And supple-tempered will
That bent like perfect steel to spring again and thrust.
  His was no lonely mountain-peak of mind,
  Thrusting to thin air o'er our cloudy bars,
  A sea-mark now, now lost in vapors blind;
  Broad prairie rather, genial, level-lined,
Fruitful and friendly for all human kind,
Yet also nigh to heaven and loved of loftiest stars.

* * * * * *

  I praise him not — it were too late;
And some innative weakness there must be
In him who condescends to victory
  Such as the Present gives, and cannot wait,

Safe in himself as in a fate.
  So always firmly he:
  He knew to bide his time,
  And can his fame abide,
Still patient in his simple faith sublime,
  Till the wise years decide.
Great captains, with their guns and drums,
Disturb our judgment for the hour,
  But at last silence comes;
These all are gone, and, standing like a tower,
Our children shall behold his fame,
  The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American.

— JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

ON HIS BLINDNESS

WHEN I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent

To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He returning chide;
"Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?"
I fondly ask: But Patience, to prevent

That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
Either man's work, or His own gifts; who best
Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best: His state

Is kingly; thousands at His bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."

— JOHN MILTON.

GRADATIM

HEAVEN is not reached at a single bound;
  But we build the ladder by which we rise
  From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to the summit round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true
  That a noble deed is a step toward God —
  Lifting the soul from the common sod
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by things that are under our feet;
  By what we have mastered of good and gain;
  By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust,
  When the morning calls us to life and light;
  But our hearts grow weary, and ere the night,
Our lives are trailing the solemn dust.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we pray,
  And we think that we mount the air on wings,
  Beyond the recall of sensual things,
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

Wings for the angels, but feet for the men.
  We may borrow the wings to find the way —
  We may hope, and resolve, and aspire, and pray,
But our feet must rise, or we fall again.

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown
  From the weary earth to the sapphire walls;
  But the dreams depart, and the vision falls,
And the sleeper wakes on his pillar of stone.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
  But we build the ladder by which we rise
  From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to the summit round by round.

— J. G. HOLLAND.

SANDALPHON

HAVE you read in the Talmud of old,
In the legends the Rabbins have told,
  Of the limitless realms of the air, —
Have you read it? the marvelous story
Of Sandalphon, the Angel of Glory,
  Sandalphon, the Angel of Prayer?

How, erect, at the outermost gates
Of the City Celestial he waits,
  With his feet on the ladder of light,
That, crowded with angels unnumbered,
By Jacob was seen as he slumbered
  Alone in the desert at night?

* * * * *

But serene in the rapturous throng,
Unmoved by the rush of the song,
  With eyes unimpassioned and slow,
Among the dead angels, the deathless
Sandalphon stands listening breathless
  To sounds that ascend from below; —

From the spirits on earth that adore,
From the souls that entreat and implore
  In the fervor and passion of prayer;
From the hearts that are broken with losses,

And weary with dragging the crosses
  Too heavy for mortals to bear.

And he gathers the prayers as he stands,
And they change into flowers in his hands,
  Into garlands of purple and red;
And beneath the great arch of the portal,
Through the streets of the City Immortal,
  Is wafted the fragrance they shed.

— HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THIS WAS THE NOBLEST ROMAN OF THEM ALL

THIS was the noblest Roman of them all:
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
He only, in a general, honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, "This was a man!"

— WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (*Julius Cæsar*).

SPEECH AT THE DEDICATION OF THE NATIONAL CEMETERY AT GETTYSBURG

FOURSCORE and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate

a portion of it, as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate — we cannot consecrate — we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or to detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave their last full measure of devotion; — that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, — that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

— ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

"WHAT IS SO RARE AS A DAY IN JUNE?"

AND what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays:
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
  An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light,
  Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
The flush of life may well be seen
  Thrilling back over hills and valleys;

The cowslip startles in meadows green,
  The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean
  To be some happy creature's palace.
Now is the high-tide of the year,
  And whatever of life hath ebbed away
Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer,
  Into every bare inlet and creek and bay; —
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,
  We are happy now because God wills it;
No matter how barren the past may have been,
  'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green;
We sit in the warm shade and feel right well
  How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell;
We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing
  That skies are clear and grass is growing;
The breeze comes whispering in our ear,
  That dandelions are blossoming near,
That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,
  That the river is bluer than the sky,
That the robin is plastering his house hard by;
  And if the breeze kept the good news back,
For other couriers we should not lack;
  We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing, —
And hark! how clear bold chanticleer,
  Warmed with the new wine of the year,
Tells all in his lusty crowing!

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how;
Everything is happy now,
  Everything is upward striving;
'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true
As for grass to be green or skies to be blue, —
'Tis the natural way of living:

Who knows whither the clouds have fled?
In the unscarred heaven they leave no wake;
And the eyes forget the tears they have shed,
The heart forgets its sorrow and ache;
The soul partakes the season's youth,
And the sulphurous rifts of passion and woe
Lie deep 'neath a silence pure and smooth,
Like burnt-out craters healed with snow.

— JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

MEMORIZING FOR ALL GRADES

AMERICA

My country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
  Of thee I sing:
Land where my Fathers died!
Land of the Pilgrims' pride!
From every mountain side
  Let Freedom ring.

My native country, thee —
Land of the noble free, —
  Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
  Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
  Sweet Freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break, —
  The sound prolong.

Our Fathers' God! to Thee,
Author of liberty,
  To Thee we sing, —
Long may our land be bright

With Freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King!

— SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

OH! say can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming;
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming?
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;

CHORUS

Oh say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam;
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream;

CHORUS

Tis the star-spangled banner! Oh! long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore,
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country they'd leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution;

No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave,

CHORUS

And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

Oh, thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved home and wild war's desolation;
Blest with victory and peace, may the Heaven-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust!"

CHORUS

And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

— FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

THE AMERICAN FLAG

WHEN Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there!
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from his mansion in the sun
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

* * * * *

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
  The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal trumpet-tone,
  And the long line comes gleaming on.
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
  Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn
  To where thy sky-born glories burn,
And, as his springing steps advance,
  Catch war and vengeance from the glance.

And when the cannon-mouthings loud
  Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud,
And gory sabers rise and fall
  Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
  And cowering foes shall shrink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
  That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
  Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
When death, careering on the gale,
  Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frighted waves rush wildly back
  Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
  Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly,
  In triumph, o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
  By angel hands to valor given;
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
  And all thy hues were born in heaven.

Forever float the standard sheet!
  Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
  And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us.

— JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE

HAIL, COLUMBIA!

HAIL, Columbia! happy land,
Hail, ye heroes, heav'n born band;
  Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
And when the storm of war was gone
Enjoyed the peace your valor won.
  Let independence be our boast,
  Ever mindful what it cost!
Ever grateful for the prize,
Let its altar reach the skies.

Firm, united let us be,
Rallying round our liberty!
As a band of brothers joined,
Peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal patriots, rise once more!
Defend your rights, defend your shore!
  Let no rude foe with impious hand,
Invade the shrine where sacred lies
Of toil and blood the well-earned prize.
  While off'ring peace, sincere and just,
  In heav'n we place a manly trust.
That truth and justice shall prevail,
And ev'ry scheme of bondage fail.

Sound, sound the trump of fame!
Let Washington's great name
  Ring through the world with loud applause,
Let ev'ry clime to Freedom dear,
Listen with a joyful ear.
  With equal skill and God-like pow'r,
  He governed in the fearful hour
Of horrid war; or guides with ease
The happier times of honest peace.

Behold the chief who now commands,
Once more to serve his country stands
  The rock on which the storm will beat;
But armed in virtue firm and true,
His hopes are fixed on Heaven and you.
  When hope was sinking in dismay,
  And gloom obscured Columbia's day,
His steady mind from changes free,
Resolved on death or liberty.

— JOSEPH HOPKINSON.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightnings of His terrible swift sword.
His truth is marching on.

CHORUS

Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of an hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar 'mid the evening dews and damps,
I have read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;
His day is marching on.

CHORUS

Glory! Glory! etc.
His day is marching on.

I have read His fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel:
"As ye deal with My contemners, so with you My grace shall deal."
Let the hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel;
Since God is marching on.

CHORUS

He has sounded forth a trumpet that shall never call retreat,
He is searching out the hearts of men before His judgment seat;
Oh, be swift my soul to answer Him; be jubilant, my feet;
Our God is marching on.

CHORUS

In the beauty of the lilies, Christ was born across the sea,
With a beauty in His bosom that transfigures you and me,
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

CHORUS

— Mrs. Julia Ward Howe.

HOME, SWEET HOME

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there,

Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home!
There's no place like home!

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;
Oh, give me my lowly, thatched cottage again!
The birds singing gayly, that came at my call, —
Give me them, — and the peace of mind, dearer than all!
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home!
There's no place like home!

How sweet 'tis to sit 'neath a fond father's smile,
And the cares of a mother to soothe and beguile!
Let others delight 'mid new pleasures to roam,
But give me, oh, give me the pleasures of home!
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home!
There's no place like home!

To thee I'll return, overburdened with care;
The heart's dearest solace will smile on me there;
No more from that cottage again will I roam;
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home!
There's no place like home!

— JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

PROVERBS, MAXIMS, AND BRIEF QUOTATIONS

PRACTICE makes perfect.
You must run to win the race.
Do a kindness to some one every day.
You cannot eat your cake and keep it too.
Waste not, want not.
The more haste the less speed.
A penny saved is a penny earned.
If at first you don't succeed, try again.
Think before you speak, look before you leap.
A place for everything, and everything in its place.
Lost time is never found.
By little drops the sea is filled.
Never put off until to-morrow what you can do to-day.
Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.
Never spend your money before you have earned it.
Never buy what you don't want because it is cheap.
Take things always by the smooth handle.

When angry, count ten before you speak, if very angry, count a hundred. — THOMAS JEFFERSON.

A stitch in time saves nine.
Cut your coat according to your cloth.

To look up and not down;
To look forward and not back;
To look out and not in;
And to lend a hand.
— EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

What we must do let us love to do.

Never lose an opportunity to see anything beautiful.
Beauty is God's handwriting. — CHARLES KINGSLEY.

Love the beautiful,
Seek out the true,
Wish for the good,
And the best do!
— MOSES MENDELSSOHN.

Order is heaven's first law.

Lying lips are an abomination to the Lord;
But they that deal truly are His delight.

The hand of the diligent shall bear rule;
But the slothful shall be under tribute.

A wise son heareth his father's instructions,
But a scorner heareth not rebuke.

A soft answer turneth away wrath;
But grievous words stir up anger.
— *Bible.*

Ingratitude, I hope, will never constitute a part of my character, nor find a place in my bosom.

I never wish to promise more than I have a moral certainty of performing.

Let your heart feel for the afflictions and distress of every one.

Be courteous to all, but intimate with few; and let those be well tried before you give them your confidence.

Be not curious to know the affairs of others, neither approach to those that speak in private.

Speak not evil of the absent, for it is unjust.

Be not hasty to believe flying reports to the disparagement of any. — GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Bad habits gather by unseen degrees,
As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas.
— JOHN DRYDEN.

He is not worthy of the honeycomb that shuns the hive because the bees have stings. — WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

A merry heart doeth good like a medicine.

They are never alone who are accompanied with noble, true thoughts. — SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

It is well to think well; it is divine to act well.
— HORACE MANN.

Every right action and true thought sets the seal of its beauty on person and face. — JOHN RUSKIN.

He has hard work that has nothing to do.

By industry and patience the mouse ate into the cable.

Troubles spring from idleness, and grievous toils from needless ease.

Who shoots at the mid-day sun, though he be sure he shall never hit the mark, yet as sure he is he shall shoot higher than he who aims but at a bush. — SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

The man who has not anything to boast of but his illustrious ancestors is like a potato, — the only good belonging to him is underground. — SIR THOMAS OVERBURY.

Anger is like the waves of a troubled sea; when it is corrected with a soft reply, as with a little strand, it retires, and leaves nothing behind but froth and shells — no permanent mischief.
— JEREMY TAYLOR.

Procure not friends in haste, and when thou hast a friend part not with him in haste. — SOLON.

Poverty is the want of much; but avarice, of everything.
— PUBLIUS SYRUS.

A beneficent person is like a fountain watering the earth and spreading fertility; it is therefore more delightful and more honorable to give than to receive.
— EPICURUS.

The origin of all mankind was the same; it is only a clear and good conscience that makes a man noble, for that is derived from heaven itself. — SENECA.

Books are a guide in youth and an entertainment for age. They support us under solitude and keep us from becoming a burden to ourselves. They help us to forget the crossness of men and things, compose our cares and our passions, and lay our disappointments asleep. When we are weary of the living, we may repair to the dead, who have nothing of peevishness, pride, or design in their conversation.
— JEREMY COLLIER.

If the crowns of all the kingdoms of Europe were laid down at my feet in exchange for my books and my love of reading, I would spurn them all. — FÉNELON.

Employ your time in improving yourselves by other men's documents; so shall you come easily by what others have labored hard for. Prefer knowledge to wealth; for the one is transitory, the other perpetual. — SOCRATES.

A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying in other words, that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday. — ALEXANDER POPE.

There is but one way I know of conversing safely with all men; that is, not by concealing what we say or do, but by saying or doing nothing that deserves to be concealed.

— ALEXANDER POPE.

Bad company is like a nail driven into a post, which after the first or second blow may be drawn out with little difficulty; but being once driven up to the head, the pincers cannot take hold to draw it out, but which can only be done by the destruction of the wood. — ST. AUGUSTINE.

No man can be provident of his time who is not prudent in the choice of his company. — JEREMY TAYLOR.

There are moments in life in which circumstances, like winged shuttles, move backward and forward before us, and ceaselessly finish the web, which we ourselves more or less have spun and put in the loom. — JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE.

He that loses his conscience has nothing left that is worth keeping. Therefore be sure you look to that. And in the next place, look to your health; and if you have it, praise God, and value it next to a good conscience: for health is the second blessing that we mortals are capable of; a blessing that money cannot buy; therefore value it and be thankful for it.

— IZAAK WALTON.

To secure a contented spirit, measure your desires by your fortunes, and not your fortunes by your desires.

— JEREMY TAYLOR.

Contentment is a pearl of great price, and whoever procures it at the expense of ten thousand desires, makes a wise and happy purchase. — JOHN BALGUY.

Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again;
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes with pain,
And dies among his worshippers.

— WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

There is not so contemptible a plant or animal that does not confound the most enlarged understanding.

— JOHN LOCKE.

There can be no greater labor than to be always dissembling; there being so many ways by which a smothered truth is apt to blaze and break out.

— ROBERT SOUTH.

Men love to hear of their power, but have an extreme disrelish to be told their duty.

— EDMUND BURKE.

Most true it is, as a wise man teaches us, that "doubt of any sort cannot be removed except by action." On which ground, too, let him who gropes painfully in darkness or uncertain light, and prays vehemently that the dawn may ripen into day, lay this other precept well to heart which to me was of invaluable service: "Do the duty which lies nearest thee, which thou knowest to be a duty!" The second duty will already have become clearer.

— THOMAS CARLYLE.

The man who will live above his present circumstances is in great danger of living, in a little time, much beneath them.

— JOSEPH ADDISON.

Beware of little expenses; a small leak will sink a great ship.

— BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

Education begins the gentleman; but reading, good company, and reflection, must finish him. — JOHN LOCKE.

The only true conquests — those which awaken no regret — are those obtained over ignorance. The most honorable, as the most useful, pursuit of nations is that which contributes to the extension of human intellect. — NAPOLEON I.

If we work upon marble, it will perish; if we work upon brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust; but if we work upon immortal minds, if we imbue them with principles, with the just fear of God and love of our fellowmen, we engrave on those tablets something which will brighten to all eternity. — DANIEL WEBSTER.

Is there one whom difficulty disheartens, who bends to the storm? He will do little. Is there one who *will* conquer? That kind of man never fails. — JOHN HUNTER.

It is idleness that creates impossibilities; and where men care not to do a thing, they shelter themselves under a persuasion that it cannot be done. The shortest and the surest way to prove a work possible, is strenuously to set about it, and no wonder if that proves it possible that, for the most part, makes it so.

— ROBERT SOUTH.

We ought to be guarded against every appearance of envy, as a passion that always implies inferiority, wherever it resides.

— PLINY.

Murmur at nothing. If your ills are reparable, it is ungrateful; if remediless, it is vain.

— CHARLES CALEB COLTON.

People seldom improve when they have no model but themselves to copy after. — OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other and scarcely in that; for it is true we may give advice but we cannot give conduct. Remember this; they that will not be counseled cannot be helped. If you do not hear reason, she will rap your knuckles.

— BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

The person who has a firm trust in a Supreme Being is powerful in His power, wise by His wisdom, happy by His happiness.
— JOSEPH ADDISON.

Fear is more painful to cowardice than death to true courage.
— SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

He that provides for this life, but takes no care for eternity, is wise for a moment, but a fool forever; and acts as untowardly and crossly to the reason of things as can be imagined.
— JOHN TILLOTSON.

He that cannot forgive others breaks the bridge over which he must pass himself: for every man has need to be forgiven.
— LORD HERBERT.

We are sure to get the better of fortune if we will but grapple with her. — SENECA.

He that does good to another man does also good to himself; not only in the consequence, but in the very act of doing it; for the consciousness of well doing is an ample reward.
— SENECA.

To act with common sense, according to the moment, is the best wisdom I know; and the best philosophy, to do one's duties, take the world as it comes, submit respectfully to one's lot, bless the goodness that has given us so much happiness with it, whatever it is, and despise affectation. — HORACE WALPOLE.

The greatest man is he who chooses right with the most invincible resolution; who resists the sorest temptation from within and without; who bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully; who is calmest in storms and most fearless under menaces and frowns; whose reliance on truth, on virtue, and on God is most unfaltering.
— SENECA.

A sound mind in a sound body is a short but full description of a happy state in this world: He that has these two has little more to wish for, and he that wants either of them will be but little the better for anything else. — JOHN LOCKE.

True politeness is perfect ease and freedom. It simply consists in treating others just as you love to be treated yourself.
— LORD CHESTERFIELD.

The manner of saying or of doing anything goes a great way in the value of the thing itself. It was well said of him that called a good office that was done harshly and with an ill will, a stony piece of bread; it is necessary for him that is hungry to receive it, but it almost chokes a man in the going down.
— SENECA.

Opportunity has hair in front, behind she is bald; if you seize her by the forelock you may hold her, but if suffered to escape, not Jupiter himself can catch her again.
— FROM THE LATIN.

He who reigns within himself, and rules passions, desires, and fears, is more than a king. — JOHN MILTON.

There never did and never will exist anything permanently noble and excellent in a character which was a stranger to the exercise of resolute self-denial. — SIR WALTER SCOTT.

He either fears his fate too much,
  Or his deserts are small,
Who dares not put it to the touch,
  To win or lose it all.
— SIR WALTER SCOTT.

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feeling, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.
— PHILIP BAILEY.

Teach me to feel another's woe
  To hide the fault I see;
The mercy I to others show,
  That mercy show to me.
— ALEXANDER POPE.

In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold,
  Alike fantastic if too new or old:
Be not the first by whom the new are tried,
  Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.
— ALEXANDER POPE.

Of all the causes which conspire to blind
  Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
  Is pride, the never failing vice of fools.
— ALEXANDER POPE.

A BOY'S PRAYER

God who created me
Nimble and light of limb,
In three elements free,
To run, to ride, to swim:
Not when the sense is dim,
But now from the heart of joy,
I would remember Him:
Take the thanks of a boy.

— HENRY BEECHING.

These bright days of youth are the seed-time. Every thought of the intellect, every motion of the heart, every word of the tongue, every principle adopted, every act performed, is a seed whose good or evil fruit will be the bliss or bane of after life.

— HENRY A. WISE.

In the lexicon of youth which fate reserved for a bright manhood, there is no such word as fail.

— EDWARD BULWER, BARON LYTTON.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage;
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty.

— RICHARD LOVELACE.

All-endearing cleanliness,
Virtue next to godliness,
Easiest, cheapest, needful'st duty,

To the body, health and beauty;
Who that's human would refuse it,
When a little water does it?

— CHARLES AND MARY LAMB

Be noble! and the nobleness that lies
In other men sleeping but never dead,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own,
Then wilt thou see it gleam in many eyes,
Then will pure light around thy path be shed,
And thou wilt nevermore be sad or lone.

— JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

A good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life.

— JOHN MILTON.

In those vernal seasons of the year, when the air is calm and pleasant, it were an injury and sullenness against Nature not to go out and see her riches, and partake in her rejoicing with heaven and earth. — JOHN MILTON.

Howe'er it be, it seems to me
'Tis only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

— ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

I'd laugh to-day, to-day is brief,
I would not wail for anything;
I'd use to-day that cannot last,
Be glad to-day and sing.

— CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

To be of no church is dangerous. Religion, of which the rewards are distant, and which is animated only by Faith and Hope, will glide by degrees out of the mind, unless it be invigorated and reimpressed by external ordinances, by stated calls to worship, and the salutary influence of example.

— SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.

— *Bible.*

SUGGESTED PROGRAMS FOR CLOSING EXERCISES

BOYS' SCHOOL I

CHORUS	God of the Nations (Verdi)	*School.*
REC.	First Psalm	*John Milton.*
REC.	How They brought the Good News to Aix	*Robert Browning.*
SOLO	The Little Dustman	*Joh. Brahms.*
REC.	The Gettysburg Address	*A. Lincoln.*
CHORUS	Dixie	*School.*
REC.	A Boy's Song	*James Hogg.*
DIALOGUE	Franklin and the Gout	*B. Franklin.*
CHORUS	Soldiers' Chorus (Faust)	*Gounod.*
DUMB-BELL DRILL		
REC.	The Old Navy	*Marryatt.*
REC.	The Fall of the Curtain	*W. M. Thackeray.*

BOYS' SCHOOL II

CHORUS	March from Tannhäuser	*Wagner.*
REC.	Recessional	*Rudyard Kipling.*
REC.	Conciliation with America	*Edmund Burke.*
CHORUS	Hark! Hark! the Lark!	*Schubert.*
REC.	The Ballad of the Fleet	*A. Tennyson.*
SOLO	Little Tin Soldier	*Molloy.*
REC.	What Constitutes a State	*Sir W. Jones.*
INDIAN CLUB DRILL		
DIALOGUE	Selection from "Sohrab and Rustum"	*Matthew Arnold.*
REC.	The Elixir	*George Herbert.*
CHORUS	Thanksgiving	*Ignace Pleyel.*

GIRLS' SCHOOL I

CHORUS	Father of Love	*J. B. Dykes.*
REC.	Adam's and Eve's Morning Hymn	*J. Milton.*
REC.	Helen of Kirconnell	*Scotch Ballad.*
CHORUS	Sweet Roses that Wither	*Scotch Melody.*
REC.	The Mother Tongue	*Lord Houghton.*

REC.	The Walrus and the Carpenter	*Lewis Carroll.*
DANCE	Highland Schottische	
REC.	Two Dolls	*Unknown.*
CHORUS	The Fairy Revel	*A. Sullivan.*
REC.	The King of Denmark's Ride	*Mrs. Norton.*
REC.	We Thank Thee	*R. W. Emerson.*

GIRLS' SCHOOL II

CHORUS	Spring (Creation)	*Haydn.*
REC.	Sandalphon	*H. W. Longfellow.*
REC.	High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire	*Jean Ingelow.*
SOLO	Norse Lullaby	*De Koven.*
REC.	A Little Peach	*Eugene Field.*
REC.	The Choir Invisible	*George Eliot.*
CHORUS	Light and Gay (Martha)	*Flotow.*
REC.	Three Bugs	*Alice Cary.*
DANCE	Irish Lilt	
REC.	Waiting	*John Burroughs.*
REC.	Dear Land of All my Love	*Sidney Lanier.*
CHORUS	America	

MIXED SCHOOL I

CHORUS	Glory to God in Nature	*Beethoven.*
REC.	Rebecca's Hymn	*Sir Walter Scott.*
REC.	At Morning	*R. L. Stevenson.*
REC.	Charge of the Light Brigade	*A. Tennyson.*
CHORUS	Chorus of Pilgrims	*Wagner.*
REC.	Johnny's History Lesson	*Nixon Waterman.*
REC.	An Incident of the French Camp	*Robert Browning.*
INDIAN CLUB DRILL		
REC.	The American Revolution	*William Pitt.*
REC.	When Banners are Waving	*Unknown.*
DANCE	Ace of Diamonds	
CHORUS	Lead, Kindly Light	*J. H. Newman.*
REC.	The Law of the Jungle	*Rudyard Kipling.*

MIXED SCHOOL II

CHORUS	Festal Day Song	*Donizetti.*
REC.	The Spacious Firmament	*J. Addison.*

REC.	Lincoln, the Man of the People	*E. Markham.*
SOLO	(Piano or Violin)	
REC.	Kindness to Animals	*Ashby-Sterry.*
REC.	Work	*Thomas Carlyle.*
CHORUS	Summer	*Haydn.*
REC.	The Lord of Butrago	*Spanish Ballad.*
DANCE	American Polka	
DIALOGUE	Apollyon and Christian	*John Bunyan.*
REC.	Stand by the Flag	*John Nichols Wilder.*
CHORUS	Star-spangled Banner	

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